

1887.

New Series.

Vol. XLV.—No. 1.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF
FOREIGN LITERATURE

JANUARY.

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

NEW YORK:
E. R. PELTON, PUBLISHER, 23 BOND STREET.

AMERICAN NEWS CO., AND NEW YORK NEWS CO., General Agents.

Terms: Single Numbers, 45 Cents. Yearly Subscription, \$5.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class matter.

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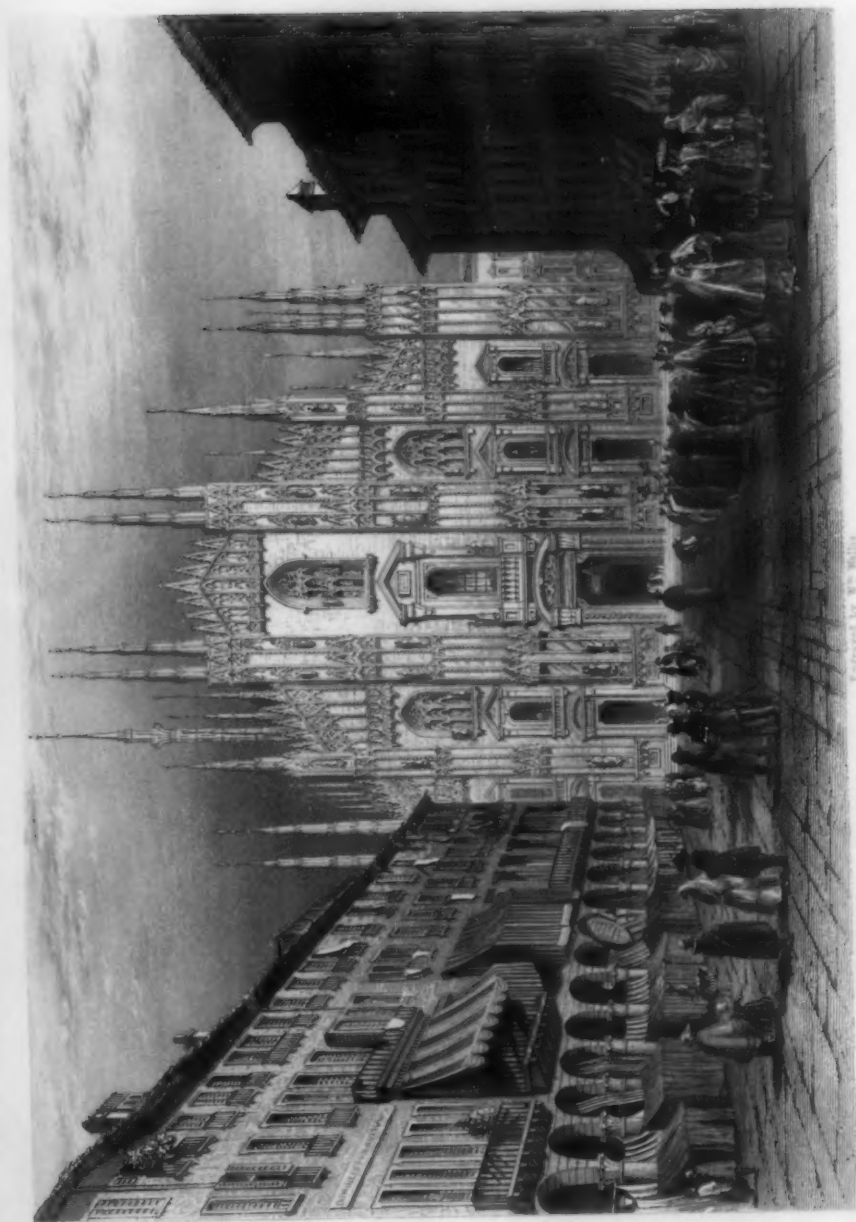
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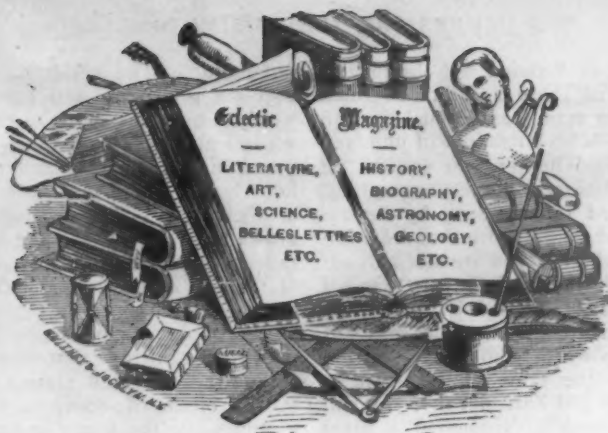
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Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series.
Vol. XLV., No. 1. }

JANUARY, 1887.

{ Old Series complete in 63 vols.

THE MOUJIKS AND THE RUSSIAN DEMOCRACY.

BY STEPNIAK.

WHEN, about a score of years before the emancipation, the Russian democrats for the first time came in close contact with the peasants, with the view of knowing better their down-trodden brothers, they were amazed by their discoveries. The *moujiks* proved to be an entirely different race from what pitying people among their "elder brothers" expected them to be. Far from being degraded and brutalized by slavery, the peasants, united in their semi-patriarchal, semi-republican village communes, exhibited a great share of self-respect, and even capacity to stand boldly by their rights when the whole of the commune was concerned. Diffident in their dealings with strangers, they showed a remarkable truthfulness and frankness in their dealings among themselves, and a sense of duty and loyalty and unselfish devotion to their little communes, which contrasted strikingly with the

shameful corruption and depravity of the official classes. They had not the slightest notion of the progress made by the sciences, and believed that the earth rested on three whales, swimming on the river called "ocean;" but in their traditional morality they showed sometimes such a deep humanity and wisdom as struck with wonder and admiration their educated observers.

These democrats of the first hour, men of great talent and enormous erudition, such as Yakushkin, Dal, Kireevsky, in propagating among the bulk of the reading public the results of their long years of study, laid the base of that democratic feeling which has not died out in Russia. Since that time the momentous rush of the educated people "among the peasants," and the study of the various sides of peasant life, has gone on constantly increasing. No country possesses such a literature on

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XLV., No. 1

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the subject as Russia; but the tone of the writers of these latter times—men of the same stamp as Yakushkin and Kireevsky—is no longer one of unmixed admiration. Whether you embark on the sea of statistical and ethnographical lore collected for posterity by the untiring zeal of the late Orloff and his followers, or whether you are deep in admiration of the artistic sketches of peasant life drawn by Uspensky, or whether you are perusing the works of no less trustworthy though less gifted essayists of the same school, such as Zlatovratsky and Zassodimsky, you will invariably come to recognize a great breaking up of the traditional groundwork of the social and moral life of our peasantry. Something harsh, cruel, cynically egotistical, is worming itself into the hearts of the Russian agricultural population, where formerly all was simplicity, peace, and goodwill unto men. Thus the gray-bearded grandfathers are not alone in modern Russia in lamenting the good old times. Some of our young and popular writers are, strangely enough, striking the same wailing chords. It is evident that in the terrible strait through which our people are passing, not only their material condition but their souls have suffered grave injuries.

Yet not all is lamenting about by-gones in the tidings which reach us from our villages. The good produced by the progress of culture is, in spite of its drawbacks, according to our modest opinion, full compensation for the impairing of the almost unconscious virtues of the old patriarchal period. Freed from the yoke of serfdom and put before the tribunals on equal footing with other citizens, their former masters included, the peasants, too, are beginning to feel themselves citizens. A new generation, which has not known slavery, has had time to grow up. Their aspiration after independence has not as yet directed itself against political despotism, save in isolated cases; but in the mean time it has almost triumphed in the struggle against the more intimate and trying domestic despotism of the *bolshak*, the head of the household. A very important and thoroughgoing change has taken place in the family relations of the great Russian rural

population. The children, as soon as they are grown up and have married, won't submit any more to the *bolshak's* whimsical rule. They rebel, and if imposed upon, separate and found new households, where they become masters of their acts. These separations have grown so frequent that the number of independent households in the period of 1858—1881 has increased from thirty-two per cent. to seventy-one per cent. of the whole provincial population. It is worth noticing that the rebellion among the educated classes began also in the circle of domestic life, before stepping into the larger one of political action.

Elementary education, however hampered and obstructed by the Government, is spreading among the rural classes. In 1868, of a hundred recruits of peasant origin, there were only eight who could read and write. In 1882 the proportion of literate people among the same number was twenty. This is little compared with what might have been done, but it is a great success if we remember the hindrances the peasant has had to overcome.

Reading, which a score of years ago was an exclusive attribute of the superior classes, is spreading now among the moujiks. Popular literature of all kinds has received an unheard-of development in the last ten or fifteen years. Popular books bear dozens of republications, and are selling by scores of thousands of copies.

Religion is the language in which the human spirit is lisping its first conceptions and giving vent to its first aspirations. The awakening of the popular intelligence and moral consciousness has found its expression in dozens of new religious sects, a remarkable and suggestive phenomena of modern popular life in Russia. Differing entirely from the old ritualistic sectarianism, which was more of a rebellion against ecclesiastical arrangements than against orthodoxy, these new sects of rationalistic and Protestant type have acquired in about ten or twelve years hundreds of thousands, millions, of proselytes. This movement of thought both by its exaltation and the general tendency of its doctrines can be compared with the great Protestant movement of the six-

teenth century. The only difference consists in its being confined in Russia exclusively to the rural and working class, without being in the least shared by the educated people. The sources of religious enthusiasm are dried up, we think forever, in the Russian intellectual classes, their enthusiasm and exaltation having found quite another channel. For nobody can take in earnest the few drawing-room attempts at founding some new creed, of which we hear now and then of late. But it is beyond doubt that the genuine and earnest development of religious thoughts and feelings, which we are witnessing among our masses, will play an important part in our people's near future.

In whatever direction we look, everything proves that under the apparent calm there is a great movement in the minds of our rural masses. The great social and political crisis through which Russia is passing is not confined to the upper classes alone. The process of demolition, slower but vaster, is going on among the rural masses too. All is tottering there — orthodoxy, custom, traditional forms of life. The European public takes notice only of the upper part of that crisis, that which is going on among the educated, because of its dramatic manifestations; but the crisis among our rural masses, wrought by the combined efforts of civilization on the one hand and of economical ruin on the other, is no less real and certainly no less interesting and worth studying than the former.

In what does this crisis consist? How far and in what direction have gone the changes in the social and ethical ideals, the traditional morality and the character of the moujik, the tiller and guardian of our native land? It would seem presumption to answer, or even to attempt to answer, in the space of a few pages such questions in reference to an enormous rural population like the Russian. We hasten, therefore, to mention one thing which renders such an attempt — partial at least — justifiable. A Russian moujik presents of course as many varieties as there are tribes and regions in the vast empire. There is a wide difference between the eminently sociable, open-hearted Great Russian peasant, brisk in mind and speech, quick

in attachment and in forgetfulness, and the dreamy and reserved Ruthenian; or between the practical, extremely versatile and independent Siberian, who never knew slavery, and the timid Beloruss (White Russian), who has borne three yokes. But through all the varieties of types, tribes, and past history the millions of our rural population present a remarkable uniformity in those higher general, ethical, and social conceptions which the educated draw from divers social and political sciences, and the uneducated from their traditions, which are the depositories of the collective wisdom of past generations.

This seemingly strange uniformity of our peasants' moral physiognomy is to be accounted for by two causes: the perfect identity of our people's daily occupation, which is almost exclusively pure husbandry, and the great similitude of those peculiar self-governing associations, village communes, in which the whole of our rural population, without distinction of tribe or place, have lived from time immemorial.

No occupation is fitter to develop a morally as well as physically healthy race than husbandry. We mean the genuine husbandry, where the tiller of the soil is at the same time its owner. We need not dwell on the proofs. Poets, historians, and philosophers alike have done their best to bring home to us, corrupted children of the towns, the charms of the simple virtues of the populations of stanch ploughmen.

In Russia, until the "economic progress" of the last twenty-five years turned twenty millions of our peasants into landless proletarians, they were all landowners. Even the scourge of serfdom could not depose them from that dignity. The serfs, who tilled gratuitously the manorial land, had each of them pieces of freehold land which they cultivated on their own account. Nominally it was the property of the landlords. But so strong was tradition and custom that the landlords themselves had almost forgotten that they had a right to it. So much so, that Professor Engelhardt (*Letters from a Village*) tells us that many of the former seigneurs learned only from the Act of Emancipation of 1861 that the land on which the peasants were sitting was also

their property. Gleb Uspensky, in discussing the causes of the wonderful preservation of the purity of the moral character of the Russian people through such a terrible ordeal as the three centuries of slavery, which passed over without grafting in it any vice of the slave, finds no other explanation than this: the peasant was never separated from the furrow, from the all-absorbing cares and the poetry of agricultural work.

Our peasants could, however, do something more than individually preserve themselves. They could give a more lasting assertion and definition to their collective dispositions and aspirations. A Russian village has never been a mere aggregation of individuals, but a very intimate association, having much work and life in common. These associations are called *Mirs* among the Great and White Russians, *Hromadas* among the Ruthenians. Up to the present time the laws allow them a considerable amount of self-government. They are free to manage in common all their economical concerns. The land, if they hold it as common property—which is the case everywhere save in the Ruthenian provinces—the forests, the fisheries, renting of public-houses standing on their territory, etc., they distribute among themselves as they choose, the taxes falling to the share of the commune according to the Government tables. They elect the rural executive administration—*Starost* and *Starshinas*—who are (nominally at least) under their permanent control. A very important privilege too: they, the village communes composing the *Volost*, in general meeting assembled, elect the ten judges of the *Volost*. All these must be peasants, members of some village commune. The peasants' tribunal's jurisdiction is very extensive; all the civil, and a good many criminal offences (save the capital ones), in which one of the parties, at least, is a peasant of the district, are amenable to this tribunal. The peasants sitting as judges are not bound to abide in their verdicts by the official code of law. They administer justice according to the customary laws and traditions of the local peasantry.

The records of these tribunals, published by an official commission, afford

us at once an insight into the peasants' original notions as to juridical questions. We pass over the verdicts illustrating the popular idea as to land tenure, which is more or less known. We will rather try to elicit the other side of the question: the peasants' views on movable property, the right of bequest, of inheritance, and their civil code in general, which presents some curious and unexpected peculiarities. The fact which strikes us in it, is that among the peasants where the patriarchal principle is as yet so strong and the ties of blood are held so sacred, kinship gives no right to property. The only rightful claim to it is given by work alone. Whenever the two come into conflict it is to the right of labor that the popular conscience gives the preference. The father cannot disinherit one son or diminish his share for the benefit of his favorite. Notwithstanding the religious respect in which the last will of a dying man is held, both the "*Mir*" and the tribunal will annul it at the complaint of the wronged young man, if the latter is known to be a good and diligent worker. The fathers themselves know this well. Whenever they attempt to prejudice in their wills one of the children, they always adduce as motive that he has been a sluggard or a spendthrift who has already dissipated his share. The favorite, on the other hand, is mentioned as "having worked hard for the family." Kinship has no influence whatever in the distribution and proportioning of shares at any division of property. It is determined by the quantity of work each has given to the family. A brother who has lived and worked with the family for a longer time will receive more, no matter whether he is the elder or the younger. He will be excluded from the inheritance altogether if he has been living somewhere else and has not contributed in some way to the common expenses. The same principle is observed in settling the differences between the other grades of kinsfolk. The cases of sons-in-law, step-sons, and adopted children, are very characteristic. If they have remained a sufficient time—ten or more years—with the family they receive, though strangers, all the rights of legitimate children, while the legitimate son is excluded if he has not

taken part in the common work. This is in flagrant contradiction with the civil code of Russia as well as of other European countries. The same contradiction is observable in the question of women's rights. The Russian law entitles women—legitimate wives and daughters—to *one-fourteenth* only of the family inheritance. The peasants' customary law requires no such limitation. The women are in all respects dealt with like the men. They share in the property in proportion to their share in the work. The sisters, as a rule, do not inherit from the brothers, because in marrying they go to another family, and take with them as dowry the reward of their domestic work. But a spinster sister, or a widow who returns to live with her brothers, will always receive or obtain from the tribunal her share. The right to inheritance being founded on work alone, no distinction is made by the peasants' customary law between legitimate wives and concubines. It is interesting to note that the husband, too, inherits the wife's property (if she has brought him any) only when they have lived together sufficiently long—above ten years; otherwise the deceased wife's property is returned to her parents.

The principle ruling the order of inheritance is to be detected as the basis for the verdicts in all sorts of litigation. Labor is always recognized as giving an indefeasible right to property. According to common jurisprudence, if one man has sown the field belonging to another—especially if he has done it knowingly—the court of justice will certainly deny the offender any right to the eventual product. Our peasants are as strict observers of boundaries, when once traced, as any agricultural folk. But labor has its imprescriptible rights. The customary law prescribes a remuneration for the work executed *in both* of the above-mentioned cases—in the case of unintentional as well as in the case of premeditated violation of property. Only, in the first instance, the offender, who retains all the product, is simply compelled to pay to the owner the rent of the piece of land he has sown, according to current prices, with some additional trifling present; while in the case of a violation made knowingly, the

product is left to the owner of the land, who is bound, nevertheless, to return to the offender the seed, and to pay him the hired laborer's wages for the work he has done. If a peasant has cut wood in a forest belonging to another peasant, the tribunal settles the matter in a similar way. In all these cases the common law would have been wholly against the offender, the abstract right of property reigning supreme.

In the vast practice of the many thousands of peasants' tribunals, there are certainly instances of verdicts being given on other principles than this, or contrary to any principle whatever. Remembering the very numerous influences to which the modern village is subjected in these critical times, it would have been surprising if it were otherwise. Moreover, the peasants' tribunal has by its side the *pisar*, the communal clerk, a stranger to the village and its customs. This important person is the champion and propagator of the official views and of the official code. His influence on the decisions of the peasants' courts is considerable, as is well known. The rarity of the exceptions, however, makes the rule the more salient.

The peasants have applied their collective intelligence not to material questions alone or within the domain apportioned to them by law. The Mir recognizes no restraint to its autonomy. In the conception of the peasants themselves, the Mir's authority embraces, indeed, all domains and branches of peasant life. Unless the police and the local officers are at hand to prevent what is considered an abuse of power, the peasants' Mir is always likely to exceed its competency. Here is a curious illustration. In the autumn of 1884, according to the *Russian Courier* of the 12th November, 1884, a peasants' Mir in the district of Radomysl had to pronounce upon the following delicate petition: one of their fellow-villagers, Theodor P., whose wife ran away from him several years before, and was living as housemaid in some private house, wanted to marry another woman from a neighboring village. He accordingly asked the Mir to accept his bride as a female member of their commune. Having heard and discussed this original demand, the Mir passed unanimously the

following resolution: "Taking into consideration that the peasant Theodor P., living for several years without his legitimate wife by the fault of the latter, is now in great need of a woman(!), his marriage with the former wife is dissolved. In accordance with which, after being thrice questioned by the elder (mayor) of our village as to whether we permit to Theodor P. to receive in his house as wife the peasant woman N—, we give our full consent. And if, moreover, Theodor P. shall have children by his second wife, we recognize them as legitimate and as heirs to their father's property, the freehold and the communal land included."

This resolution, duly put on the paper and signed by all the householders and by the elder of the village, was delivered as certificate of legitimacy to the happy couple, no one suspecting that the Mir had overstepped its power.

In the old time, as late as the sixteenth century, it was the Mir who elected the parson (as the sectarian villages are doing nowadays), the bishops only imposing hands on the Mir's nominees. The orthodox peasants have quite forgotten that historical right of theirs; but the natural right of the Mir allows it to deal even with subjects referring to religion.

The conversion to sectarianism of whole villages in lump is of very common occurrence in the history of modern sects. A sectarian apostle comes to a village and makes a few converts. For a time they zealously preach their doctrines to their fellow-villagers. Then, when they consider the harvest ripe, they bring the matter before the Mir, and often that assembly, after discussing the question, passes a resolution in favor of the acceptance of the new creed. The whole village turns "shaloput" or "evangelical," changing creeds as small states did in the Reformation time. To a Russian peasant it seems the most natural thing that the Mir should do this whenever it chooses. In my wanderings among the peasants, I remember having met near Riazan with a peasant who amused me much by telling how they succeeded in putting a check on the cupidity and extortion of the *pop* of their village. "When we could not bear it we assembled and said to him, 'Take care, *batka* (father); if

you won't be reasonable, we, all the Mir, will give up orthodoxy altogether, and will elect a *pop* from among ourselves.'" And the *pop* then became "tender as silk," for he knew his flock would not hesitate in putting their resolve into effect.

The Mir is indeed a *microcosm*, a small world of its own. The people living in it have to exert their judgment on everything, on the moral side of man's life as on the material, shaping it so as to afford to their small associations as much peace and happiness as is possible in their very arduous circumstances.

Were these uneducated people able to achieve anything in the high domain of public morality? Yes! they were, though what they did cannot be registered in volumes like the verdicts of their tribunals. They have maintained through centuries and improved the old Russian principle of governing without oppression; the settling of all public questions by unanimity of vote, never by majority, is a wise rule, for a body of people living on such close terms. This system, however, could be rendered practicable with all sorts of people only by a high development of the sentiments of justice, equanimity, and conciliation. They made the devotion of the individual to the Mir the key-note of morals. They learned to exercise it in petty every-day concessions and services to the Mir. They raised it to the sublimity of heroism in the acts of self-sacrifice for the good of the Mir, examples of which are so frequent among our peasantry. To "suffer for the Mir," to be put in chains and thrown in prison as the Mir's *khodok* or messenger, "sent to the Tzar" with the Mir's grievances; to be beaten, exiled to Siberia or to the mines for having stood up boldly for the Mir's rights against some powerful oppressor, that is the form of heroism to which an enthusiastic peasant aspires, and which the people extol.

The orthodox church has no hold over the souls of the masses. The *pop* or priest is but an official of the bureaucracy and depredator of the commune. But the high ethics of Christianity, the appeal to brotherly love, to forgiveness, to self-sacrifice for the good of others, have always found an echo in our peo-

ple's hearts. "The type of a saint as conceived by our peasants," says Uspensky, "is not that of an anchorite, timidly secluded from the world, lest some part of the treasury he is accumulating in heaven might get damaged. Our popular saint is a man of the Mir, a man of practical piety, a teacher and benefactor of the people." In Athanasieff's collection of popular legends we find an illustration of this idea. Two saints—St. Cassian and St. Nicolas—have come before the face of the Lord.

"What hast thou seen on the earth?" asks the Lord of St. Cassian, who first approached. "I have seen a moujik foundering with his car in a marsh by the wayside."

"Why hast thou not helped him?" "Because I was coming into Thy presence, and was afraid of spoiling my bright clothes."

The turn of St. Nicolas comes, who approaches with his dress all besmeared.

"Why comest thou so dirty into my presence?" asks the Lord. "Because I was following St. Cassian, and seeing the moujik of whom he just spoke, I have helped him out of the marsh."

"Well," said the Lord, "because thou, Cassian, hast cared so much about thy dress and so little about thy brother, I will give thee thy name's day only once in four years. And to thee, Nicolas, for having acted as thou didst, I will give four name's days each year."

That is why St. Cassian's Day falls on the 29th of February, in leap year, and St. Nicolas has a name's day each quarter.

Such is the peasant's interpretation of Christian morality. And is it not suggestive that the greatest novelist of our time, and a man of such vast intelligence as Count Leo Tolstoi, in making his attempt to found a purely ethical religion, formulates his views by referring the educated classes to the gospel *as it is understood by the moujik*?

Since we do not in the least presume to sketch anything like a full picture of our people's moral physiognomy we shall stop here. Our sole object has been to show that our peasantry on the whole, as it came to political life and freedom after centuries of internal growth, presents a race with highly de-

veloped social instincts and many elements promising further progress; and that the feelings of deep respect, sometimes of enthusiastic admiration, which the Russian democrats have for the peasantry, are not devoid of foundation. These feelings may often have been exaggerated, especially of old, when the two classes came for the first time into close contact. But excess of idealization and sentimentality have become matter of history. They were destroyed by the rough touch of reality; and the mighty figure of the hero of the plough has not lost by being stripped of tinsel. Hewn in unpolished stone, he looks better than when robed in marble. The charm of his force, dauntless courage, and endurance is strengthened by the thrilling voice of pity for the overwhelming, the indescribable sufferings of this childlike giant. A passion for Equality and Fraternity is and will ever be the strongest, we may say the only strong social feeling in Russia. It is by no means the privilege of "Nihilists," or advanced parties of any kind; it is shared by the enormous majority of our educated class.

Man is a sociable being. He yearns to attach himself to something vaster than a family, having a longer existence than his immediate surroundings. The feeling in which this yearning finds its commonest and easiest expression is patriotism, embracing the whole of the nation, the State and the people being blended into one. For us Russians, no such blending is possible. The crimes, the cruelties, equalled only by the folly, of those who are representing Russia as a State, are there to prevent it. Who, being a Russian and an honest man, can help blushing at the shameless doings of the Russian Government in Bulgaria? Who can help feeling the warmest sympathy with the courageous little people defending its freedom against a new tyranny? Quoting the words of a few scribes, who are always at the beck of the Government, provided they are allowed to practise their trade, while their betters are silenced, the English press has inflicted on Russian society at large the cruel insult of assuming that it is hostile to Bulgarian independence, that it shares the Emperor's personal hatred of Prince Alexander, and desires a mili-

tary occupation. Why? Are the Russians such a mean people? How can doings, feelings, words, which seem base and disgusting to ordinary educated men of any nationality, English, or French, or German, be thought fair and praiseworthy by an ordinary educated Russian? Why should a Russian wish Bulgarian liberty to be trampled down by a Kaulbars? Is it to enable hundreds of generals like Kaulbars, just as brutal and foolish as he is, to strengthen their position at home? One need not be a Socialist to dislike a Kaulbars' rule.

No, a Russian can never wish god-speed to the Government of his country. And yet we Russians are most ardent patriots. We have no attachment to our birthplace or any particular locality. But we love our people, our race as intensely and organically as the Jews.

And we are almost as incapable of getting thoroughly acclimatized to any other nation. In describing Russia's real and not fictitious glories, in speaking when in an expansive mood about his country's probable future and the service she is likely to render to mankind, a Russian can startle a *Chauviniste* of the *grande nation*. Yes, we are certainly patriotic. Only our patriotism runs entirely toward the realization of the democratic ideal. The idea of country is embodied for us not in our State but in our people, in the *moujiks* and in those various elements which make the *moujiks* cause their own. Our hopes, our devotion, our love, and that irresistible idealism which stimulates to great labor, all that constitutes the essence of patriotism, with us is democratic.—*Fortnightly Review*.

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

To those who have followed the political history of Ireland for the last six years, it seems like awakening from a long nightmare to return to the writings of an author so great and good as those of her late poet, Sir Samuel Ferguson. Wrath, indignation, and bitterness disappear for the time under the influence of a spirit so broad, and pure, and true. Hope revives, and even bids us trust the end is near of all these party struggles and petty jealousies that paralyze our country's power, when a voice such as this speaks to us from the grave, and that grave an Irish one, in accents that must win respect, and sympathy, and love.

Sir Samuel Ferguson was born at Belfast in 1810. He was the third son of John Ferguson of Collon House, County Antrim. Educated at the Belfast Academical Institution, and at Trinity College, Dublin, he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1826, and his degree of Master of Arts in 1832. He was called to the Irish Bar in 1838, and made Queen's Counsel in 1859. In the State Trials in Dublin in 1848, along with Mr. John O'Hagan and Sir Colman O'Loughlin, he defended the poet Richard Dalton Williams, who on the 2d of November was tried on a charge

of treason-felony. Ferguson was leading counsel in this case, and in a powerful and convincing speech he won his client's release.

Samuel Ferguson's practice was on the north-east circuit, where his clear and powerful style of argument won him a foremost place. A fresh and more congenial field of industry was opened to him when, in 1867, he was appointed Deputy-Keeper of the Public Records in Ireland—the first who bore that title—and carried out the organization of that department. He was also charged with the administration of the Act for the preservation of the parochial records of the Irish Church. In 1878 he was knighted; and he attained the highest literary position in Dublin when, in 1884, he was unanimously elected President of the Royal Irish Academy. None more beloved have ever held this chair. With a courtesy which extended to the humblest servant in the institution, his bearing was marked by a certain state and dignity. He seemed filled with a sense of the importance of the institution, as being not merely an aggregate of individuals, each seeking to further his own branch of study, but as a body having a historic past, with traditions to be continued into a future which should

be historic also. He strove to impress upon its members that theirs should not be regarded as a teaching institution, but rather as an investigating and philosophic body; and nowhere do we see his own theories of life more clearly expressed than in the closing passage of his presidential address: "Still," he says at the close of a review of the late advances in science, "the 'audax omnia perpeti gens humana' will remain—the old sons of Adam, to whom the control of the elements, if they could attain it, would be as nothing in real value compared with the control of their own desires and passions; and for whose enlightenment in a higher wisdom than that of *Calculus* or *Quaternions*—in the wisdom which makes life happy and beautiful, even if it be laborious—Philosophy and History and Poetry have been softening manners and gladdening the hours of leisure ever since the boon of letters was first bestowed on mankind." In an eloquent passage, Professor Mahaffy tells the world how, in his own life, Sir Samuel was guided by that "higher wisdom," making an atmosphere of cheerful life around him.

"Keeping open house with perfect simplicity in the midst of a large company of relations and friends, who all loved him, he moved about among them, seasoning his words, especially to the young, with that delicate humor which adds point and grace to kindly feelings. Even the parting letters which he dictated to his oldest friends when he felt his end near, show flashes of this rare quality. You felt that he saw clearly the frailties of human nature, but that he sympathized with them and forgave them. You felt that he loved youth and high spirits, and that his deepest pleasure was to witness and to promote happiness. Nothing ever clouded the serenity of his home, unless it were this, that the orphan and the unfortunate were constantly inmates of the house, where they found new parents and sure protectors. He had an open day in the week, when any of his young friends in college might come in to dinner without special invitation. He took his summer holidays by travelling

with two or three young girls, to whom he wished to show the world. Never did a poor author appeal to him in vain. In his anxiety to revive a distinctively Irish literature, he perhaps sacrificed some of the popularity of his books."

It had always been a source of pain and humiliation to Sir Samuel, as to other educated Irishmen, that Ireland should be without an adequate history, and without a characteristic literature rising above the conventional Irish buffooneries; and the pages of "Blackwood's Magazine," in which his first writings appeared, as well as those of the "Dublin University Magazine," show how earnestly he set himself to the task of laying the foundation of a national literature. From his twenty-second to his thirtieth year he published prose tales such as "The Return of Claneboy," and a series of Irish historical romances—*Hibernian Nights' Entertainments*—containing, among others, the tale of the "Children of Usnach," the "Captivity of Killesken," the "Rebellion of Silken Thomas," "Corby MacGillmore," "Rosabel of Ross." At this period also he published many translations from French, Danish, and Irish, occasional poems of wit and humor, and such prose as that brilliant piece of fun which has since attained permanent celebrity, "Father Tom and the Pope."* However, we should be mistaken if we formed the impression that our author was so uniformly amiable a character as to leave no trace of bitterness and scorn behind him in his writings. Alas! no honest Irishman but has felt moved by such at times, in this as in past centuries. And in the scathing satire of "Inheritor and Economist,"† and of "Dublin," a poem, written in 1849, in imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal, we seem to feel the *sava indignatio* of Swift burning into every line:—

"Let Menenius here
Thrive, and Sartorius, who can make it clear
By mode synthetic, or, with equal ease,
By analytic method, which you please,
That Ireland, after nature's lists were full,
Was supplementalized in ease of Bull
As servient tenement. . . .

* See Blackwood's Magazine; afterward republished in *Tales from Blackwood*, first series, vol. iii.

† University Magazine, vol. xxxiii. p. 638.

" Or show you by *sortes*, past dispute,
That agitation is misfortune's root,
(By agitation you're to understand
Irishmen taking thought for Ireland),
And that, allowing only for some small
Eventualities exceptional,
Of late occurrence, say some one or two
Millions of starved (a million still too few),
Since agitation ceased, no men alive
Ere thrive as we do, or we ought to thrive." *

This mood was softened and subdued in later years, and our author, keeping aloof from politics, concentrated his energies on work of a more congenial nature. Sir Samuel Ferguson's contributions to archæology deserve a more detailed notice than it is possible to give in a short paper such as this, but the writer would gladly convey some impression of the charm of his companionship on an archæological tour. The *bonhomie* and genuine humor of the man brightened the long hours of a wet day in a comfortless Irish inn, quite as much as the love of nature and inexhaustible lore, with which his memory overflowed, enhanced the delight of hours spent amid the wild cliffs and islands of our Atlantic coasts. The poetic nature, "deep possessed with inward light," the "fancies springing from a heart at ease," made an atmosphere of sweet content about our friend, the influence of which was shared by all. We can picture his happy excitement at the moment when the first discovery was made of the Ogham inscription in the treasury of Queen Maeve, at the site of her royal residence in Roscommon. The history of this Amazon queen of Connaught, who is held to have reigned in Ulster about the beginning of the Christian era, and the host of bardic legends that surround her memory, had fascinated his imagination from his early days. The treasury of

the queen, it appears, was a grotto, to which in later days a second chamber was added on as porch or ante-grotto, to form the roof of which some long stones were carried from the adjoining burial-ground. In 1864 Sir Samuel and Lady Ferguson explored this place, which is situated in the wide tract of grazing lands lying around Tulske, in the county of Roscommon. Ancient mounds and vestiges of earthen constructions extend in all directions from the central fortress. On the north-western side of this "Relig" stands a minor cemetery, two of the chambers in which unite so as to form the entrance to a cave of considerable extent, partly natural, partly artificial. Sir Samuel, eager to explore the inner cave, left Lady Ferguson behind in the ante-grotto, where she remained in the darkness awaiting his return. Having provided herself with matches, she lit a candle and commenced the examination of the stones of which the artificial portion of the cave was built. Her eye at last caught sight of markings on the edge of one, now fixed into the roof. Full of delight, she called out that she had discovered an Ogham inscription. Sir Samuel, hastily making his way back through the stones that choked the narrow entrance, now, like his own bard Murgen when he discovered the long-lost grave of Fergus, saw the pillar stone, and—

"Down the corners of the column, letter strokes of Ogham carved;
'Tis, belike, a burial pillar," said he, "and these shallow lines
Hold some warrior's name of valor, could I rightly spell the signs."
Letter then by letter tracing, soft he breathed the sound of each;
Sound and sound then interlacing, lo, the signs took form of speech;
And with joy and wonder mainly thrilling, part a-thrill with fear,
Murgen read the legend plainly, 'Fergus, son of Roy is here.'"

Delighted with his wife's discovery, Sir Samuel could exclaim, "Freoch, son of Maeve, is here;" for the Ogham letters are, we believe, allowed on all hands to signify *Freocci magi medfi*.

Next morning he returned to Dublin, and the first thing he did on arrival was to unpack the precious rubbing he had made. Going over it carefully, he found to his dismay that one letter in the inscription was uncertain, indistinct, and blurred. There was just time to catch

* University Magazine, vol. xxxiv. p. 102.

the night train back to Roscommon. Without a word, he started, and by twelve o'clock next morning, was again at work in the cave. This time his labor was well rewarded: the doubtful letter came forth in the most satisfactory manner, and Sir Samuel returned the happiest of human beings.

The results of his archaeological researches may be read in Ferguson's numerous contributions to the *Proceedings and Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy*, among the most remarkable of which was a paper, read in 1867, on "The Rudiments of Common Law discoverable in the published portion of the *Senchus Mor*." In 1881 the *Fasciculus of Prints from Photographs of Casts of Ogham Inscriptions* appeared, which was welcomed by all Celtic philologists as being the first representation of Ogham texts and stones yet published, which would enable those who had never seen such a monument to form a correct idea of it as a whole. In literature, as in his professional capacity, Sir Samuel achieved that high standard of excellence which can only be attained by the conscientious and scrupulous worker; but the future will know him through his poetry, where alone the powers of his heart and his imagination found expression.

To this Magazine belongs the merit of introducing his first published poem to the world, "The Forging of the Anchor," written by him in his twenty-second year. In the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" for February 1832, by "Maga's" well-known contributor, Professor Wilson, the Christopher North of that inimitable work, a discussion is recorded on the use of technical terms in poetry.

"Tickler. The technical language of no art should ever be admitted into poetry. . . .

"North. No technical terms of art in poetry? . . . Lend me your ears. Here are some verses that give all such shallow and senseless critics the squabash!"

He then repeats "The Forging of the Anchor;" and, at the closing of the recital, Tickler exclaims, "That will do. Three cheers, my old boy, for the wooden walls! Is 'The Forging of the Anchor' your own, Kit?" Christopher North replies, "I wish it were. But the world will yet hear of the writer. Belfast gave him birth, I believe, and

he bears the same name with a true poet of our own Scotland, Fergusson. 'Maga' will be proud of introducing him to the world."

Ferguson's first translations from Irish appear in the "Dublin University Magazine" of 1834 and 1835, and in reviews of Hardiman's "Irish Minstrelsy,"* where he gives translations of his own, many of which were republished in his collected works. In these songs our author has been singularly happy in the way in which he has caught and expressed all the subtle qualities of a genius that is essentially Irish,—a genius at once wild and tender, playful, delicate, impassioned—now laughing, now wailing, and now stirred by deep and enduring emotion, which characterizes the occasional outbursts of song or of native melody for which at all times Ireland has been distinguished. We say at all times, for a very misleading idea prevails that everything admirable in the native poetry and art of Ireland may be relegated to an early and remote period in the history of the country. The fact is that many of the most delightfully Irish compositions that Ferguson has translated were composed within the last century. Although its flame has been a flickering and fitful one, yet this native genius of our country, or that element in it which is worthy of our love, has never been wholly extinguished; indeed the tragic interest of Ireland's story as that of intellectual life paralyzed and genius blighted, will never be understood until her literary history is written. It may be that not till her native genius has quite died away, will England learn to know its real character or wherein lay its idiosyncrasies. A genius delicate, tender, and fresh as that of nature in her finest moods, cannot live where agitation and lawlessness are the rule, not the exception; and the few that remain who love that country still are like dwellers in a forest by the sea, when they behold the gray lichen-growth on the branches that will eat the very heart out of the noble trees whose pillared stems and cloistered alleys form their temple. The lichen has grown throughout the land, and the best of

* Dublin University Magazine, vol. iii. p. 465; vol. iv. pp. 152, 447, 514.

the later poets through whom her native genius spoke was Samuel Ferguson.

As examples of this modern Irish poetry, we would draw our readers' attention to the "Elegy on the Ruins of Timoleague Abbey," written about the year 1750, by John O'Cullane, and to the "Fair-haired Girl," and then contrast the hopeless yet enduring love that breathes in these stanzas with the wild boatman's "Song to the Whillan Rock at the mouth of Blacksod Bay."

"Whillan, ahoy! old heart of stone,
Stooping so black o'er the beach alone,
Answer me well—on the bursting brine
Saw you ever a bark like mine?"

"On the tide top, the tide top,
Wherry aroon my land and store!
On the tide top, the tide top,
She is the boat can sail *go leor*."

"God of the Air! the seamen shout
When they see us tossing the brine about:
Give us the shelter of strand or rock,
Or through and through us she goes with a
shock.
On the tide top, the tide top!" etc.*

"There is not," writes Sir Samuel, "in the whole of Hardiman's collection, a sweeter song than the untranslated lament of Thomas Flavelle." He and his old friend George Fox, to whom he dedicated his last volume of poems, between them give us the following translation of this song:—

THE COUNTY MAYO.

"On the deck of Patrick Lynch's boat I sit in woful plight,
Through sighing all the long day, and weeping all the night;
Ah! but that from my people in sorrow forth I go,
By all that lives! 'tis bravely I'd sing thy praise, Mayo!"

"When I was with my people, and my gold did much abound,
In the company of fair young maids the Spanish ale went round:
Ah! but for too much drinking of that strong Spanish ale,
And for these wrongful English laws which overmuch prevail,
I had not now—I had not now to Santa Cruz to go,
To leave my bones beneath the sod far from my own Mayo."

"The Irrul girls are altered—'tis proud they're grown and high,
With their hair-bags and their top-knots—for I pass their buckles by.
But if I were back in Irrul, for all their haughty airs,
I'd hold them for no better than hateful foreigners.
But Irrul I shall never see—my God will have it so—
For I must fly to foreign lands, and leave my own Mayo."

"But ah!—if Patrick Loughlin were earl in Irrul still,
If Brian Duff, his son-in-law, were lord upon the hill,
If yet black Hugh MacGrady rode a colonelling in Clare,
I'd not be here,—I'd not be here, and my sweet masters there!
But alas! these gallant gentlemen are lying dead and low,
And I am sailing swiftly from the county of Mayo."

Sir Samuel Ferguson and Aubrey de Vere, in the "Foray of Queen Maeve, and other Irish Poems," have followed the only true method of treating the grand and half-barbaric period in Irish history, which, despite its deeds of violence, has bequeathed to us legends full of wild grace, and of innate, as distinguished from conventional, refinement. They tell their tales as simply as their measure of power permits, and escape the now too common error of making characters drawn from antiquity mere embodiments of modern thought and views of life, either veiled by a diction bristling with archaisms or enveloped by

a smooth and subtle music in their rhythm. Piercing to the true significance of the moral that really underlies these legends, Ferguson draws forth the genuine worth that lies at the core of the story; and by his treatment of it, making its manifestation his first object, he attains a freshness beyond that of many modern writers, while he gains a unity in his work which earlier bards failed to achieve. The cycle of legends connected with the history of Conor mac Nessa, and the collateral branches of this mythus, telling the fate of the sons

* Lays of the Western Gael, p. 217.

of Usnach, forms one group of Irish tales wrought into English verse by Samuel Ferguson. And if we would study these poems with regard to their mutual dependence and illustration of one another, so as to obtain their relative bearings, we should take them in the following order :—

1. The Abdication of Fergus mac Roy.
2. The Twins of Macha.
3. The Naming of Cuchullin.
4. Mesgedra.
5. Deirdre.
6. The Tain Quest.
7. Conary.
8. Healing of Conall Carnach.

Although Sir Samuel, when he desires that the poems of this series, called by him the Conorian cycle, should be read in the order here indicated, by which Conor becomes the central figure—yet it seems as though he himself had hardly realized how great the interest of the story of King Conor mac Nessa would become if he worked out the closing scenes of the tyrant's career as fully as he did the opening ones, and kept the figure of the king in clear and bold relief against a background filled with incidents of mingled horror and tender pathos. By thus continuing to make the form of Conor the centre of a tragedy in which the actors are subordinated to the progress of a great catastrophe that sweeps them on in its fatal course, we may be reminded of the conception of the old Greek dramas, where one guilty deed of tyranny or profanity is followed by a long train of disaster, and where punishment descends like an heirloom of misery upon the children. Such is the destiny of the house of Conor mac Nessa, involving the noble Deirdre and the Red Branch knights in its fall; and the tragic tale remains for some future poet to weave into a drama, showing to what degree the old Greek ideas of the awful vengeance ensuing upon neglect of divine oracles, ideas of Nemesis passing into retribution, had penetrated into the West.

We behold Conor first in all his youthful beauty, and watch the gradual deterioration of his character from the time when Fergus wooed his mother Nessa, to be his wife, and won her upon the terms that her boy Conor should sit at his right hand at the council board.

"Conor," writes Judge O'Hagan, in his analysis of the first of the poems,* "thoughtful, ambitious, cool, self-centred, possessed the qualities in which Fergus was wanting. And so it chanced that one day at council there arose a litigated question, weighty and involved, in which the decision upon the right and the wrong demanded the most minute and patient attention to the details, and the clearest judgment as to the arguments. The dreamy Fergus felt that the case had escaped him, and that to make a decision was impossible. So scorning an affectation of knowing what he did not know, he turned to Conor and said, 'Boy judge, do thou decide.'"

"Conor, with unaltered mien,
In a clear sweet voice serene,
Took in hand the tangled skein,
And began to make it plain.

"As a sheep-dog sorts his cattle,
As a king arrays his battle,
So, the facts on either side
He did marshal and divide.

"As a charging cohort goes
Through and over scattered foes,
So, from point to point, he brought
Onward still the weight of thought,

"Through all error and confusion,
Till he set the clear conclusion
Standing like a king alone,
All things adverse overthrown."†

And so Conor mac Nessa ascended the throne of Fergus mac Roy, and reigned over Ulster—at first proving himself a wise and vigilant, resolute and cunning administrator of his realm, but in time degenerating into a character of utmost cruelty and treachery. In contrast to this fierce tyrant, we have the exquisite presence of the seer's daughter Deirdre.‡ Cassandra-like, herself gifted with some of her father's prescience, we follow her delightedly from the moment, in her first infant loveliness, when Banshee and Druid foretell her fatal share in the impending doom of the house of Conor, through her maidenhood, passed as a prisoner in an island fort, to the moment when the noble Red Branch Knight Naisi wooed her, and freed her from the power of the wicked king. The lovers fly to Scotland, hiding by the shores of Loch Etive, with the sons of Usnach for their companions. "Here," says the writer already quoted, "the character of Deirdre shines forth with singular

* See the Irish Monthly, vol. xli. p. 384.

† Lays of the Western Gael, p. 27.

‡ Poems, 1880, p. 99.

beauty. All the romance of nature which she had hived and secreted in her insular seclusion was poured forth without stint upon her husband." He learns to say—

"Love makes the woman's life
Within doors and without."

And she—

"Were the world
Peopled by but us two, I were content."

But she was gifted with an intellectual discernment far beyond that of Naisi—with that feminine insight which penetrates the real designs of men; and she is prescient of coming danger. The return of the exiled sons of Usnach is required by the chiefs of Ulster, and

their king (Conor) treacherously gives the credulous Fergus, son of Roy, his word that if he will go forth to seek the fugitives, they shall be permitted to return free and unscathed to their inheritance. Fergus finds Deirdre, Naisi, and their brethren, surprising them in the midst of their tranquil life amid the Higbland lochs and glens. Naisi, wearied of his life of inaction, gladly agrees to return to Ireland under the safe-conduct of Fergus. Deirdre accompanies him, her mind filled with foreboding of sorrow. On the voyage she takes her harp, and as her nurse undoes the fastenings of her hair, and her long tresses mingle with the wind, she sings—

"Harp, take my bosom's burthen on thy string,
And, turning it to sad, sweet melody,
Waste and disperse it on the careless air.

"Air, take the harp-string's burthen on thy breast,
And, softly thrilling soulward through the sense,
Bring my love's heart again in tune with mine.

"Blest were the hours when, heart in tune with heart,
My love and I desired no happier home
Than Etive's airy glades and lonely shore.

"Alba, farewell! Farewell, fair Etive bank!
Sun kiss thee; moon caress thee; dewy stars
Refresh thee long, dear scene of quiet days!"

We follow the fair mourning woman and her companions, as, like a long flight of wild birds, they cross the ocean, only to fall blindly into the trap laid for them by the wily Conor. Besieged in the house given for their shelter, the palace of the Red Branch at Emania, by the mercenary bands of Conor, Naisi and the sons of Usnach resolve to shelter Deirdre behind their shields, and cut their way to some place of safety. But Deirdre cherished no illusions. She saw too clearly the end which she had from the first foreboded, and she prepared a cup for her own drinking. The valorous onset of the three was vain against overwhelming numbers, and their corpses were carried in and laid on the floor of the Red Branch house. Deirdre, before quaffing the poisoned cup, poured forth her fond lament, from which we take the following verses:—

"The lions of the hill are gone,
And I am left alone—alone;
Dig the grave both wide and deep,
For I am sick, and fain would sleep.

"The falcons of the wood are flown,
And I am left alone—alone;
Dig the grave both deep and wide,
And let us slumber side by side.

"The dragons of the rock are sleeping,—
Sleep that wakes not for our weeping;
Dig the grave, and make it ready,
Lay me on my true love's body.

"Oh, to hear my true love singing!
Sweet as sounds of trumpets ringing;
Like the sway of ocean swelling,
Rolled his deep voice round our dwelling.

"Oh, to hear the echoes pealing
Round our green and fairy sheeling!
When the three with soaring chorus
Made the skylark silent o'er us.

"Echo now, sleep, morn and even—
Lark alone enchant the heaven;
Ardan's lips are scant of breath,
Naisi's tongue is cold in death.

"Stag, exult on glen and mountain—
Salmon, leap from loch to fountain—
Heron, in the free air warm ye,—
Usnach's sons no more will harm ye."

The poems of "The Naming of Cuchullin" and of "Conary" may be

cited as among the finest in this cycle, as well as the most original. Cuchullin was the greatest of Celtic legendary heroes. His original name was Setanta ; but the poem tells how it was changed in early boyhood. Having killed the armorer Cullane's favorite wolf-hound, the boy, in his sorrow for the pain his rash act caused, offers to take the place of the dog he has slain, and he henceforth the armorer's hound and friend. The lament of the old servant for his dog is most touching :—

" For thou hast slain my servant and my friend,
The hound I loved, that, fierce, intractable
To all men else, was ever mild to me.
He knew me ; and he knew my uttered words,
All my commandments, as a man might know :
More than a man, he knew my looks and tones,

And turns of gesture, and discerned my mind,
Unspoken, if in grief or if in joy.
He was my pride, my strength, my company,—
For I am childless : and that hand of thine
Has left an old man lonely in the world."

"Conary," though drawn directly from the earliest Irish romance, is, nevertheless, not translation, but an ancient story passed through the refining fire of a poet's imagination, yet losing nothing of its first wild freshness and vigor. The agents of divine retribution in this tale are three red-capped fairy men, at the sound of whose magic music the warriors are beguiled from their posts into the forest and held there spell-bound. When at the king's command these fairy pipers sound the charge,—

" At once—

It seemed as earth and sky were sound alone,
And every sound a maddening battle-call,—
So spread desire of fight through breast and brain,
And every arm to feat of combat strung.
Forth went the sallying hosts : the host within
Heard the enlarging tumult from their doors
Roll outward ; and the clash and clamor heard
Of falling toes before ; and, over it,
The yelling pibroch ; but, anon, the din
Grew distant and more distant ; and they heard
Instead, at every door new onset loud,
And cry of ' Fire ! ' ' Bring fire ! ' " *

† Fine as each poem in this Conorian series is, yet we hold that "Congal," † published in 1872, is the best and greatest work that Sir Samuel Ferguson has left us. It is an Irish epic founded on an ancient tale of the battle of Moyrath, fought A.D. 637, in itself a story suitable for epic purposes, since it embodies not only the one historic occurrence, but also the strife of races and religions—the struggle of the native against foreign auxiliary forces, the final struggle between paganism and Christianity. The wrathful Congal, like Achilles, brings untold woe upon his fellow-countrymen to avenge a private wrong ; and the pivot on which the tale revolves is the judgment on one who invoked foreign aid to assist him in his vengeance. Wounded pride and jealous rage drive him to forget all softer ties, and war becomes the purpose of his life. Neither pagan nor Christian, he listens to the

heathen bards, whose ready tool he becomes, merely because his foeman Domnall, King of Ireland, is a Christian ; and thus unwittingly he finds himself champion of the cause of an expiring religion with which he has no real sympathy. Domnall has deceived Congal and broken his pact : the realms of Ulster he should have restored to him, their rightful heir, are treacherously withheld. This is the theme of the pagan bard Ardan, on hearing whose song the heart of Congal is stirred, and all his hidden impulses of ambition and revenge are aroused. He nevertheless preserves his control, till, stung by a fancied insult in the banquet-hall of Domnall, which served as spark to his long-smouldering flame, he sprang to his feet, and turning on the king, in burning words he accuses him of having formed a matured design to degrade and to dishonor him in the sight of the princes of Erin. He then casts defiance to King Domnall, and calls upon his train to follow him forth from that ungracious hall. He

* Poems, 1880, p. 61.

† Congal : A Poem, in five books, 1872.

next encounters Kellach, the sworn enemy of Domnall, beneath whose shelter the deposed bards of heathen times still linger. How grand is the picture

in the following lines of the gloom that filled the dark mountain valley, haunted by the forms of the banished pagan bards who found a sanctuary there!—

"Far on the steep gap's further side, a rugged tract they found,
With barren breasts of murky hills and crags encompassed round :
A hollow sound of blustering winds was from the margin sent,
A river down the middle space with mighty tumult went ;
And still, as further on they fared, the torrent swifter flowed,
And mightier and murkier still the circling mountains showed ;
A dreadful desert as it seemed : till Congal was aware
Of divers goodly-visaged men and youths resorting there.
Some by the flood-side lonely walked ; and other some were seen
Who rapt apart in silent thought paced each his several green ;
And stretched in dell and dark ravine were some that lay supine,
And some in posture prone that lay, and conned the written line."

Kellach whets the anger of Congal, and promises him the aid of his seven sons ; nevertheless, he allows Congal is too weak to enter on the war without foreign help, and so advises him to appeal to Scotland for allies. Congal, ere

he departs, seeks his betrothed to bid her farewell. In the following scene of tender pastoral beauty, we read how the Irish chieftain's daughter is found by her lover outside the fort (p. 38):—

"The Princess with her women-train without the fort he found,
Beside a limpid running stream, upon the primrose ground,
In two ranks seated opposite, with soft alternate stroke
Of bare, white, counter-thrusting feet, furling a splendid cloak
Fresh from the loom : incessant rolled athwart the fluted board
The thick web fretted, while two maids, with arms uplifted, poured
Pure water on it diligently ; and to their moving feet
In answering verse they sang a chaunt of cadence clear and sweet.
Princess Lafinda stood beside ; her feet in dainty shoes
Laced softly ; and her graceful limbs in robes of radiant hues
Clad delicately, keeping the time."

In few words Congal told her all,—how he was impelled to go forth to war, how indefinite the delay of their nuptials. The parting over, he sails for Scotland, thence to Britain, and finding auxiliaries also in the kings of the lands of the Franks and Saxons, Danes and Norwegians, he returns with his collected host to Erin. But from the moment of his arrival on land one omen more terrible than another confronts them. Spirits of heaven and hell conspire against him, and the poet's imagination has full play in the weird visions and spectral apparitions that attend the doomed warrior on his march through a land of mists and cloud-capped moun-

tains. First (p. 55) his ear is met by the hollow fall of giant footsteps along the mountain-side, and the continuous sound still echoes through the night, till through the white mists breaks the vision of the angry Sea-god Manannan Mac Lir, with his heavy tramp, like one who walks alone brooding on some cruel wrong. Next, he beholds a hag in the middle of a mountain-ford, laving the bloody corpses, severed limbs, and ghastly heads of some butchered army, his own fair soldiers, as she tells the king, lifting the semblance of his own head above the water. Then the heavenly powers oppose his march,—

"Till on a car afar were seen, by two swift coursers drawn,
Herself, Lafinda, and her nurse, advancing through the dawn.
Swift they approached : the ruddy blaze of sunrise round them spread
Seemed with a diadem of rays to crown each radiant head."

As he springs forward to meet her, she tells him she comes with a message from the holy Brigid to implore him to desist from his unhallowed project. He will

not listen to her warnings, and to revelations that to him are but "visions of a feverish night."

" 'Congal,' the Princess pale replied ; ' No bridal pomp for me
Is destined, if thou hearkenest not to Brigid's embassy,
Save haply such a bridal pomp as, entering Brigid's cell,
A handmaiden of Christ may hope.'

Said he, ' The powers of hell
Have sought to turn me, and have failed ; and though in thee I find
My only heaven, yet neither thou shalt bend my steadfast mind.'
Ah me ! she cried. ' What fate is mine ! The daughter of a king
Wooded by a king, and well content to wear the marriage ring ;
Who never knew the childish want not granted, nor desire
Of maiden bosom, but good saints and angels would conspire
To bring the innocent wish to pass ; who with the streams and flowers,
So happy was I, turned to joy the very passing hours,
From flowery earth and fragrant air, and all sweet sounds and sights
Filling my heart, from morn to eve, with fresh and pure delights,—
Just when, in bloom of life, I said, this world is wondrous fair,
Now in one hour see nothing left to live for, but despair.' "

Then the nurse turns the horses' heads,
and as the chariot-wheels round, the
aged woman's aspect changes awfully,
and the saint stood plain revealed, while
steeds and car glow with white flame
from the nimbus that surrounds her.

Princess Lafinda is now a nun in the
convent on Slieve Gullion, and Congal,
pursuing his headlong course, plunges
into the fatal battle. One by one his

followers are mown down or swept away
before the awful forms of the preternat-
ural agents that have sided with his
foes. Congal remains the last and great-
est hero in the field. We see him in his
final combat ; he falls before the cham-
pion Conal of Sil Setna, whose on-
slaught is pictured by a simile magnifi-
cent both in conception and expression
(p. 115) :—

" And one great heave he gave
Of his whole heroic body, as the sea upheaves a wave,
A long strong-rising wave of nine, that from the wallowing floor
Of ocean, when a storm has ceased, nigh to some beachy shore,
Shows with a sudden black-piled bulk, and swallowing in its sweep
Accumulated water-heaps from all the hollowed deep,
Soars, foams, o'erhangs its glassy gulfs ; then, stooping with a roar
Immeasurable of sea-cascades, stuns all the sounding shore :
With such a heave great Conal rose, rushed onward, overhung
His down-bent foe, and to the earth the King of Ulster flung."

Finally, the hero receives his death-wound in the side ; he falls (p. 132) to the
ground :—

" And with a swooping wing,
Sudden and black, the storm came down ; with scourge of hissing hail,
It lashed the blinded, stumbling hosts : a shrill loud-whistling wail
And thunderous clamors filled the sky, it seemed with such a sound
As though to giant herdsman's call there barked a giant hound
Within the cloud above their heads ; and loud rebounding strokes
They also heard, or seemed to hear, and claps of flapping cloaks
Within the bosom of the cloud : so deemed they ; but anon
The storm rolled northward ; and the hosts perceived the king was gone."

Swooning in anguish and despair, and
wrapped in darkness as in a whirlwind,
Congal is borne away. The bard Ardan
has caught him in his car, and the
steeds have borne him back to his native
vales of Antrim. Standing hard by is
the holy oratory where Lafinda daily
kneels in prayer for him. Awakening
from his swoon, his first cry is that of
rage and shame, that he should thus re-
turn home, his name a byword of re-
proach. But when he calls to Ardan to

take him back again, the bard replies
his steeds are dead, his work is done.
Meanwhile

" A voice, that seems to cry
Make way, make straight another way, is fill-
ing earth and sky."

The dark spirit passes from Congal's
soul. He looks into his own erring
past ;—

" Tears sent from whence the thought had
come,—let faith divine their source,"

come to his relief, and lifting his chast-

ened gaze across the daisied lawn, he is aware of the approach of a veiled nun, whose peerless gesture and indelible grace he could not mistake.

"She, when she saw the wounded man was
Congal, stood and prayed
A little space, and trembled much : then came,
and meekly said,
'Sir, thou art wounded ; and I am come from
Brigid's cell hard by
To tend thy wants, if thou wilt brook a sister's
charity.'"

Our readers must turn to the closing stanzas of this noble poem, if they would learn all it has power to teach of sacred influences working man's redemption.

When all is said, it may perhaps appear that the quality which distinguishes the poetic genius of Samuel Ferguson from that of most of his contemporaries is simplicity—his sympathy with pastoral life and love of rural scenery. Whether princes of high degree or peasant maiden of modest worth, his heroines are true studies from nature—no affectation in one, no drawing-room sentiment in the other. Not only in the exquisite picture of Lafinda, already quoted, but in that of Oscar's loved Aideen, this healthful sentiment prevades his work like the odor of new milk or fresh-mown hay. Thus, in the opening

verses of the poem, we stand beside her lover, watching her—

"When duteous in the lowly vale,
Unconscious of my Oscar's gaze,
She filled the fragrant pail,
And duteous from the running brook,
Drew water for the bath ; nor deemed
A king did on her labor look,
And she a fairy seemed."

So also with Anna Grace, as she lays the rock and weary wheel aside, that she may join the merry maidens in their dance around the fairy thorn ; or the blushing grace of Mary of Loch Dan, as with wonted hospitable zeal

"She brought us in a beechen bowl
Sweet milk that smacked of mountain thyme."

And the picture of her face when, hearing the traveller's kindly words,—

"She stooped, she blushed, she fixed her wheel.
'Tis all in vain—she can't but smile !
Just like sweet April's dawn appears
Her modest face—I see it yet—
And though I lived a hundred years,
Methinks I never could forget
The pleasure that, despite her heart,
Fills all her downcast eyes with light,
The lips reluctantly apart,
The white teeth struggling into sight,
The dimples eddying o'er her cheek—
The rosy cheek that won't be still !"

We seem to have lived and dreamed away our days in Willy Gilliland's country, so vividly is the picture brought before us in such verses as the following :—

"It was a summer evening, and mellowing and still ;
Glenwhirry to the setting sun lay bare from hill to hill ;
For all that valley pastoral held neither house nor tree,
But spread abroad and open all, a full fair sight to see ;
From Slemish foot to Collon top lay one unbroken green,
Save where in many a silver coil the river glanced between.

"And on the river's grassy bank, even from the morning gray,
He at the angler's pleasant sport had spent the summer day.
Ah ! many a time and oft I've spent the summer day from dawn,
And wondered, when the sunset came, where time and care had gone.
Along the reaches curling fresh the wimpling pools and streams,
Where he that day his cares forgot in those delightful dreams.

"His blithe work done, upon a bank the outlaw rested now,
And laid the basket from his back, the bonnet from his brow ;
And there, his hand upon the Book, his knee upon the sod,
He filled the lonely valley with the gladsome word of God,
And for a persecuted Kirk, and for her martyrs dear,
And against a godless Church and King he spoke up loud and clear."

Little wonder is it that he paints this scene from "Slemish foot to Collon top" with such a loving finger. This was the scene of his own childhood and boyhood, where the pure, strong spirit

was nourished that gave us "The Forging of the Anchor" in his twenty-second year. In after-years the country surrounding Dublin Bay is touched with like fidelity :—

" Delicious Liffey ! from thy bosoming hills
What man who sees thee issuing strong and pure,
But with some wistful, fresh emotion fills,
Akin to Nature's own clear temperature ?
* * * * *

" The heath, the fern, the honey-fragrant furze
Carpet thy cradling steep : thy middle flow
Laves lawn and oak-wood : o'er thy downward course
Laburnums nod and terraced roses blow.
* * * * *

" Not all inglorious in thy elder day
Art thou, Moy Liffey ; and the loving mind
Might round thy borders many a gracious lay
And many a tale not unheroic, find.

" For others, these. I, from the twilight waste
Where pale Tradition sits by Memory's grave,
Gather this wreath, and, ere the nightfall, haste
To fling my votive garland on thy wave.

" Wave, waft it softly : and when lovers stray
At summer eve by stream and dimpling pool,
Gather thy murmurs into voice and say,
With liquid utterance passionate and full :

" Scorn not, sweet maiden, scorn not, vigorous youth,
The lay, though breathing of an Irish home,
That tells of woman-love and warrior-ruth,
And old expectancy of Christ to come."

Still dearer to our poet than the river-banks was the scenery of the bold headland of Howth—the Ben Edar of early Ireland. We seem to breathe its fragrant air as we read these lines from

" Congal " (p. 145), where the dying hero sees in a vision a divine form whose very presence brings to him foreshadowings of heaven :—

" No longer soiled with stain of earth, what seemed his mantle shone
Rich with innumerable hues refulgent, such as one
Beholds, and thankful-hearted he, who casts abroad his gaze
O'er some rich tillage-country-side, when mellow autumn days
Gild all the sheafy foodful stooks ; and broad before him spread,—
He looking landward from the brow of some great sea-cape's head,
Bray or Ben Edar—sees beneath, in silent pageant grand,
Slow fields of sunshine spread o'er fields of rich, corn-bearing land ;
Red glebe and meadow-margin green, commingling to the view
With yellow stubble, browning woods, and upland tracts of blue ;—
Then, sated with the pomp of fields, turns, seaward, to the verge
Where, mingling with the murmuring wash made by the far-down surge,
Comes up the clangorous song of birds unseen, that, low beneath,
Poised off the rock, ply underfoot ; and, 'mid the blossoming heath,
And mint-sweet herb that loves the ledge rare-aired, at ease reclined
Surveys the wide pale-heaving floor crisped by a curling wind ;
With all its shifting, shadowy belts, and chasing scopes of green,
Sun-strown, foam-freckled, sail-embossed, and blackening squalls between,
And slant, cerulean-skirted showers that with a drowsy sound,
Heard inward, of ebullient waves, stalk all the horizon round ;
And, haply, being a citizen just 'scaped from some disease
That long has held him sick indoors—now, in the brine-fresh breeze
Health-salted, bathes ; and says, the while he breathes reviving bliss,
' I am not good enough, O God, nor pure enough for this ! "

In the " Welshmen of Tirawley," and the " Elegy on Thomas Davis," the leader of the Young Ireland party, we have two of this author's most original and most thoroughly Irish poems. The

barbaric power and wildness of the first remind us of Scott's Border ballads ; and the second, while possessing a native character as distinct as that of any old Irish or Scottish melody, still appeals to

universal human sympathy. The attitude of such men as Samuel Ferguson toward Thomas Davis and many of his party may require explanation to some minds ; and the previous history of that repeal agitation against which the reaction of Young Ireland sprang should be known, before we can understand the influence of Thomas Davis in his short career. There was nothing in this movement which could enlist the higher intelligences of the country, or prove that the actors in it had ever warmed to the consciousness of a great purpose. Yet it would be a great mistake to hold that this was owing to any want of true patriotism in the country, or any paralysis of intellectual life.

Between the years 1825 and 1840, Irish society had gradually awakened from a state of collapse into which it fell after the Union, and from which it had scarce power to emerge until a new generation had sprung up. But from 1830 to 1850, society in Dublin and its University was characterized by very remarkable intellectual activity. In 1827 Sir William Hamilton succeeded to the Chair of Astronomy ; in 1836 Dr. Lloyd became Provost of Trinity College, when he introduced French mathematics, and initiated other educational reforms. The periodic literature and schools of medicine felt the impulse of the time, and the energies of the Royal Irish Academy, in its scientific, literary, and archæological departments, began to redevelop. But the men at the head of this renaissance—such men as Hamilton, M'Cullagh, Hincks, Todd, Petrie, and Frederic Burton—they who really loved Ireland, and never ceased to labor for her honor, and therefore for her mental and material progress, had no sympathy for, but rather a rooted antipathy to, the agitation that was demoralizing their land, as they beheld that country sinking into the degradation which systems of organized deception were inducing on the national character.

Pretence of devotion to a high cause that might yet be won by meanest methods ; the cant of patriotism which covered the falsest self-seeking ; the growth of a national hypocrisy which, if allowed to gain power, must ultimately degrade and enslave the people infected by it,—these were the conditions of Irish politics at the time. Can we wonder that when Thomas Davis rose as the leader of a reaction against the working of such a party, he, in his great sincerity, should have won the respect and attention of such men as Samuel Ferguson, and even have numbered many stanch Conservatives among his friends ? Their respect, it is true, was mingled with regret for his attachment to an impracticable cause ; yet no one can read the writings of Thomas Davis without feeling that honor, and manliness, and honesty were foremost in his mind as the virtues he would teach Young Ireland. The ardent friend of many of the scientific and literary men of Dublin, member of and fellow-worker in their institutions, he strove to help forward every project for the advancement of literature and art. And unlike many so-called Irish "Nationalists" of the present day, whom to name in the same breath with him is like blasphemy, he taught his country to scorn foul play and base conspiracy, and that if they were to fight, they should fight like men and soldiers. Samuel Ferguson gladly gave his sympathy to an enthusiast so young and pure ; yet he always hoped that he would in time perceive the unwise nature of his political aspirations, and in the end separate himself from projects which must ultimately endanger the future condition of Ireland. He stimulated Davis where true patriotism finds ample scope in Ireland, in his efforts for the moral elevation of her people, and the love of her scenery, antiquities, music, and national genius ; and he consecrated his memory in death by the following noble elegiac stanzas :—

THOMAS DAVIS.

" I walked through Ballinderry in the spring-time,
When the bud was on the tree ;
And I said, in every fresh-ploughed field beholding
The sowers striding free,
Scattering broadcast forth the corn in golden plenty,
On the quick seed-clasping soil,
' Even such, this day, among the fresh-stirred hearts of Erin,
Thomas Davis is thy toil !'

- " I sat by Ballyshannon in the summer,
And saw the salmon leap ;
And I said, as I beheld the gallant creatures
Spring glittering from the deep,
Through the spray, and through the prone heaps striving onward
To the calm clear streams above,
' So seekest thou thy native founts of freedom, Thomas Davis,
In thy brightness of strength and love !'
- " I stood on Derrybawn in the autumn,
And I heard the eagle call,
With a clangorous cry of wrath and lamentation,
That filled the wide mountain-hall,
O'er the bare deserted place of his plundered eyrie ;
And I said, as he screamed and soared,
' So callest thou, thou wrathful-soaring Thomas Davis,
For a nation's rights restored !'
- " And alas ! to think but now, and thou art lying,
Dear Davis, dead at thy mother's knee ;
And I, no mother near, on my own sick-bed,
That face on earth shall never see ;
I may lie and try to feel that I am not dreaming,
I may lie and try to say, ' Thy will be done ;'
But a hundred such as I will never comfort Erin
For the loss of the noble son !
- " Young husbandman of Erin's fruitful seed-time,
In the fresh track of danger's plough !
Who will walk the heavy, toilsome, perilous furrow,
Girt with freedom's seed-sheets now ?
Who will banish with the wholesome crop of knowledge
The flaunting weed and the bitter thorn,
Now that thou thyself art but a seed for hopeful planting
Against the resurrection morn ?
- " Young salmon of the flood-tide of Freedom
That swells round Erin's shore !
Thou wilt leap against their loud oppressive torrent
Of bigotry and hate no more ;—
Drawn downward by their prone material instinct
Let them thunder on their rocks and foam—
Thou hast leapt, aspiring soul, to founts beyond their raging,
Where troubled waters never come !
- " But I grieve not, eagle of the empty eyrie,
That thy wrathful cry is still ;
And that songs alone of peaceful mourners
Are heard to-day on Erin's hill :
Better far, if brothers' war be destined for us
(God avert that horrid day, I pray !)
That ere our hands be stained with slaughter fratricidal,
Thy warm hand should be cold in clay.
- " But my trust is strong in God, who made us brothers,
That He will not suffer those right hands,
Which thou hast joined in holier rites than wedlock,
To draw opposing brands.
Oh, many a tuneful tongue that thou mad'st vocal
Would lie cold and silent then !
And songless long once more, should often-widowed Erin
Mourn the loss of her brave young men.
- " Oh, brave young men, my love, my pride, and promise,
'Tis on you my hopes are set,
In manliness, in kindness, in justice,
To make Erin a nation yet !
Self-respecting, self-relying, self-advancing,
In union or in severance, free and strong ;
And if God grant this, then, under God, to Thomas Davis
Let the greater praise belong !'

There are passages in this poem which come to us now with all the power of prophecy. To the enthusiast Davis succeeded the fanatic Mitchell; and the strong and temperate, who refused to follow this new voice, seceded from the ranks of Young Ireland. The purer influences that governed the movement once, were overpowered by the evil forces it had first risen to resist—the forces of those who, “drawn downward by their prone material instincts,” have dragged the cause into a sea of mire. With the efforts of such fanatics no high-souled and clear-sighted man could have sympathy; and Ireland must look to poets of a very different stamp from Samuel Ferguson if she seeks a voice for such. The wisdom, the philosophic spirit that imbues his verse, has never guided the genius of Irish Nationalism, nor has it ever yet had power of self-control and noble submission to the inevitable. But there is a strong enduring life, the offspring of Resignation,

which, though it has not yet come to the people of Ireland, may still be felt to permeate the writings of some of her teachers and her poets. With Samuel Ferguson it appears in the broad and lofty vein of thought that is found at the close of such poems as “The Cromlech on Howth,” “The Burial of King Cormac,” or the words of Conall at the close of Conary (p. 95).

Whether in the hour of strongest passion or most graceful play, we are conscious in the work of this master of a temperate and wisely governed force beneath, which, like the pedal note in an ancient chant, gives unity and depth to the changing melody above. Such deep religious inspiration fills him when, in his sonnet on the “Penitent at the Feet of Christ,” as painted by Paul Veronese, he defends that artist against the objection of such critics as demand literal and local fact in the backgrounds and accessories of such sacred scenes:—

“They err who say this long-withdrawing line
Of palace-fronts Palladian, this brocade
From looms of Genoa, this gold-inlaid
Resplendent plate of Milan, that combine
To spread soft lustre through the grand design,
Show but in fond factitious masquerade
The actual feast by leper Simon made
For that great Guest of old, in Palestine.
Christ walks amongst us still; at liberal table
Scorns not to sit: no sorrowing Magdalene
But of those dear feet kindly gets her kiss
Now, even as then; and thou, be honorable,
Who, by the might of thy majestic scene,
Bringest down that age and minglest it with this.”

There is something of the simplicity and quaint manner of George Herbert in the following verses, where the poet—sincere in his humble piety—invokes the aid of Thought,—sweet, pure, and holy:

THREE THOUGHTS.

“Come in, Sweet Thought, come in;
Why linger at the door?
Is it because a shape of sin
Defiled the place before?
’Twas but a moment there;
I chased it soon away;
Behold, my breast is clean and bare—
Come in, Sweet Thought, and stay.
The Sweet Thought said me, ‘No;
I love not such a room,
Where uncouth inmates come and go,
And back, unbidden, come.
I rather make my cell
From ill resort secure,
Where love and lovely fancies dwell
In bosoms virgin-pure.’

“Oh, Pure Thought, then I said,
Come thou, and bring with thee
This dainty Sweetness, fancy-bred,
That flouts my house and me.
No peevish pride hast thou,
Nor turnest glance of scorn
On aught the laws of life allow
In man of woman born.
Said he, ‘No place for us
Is here; and, be it known,
You dwell where ways are perilous
For them that walk alone:
There needs the surer road,
The fresher-sprinkled floor,
Else are we not for your abode’—
And turned him from my door.

“Then, in my utmost need,
Oh, Holy Thought, I cried,
Come thou, that clearest will and deed,
And in my breast abide.
‘Yea, sinner, that will I,
And presently begin;’
And ere the heart had heaved its sigh,
The Guest Divine came in.

As in the pest-house ward
 The prompt Physician stands,
 As in the leaguered castle-yard
 The Warden with his bands,
 He stood, and said, 'My task
 Is here, and here my home;
 And here am I, who only ask
 That I be asked to come.'

"See how in huddling flight
 The ranks of darkness run,
 Exhale and perish in the light
 Streamed from the risen sun;
 How, but a drop infuse
 Within the turbid bowl,
 Of some elixir's virtuous juice,
 It straight makes clear the whole;
 So from before his face
 The fainting phantoms went,
 And, in a fresh and sunny place,
 My soul sat down content;
 For—mark and understand
 My ailment and my cure—
 Love came and brought me, in his hand,
 The Sweet Thought and the Pure."

So much for Sir Samuel Ferguson as a writer and a patriot. Our loss is much too recent to write calmly of him as a man. Those who enjoyed the

blessing of his friendship will feel that all that could be said would seem but trite and empty,—they are made so poor by this great loss. There is consolation in the thought that his last days were spent at Howth—a place which, of all others, he loved, and where some of his greatest works were written. Here, too, he was occupied in his last literary work, an admirable translation of the Ode of Horace, "*Mæcenas atavis*" (Od., i. 1). To us it is touching to record that "*Maga*," where his poetical genius was first recognized, is the magazine to which this his latest contribution was sent. Up to the last he could sit in the open air, and from the deep bay-window of his bedroom both sunrise and sunset could be seen. The house was on the beach, and the lapping of the tide upon the sand was audible in the stillness of his chamber. Faithful in death, as he was in life, his last whispered words were, "All is well."

The following is the translation referred to:—

MÆCENAS ATAVIS.

The closest packed of the Horatian Odes. Here, in the compass of six-and-thirty lines of twelve syllables, Horace presents the leading pursuits of the life of his day in what would now be called the Turf, the Platform, the Commercial Ring, the Farm, Trade, *Idlesse*, the Army, the Field, and in his own peculiar traffic with the Muses. All through there are touches of character and philosophy impossible to reproduce by net equivalents, and much of the aroma of which escapes in necessary Anglification.

The general impression it leaves is that human life continues in the main the same; but that the poetic faculty is now more exercised in expressing and less in enjoying itself. Scores of good translations of the Ode are in print. Any merit the present version can pretend to consists in its conciseness, being exactly of equal syllabic length with—but neither the writer nor any other translator can say of his work that it is in anything else the exact equivalent of—the original.

S. F.

MÆCENAS of the royal line,
 Protector and sweet pride of mine,
 See, some there be delight to roll
 The dust Olympic; whom the goal,
 By hot wheels turned, and palmy crown,
 Raise to the gods themselves, who own
 Earth and its regions. Other some,
 If but the fickle voice of Rome
 Confer its honors twice or thrice,
 Are blest; and he's in paradise
 Who locks within his proper stores
 The sweep of Libya's threshing-floors.
 Him who delights with his own hands
 To till the old paternal lands

You'll never tempt, try what you please
Of promises of wealth and ease,
To change his homely ways, and choose
The anxious life that sailors use ;
To toss on plank of Cyprus pine,
And plough the rough Myrtōan brine.

The merchant, housed, though much he fears
The Icarian billows by the ears,
With Afric blasts, and prizes high
His villa's calm, yet by-and-by
Refits his barque, and won't secure
The quiet life of living poor.

Nor wants there he who thinks no wrong
To quaff his Massic old and strong,
Or give a half day or a whole
In season, to refresh his soul.
Now on a bank supinely laid
Beneath the grateful greenwood shade,
Now laid along, at ease, to dream
By well-head of a sacred stream.

Many, the camp and loud fanfare
Of trumpets, (and the stirs of war,
Which make the mothers heave the sigh,)
Ah me ! enrapture mightily.

The hunter, in the freezing air,
Forgets the wife, though soft and fair,
Be it his dogs have spied a doe,
Or Marsian boar, in brake below,
Has burst his netted pitfall.

Me
A wreath from Learning's ivy-tree
Makes equal with the gods above ;
Me the cool grot, the silent grove,
And dances light of Nymph and Faun,
Keep separate and far withdrawn
From sordid crowds and wealth's pursuit,
Let but Euterpe fetch her flute,
Nor Polyhymnia stint her lyre ;
But rank me in the sacred quire
Of Lyric Poets, and I rise
With loftier head, and touch the skies.

S. F.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

OUR GRANDMOTHERS.

BY THE COUNTESS OF JERSEY.

MRS. LYNN LINTON* draws a somewhat dismal picture of the results of "the future supremacy of women." According to her, Andromache, Penelope, and Nausicaa are about to surrender the field to Helen, Aspasia, and Cassandra ; and, without presuming to compare Mrs. Lynn Linton to one whose

"abnormal gifts" were, as she justly remarks, disastrous to herself, yet it would almost seem as if she were disposed to take a lesson in prophecy from the last-named ill-omened lady. Women, bad and good, will have votes, women "shall frame the laws by which men shall be bridled and bitted," and the "nations will rejoice when the day of our supremacy is over."

Wherewith does Mrs. Lynn Linton

* *National Review*, September, 1886 ; reprinted in December number of the *ECLECTIC*.

justify her dire prognostications? With the usual animadversions on the love of publicity and lack of home virtues found among the women of to-day. When this stock reproach is again brought forward, one is tempted to wonder at what halcyon period of the world's record women were exactly what their critics required them to be. Mrs. Lynn Linton is an acknowledged mistress of fiction, and probably for that reason one alone of the six female names which she cites is to be found in the pages of history. Homer and Æschylus are chiefly responsible for the other five. The one historical character held up for our warning has at least the credit of having taught eloquence to Socrates. But one might do worse than follow Mrs. Lynn Linton's example in this respect. Satirists, poets, and novelists give more lively, possibly more accurate pictures of the manners of their age, than those drawn by historians of the events which they relate for our edification.

Without infringing on the vexed question of Woman's Suffrage, it may be consoling to look back on some women of the past, and to try and discover whether they were so very different from those we see around us, or whether the apparently larger share taken by the latter in public life is not merely proportionate.

The greater facilities for locomotion and for the dispersion of news, together with the universal spread of education, has induced an immense number of persons of both sexes to interest themselves more or less intelligently in the topics of the day, who might otherwise have busied themselves with little beyond the concerns of their immediate neighborhoods.

With increased security and improved means of transport have come extended trade and a growing population. More women have been thrown on their own resources, and with the need has in many cases come the possibility of earning their own living. When highwaymen infested the country, and when streets in towns were neither lighted nor policed, it would have been hardly practicable for gently-nurtured women to travel, or to go to and from places of business, alone. It does not follow that because society is more civilized

women are less modest. They simply share the advantages of law and order which England at least still possesses. Of course all have not used their privileges discreetly. Some have tried to enter careers which they had perhaps better have avoided, and others have taken up subjects which they had undoubtedly better have let alone; but there is no reason therefore to pass a sweeping condemnation on a whole generation of women, and still less reason for treating certain eccentricities as unheard-of phenomena, when these very eccentricities have been the butt of satirists from the days of Juvenal downward. The journey into classical realms would, however, be too lengthy; and Spenser, sworn squire of the Maiden Queen, has a hit at the men rather than at the women, when he says:—

That women wont in warres in their most sway,
And to all great exploits themselves inclined,
Of which they still the girlond bore away;
Till envious men, fearing their rules decay,
Gan coyne streight lawes to curb their liberty.
Yet sith they warlike armes have laid away,
They have exceld in artes and pollicy,
That now we foolish men that prayse gin eke
't envy.

Delilah has given Milton occasion for some very bitter lines on women; but Milton had been unable to get on with his own wife, and was probably annoyed by the ladies of the Restoration, who celebrated their emancipation from Puritan trammels with more fervor than discretion. Let us rather see the impression made upon Young, when England had cooled down after the ferment of the Civil Wars:—

Britannia's daughters much more fair than
nice,
Too fond of admiration, lose their price;
Worn in the public eye, give cheap delight
To thrones, and tarnish to the sated sight:
As unreserv'd, and beauteous as the sun,
Through every sign of vanity they run;
Assemblies, parks, coarse feasts in city halls,
Lectures and trials, plays, committees, balls,
Wells, bedlams, executions, Smithfield scenes,
And fortune-tellers, caves, and lions' dens,
Taverns, exchanges, bridewells, drawing-
rooms,
Instalments, pillories, coronations, tombs,
Tumblers and funerals, puppet shows, reviews,
Sales, races, rabbits, (and, still stranger!)
pews.

Britannia's daughter can have had little time left for those household duties which she is commonly supposed to

have performed so much better than her degenerate descendants. Vanbrugh, very nearly Young's contemporary, makes Lady Arabella, in *A Journey to London*, give a very amusing account of her idea of pleasure. She confesses that she finds great difficulty in refraining from oaths when she loses at cards. "In time, perhaps," says her virtuous friend Clarinda, "you'll let 'em fly as they (the men) do." "Why 'tis probable we may," retorts Lady A., "for the pleasure of all polite women's lives now, you know, is founded on entire liberty to do what they will." The virtuous friend, in turn, describes her ideal scheme of existence, which is to pass half the year in the country and half in London, in either case "soberly," and the chief difference between her catalogue of occupations and that of a "sober" modern lady is the complete omission from Clarinda's of any kind of "good works," unless a passing reference to "devotion" comes under that head.

Pope starts, as is well known, by quoting the accusation, "Most women have no characters at all," and after a few graphic sketches of the "cameleons," as he calls them, gives, as his verdict, that they have two ruling passions—

Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure, and the love of sway.

The love of pleasure and the vacuous lives of the ladies of Pope's day are nowhere better satirized than by Addison in *Clarinda's Journal of a Week*. It is too familiar and too long to extract in its entirety, but Wednesday may serve as a specimen:—

From eight till ten.—Drank two dishes of chocolate in bed, and fell asleep after them.

From ten to eleven.—Eat a slice of bread and butter, drank a dish of bohea, and read the *Spectator*.

From eleven to one.—At my toilet; tried a new hood. Gave orders for Veny to be combed and washed. Mem.: I look best in blue.

From one till half-an-hour after two.—Drove to the Change. Cheapened a couple of fans.

Till four.—At dinner. Mem.: Mr. Froth passed by in his new liveries.

From four to six.—Dressed; paid a visit to old Lady Blithe and her sister, having before heard they were gone out of town that day.

From six to eleven.—At basset. Mem.: Never set again upon the ace of diamonds.

Swift's "Modern Lady," in 1728,

like Belinda in the *Rape of the Lock*, at noon, spends her day in shopping, her evening in scandal, and her night, till past 4 in the following morning, in losing large sums at cards.

To return to Clarinda. During the whole week all she reads, beside the *Spectator*, is the fashionable play of the moment, Dryden's *Aurengzebe*, and her only other useful occupation is working half a violet leaf on her flowered handkerchief, after which heroic feat she finds that her head aches and her eyes are out of order, and she promptly throws it aside.

Indeed, the lamentations over the neglect of needlework by the young women of the period are no new thing. "Those hours," says Addison's correspondent of Oct. 13, 1714, "which in this age are thrown away in dress, play, visits, and the like, were employed, in my time, in writing out receipts, or working beds, chairs, and hangings for the family. It grieves my heart to see a couple of proud idle flirts sipping their tea for a whole afternoon, in a room hung round with the industry of their great-grandmother." And the *Spectator's* comment on the old lady's letter is that he "cannot forbear wishing that several writers of that sex had chosen to apply themselves rather to tapestry than rhyme;" that "Whig and Tory will be but seldom mentioned where the great dispute is whether blue or red is the more proper color;" and that Sophronia would do the General greater glory "if she would choose rather to work the battle of Blenheim in tapestry, than signalize herself with so much vehemence against those who are Frenchmen in their hearts!"

Men were then, as ever, hard to please. We find one woman who really did possess most of those grandmaternal accomplishments so often held up for our admiration. She is described as virtuous and lovely, and wanting neither in wit nor good-nature. "She sings, dances, plays on the lute and harpsichord, paints prettily, is a perfect mistress of the French tongue, and has made a considerable progress in Italian. She is, besides, excellently skilled in all domestic sciences, as preserving, pickling, pastry, making wines of fruits of our growth, embroidering, and needlework of every kind." Married to this

Admirable Crichtoness, what cause of complaint could her husband find? He writes to the *Spectator*, March 1711-12, to lament that when in town she half ruins him by constant practising with her various masters, that she will paint fans and miniatures for all her friends which must be mounted by "Colmar and Charles Matthews," and, for the rest of the year, incredible sums are wasted in embroidery, in the constant employment of four French Protestants in making superfluous furniture, and, above all, in furnishing the store-room with all those pickles and preserves so dear to the heart of the moralist, and with that "detestable catalogue of counterfeit wines," as this ungracious gentleman calls them. The good lady only exercises her economy on her children, "who are all confined, both boys and girls, to one large room in the remotest part of the house, with bolts on the doors and bars to the windows, under the care and tuition of an old woman who had been dry-nurse to her grandmother."

We need but turn to Horace Walpole to see that our ancestresses knew how to amuse themselves a little later in the century. What can be more lively than his supper at Vauxhall? He goes to Lady Caroline Petersham's house, and finds "her and the little Ashe, or the Pollard Ashe, as they call her; they had just finished their last layer of red, and looked as handsome as crimson could make them." They pick up some other good company in the Mall, but though Lady Caroline runs up to Lord Petersham with "a familiar spring," he stalks away "as sulky as a ghost that nobody will speak to first." This does not appear to affect the lady's spirits; they get into their barge, with a boat of French horns attending, and little Ashe singing. At Vauxhall the "very foolish Miss Sparre," who has never seen a duel, though she is fifteen, and is anxious for the fun, tries to get Lord March to fight one, but he laughs her out of it. "At last we assembled in our booth, Lady Caroline in the front, with the vizor of her hat erect, and looking gloriously jolly and handsome. She had fetched my brother Orford from the next box, where he was enjoying himself with his *petite partie*, to help us to

mince chickens. We minced seven chickens into a china dish, which Lady Caroline stewed over a lamp, with three pats of butter and a flagon of water, stirring, and rattling, and laughing, and we every minute expecting to have the dish fly about her ears. She had brought Betty, the fruit-girl, with ham-pers of strawberries and cherries from Roger's, and made her wait upon us, and then made her sup by us at a little table. The conversation was no less lively than the whole transaction. In short, the whole air of our party was sufficient, as you will easily imagine, to take up the whole attention of the garden: so much so, that from eleven o'clock till half-an-hour after one, we had the whole concourse round our booth; at last they came into the little gardens of each booth on the sides of ours, till Harry Vane took up a bumper and drank their healths, and was proceeding to treat them with still greater freedom. It was three o'clock before we got home."

Beyond all else, the women of last century appear to have been addicted to gaming. This mania, from which society is never altogether free, devoured more victims between the Restoration and the close of the French Revolution than in any other hundred and fifty years of which a record is preserved. The weak or wicked heroine of many an old novel is finally driven to despair by her losses at cards, and in real life not only did ladies largely conduce to the ruin of themselves and their families by this all-absorbing passion, but some did not disdain to set up private gaming-tables in their own houses, to keep the bank, and to fleece their guests, very much after the manner of Becky Sharp.

M. Ferri de St. Constant, a French observer of English manners in the year XII. of the Republic, gives evidence on this point. He quotes a police report to the effect that, despite the stringent laws against gaming, there were in London alone forty-three gambling-houses, six of which were kept by ladies; and in these six, which were frequented by a thousand persons, six hundred thousand pounds were annually lost and won. "Outre les maisons tenues par les ladies," he continues, "dont parle M. Colquhoun, il y a des

assemblées sous le nom de parties de cartes (*card-parties*), et même de *rout*, que les dames donnent par spéculation. Non-seulement elles se remboursent de leurs frais avec l'argent des cartes, mais elles ont des profits considérables."

• According to Goldsmith, the rage was not confined to London nor to Bath (which, under Beau Nash, must have been an English Monte Carlo), but spread throughout the land. "I have been told," says the "Citizen of the World," "of an old lady in the country who, being given over by the physicians, played with the curate of her parish to pass the time away; having won all his money, she next proposed playing for her funeral charges; the proposal was accepted, but, unfortunately, the lady expired just as she had taken in her game."

However, the accusations against the women of to-day appear to be less that they are frivolous than that they want to be learned, that they ape men, and that they meddle with politics. How sings Pope?

In beauty or wit,
No mortal as yet,
To question your empire has dared;
But men of discerning
Have thought that in learning
To yield to a lady was hard.

Impertinent schools,
With musty old rules,
Have reading to females denied;
So papists refuse
The Bible to use,
Lest flocks should be wise as their guide.

These lines were addressed to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who knew well enough to what she exposed herself. She says, after translating Epictetus: "My sex is usually forbid studies of this nature, and folly reckoned so much our proper sphere, we are sooner pardoned any excesses of that, than the least pretensions to reading or good sense."

The only wise woman is she who keeps what she does know to herself; so Lady Mary's contemporaries, Molly and Kitty, were quite as unwise as their successors at Girton and Somerville Hall. Their uncle writes to the *Spectator* in 1711:—

Whilst they should have been considering the proper ingredients for a sack-posset, you

should hear a dispute concerning the magnetic virtue of the loadstone, or perhaps the pressure of the atmosphere. In a late fit of the gout I complained of the pain of that distemper, when my niece Kitty begged leave to assure me that, whatever I might think, several great philosophers, both ancient and modern, were of opinion that both pleasure and pain were imaginary distinctions, and that there was no such thing as either *in rerum natura*. I have often heard them affirm that the fire was not hot; and one day when I, with the authority of an old fellow, desired one of them to put my blue cloke on my knees, she answered: "Sir, I will reach the cloke; but, take notice, I do not do it as allowing your description; for it might as well be called yellow as blue; for color is nothing but the various infractions of the rays of the sun." Miss Molly told me one day that to say snow was white is allowing a vulgar error; for as it contains a great quantity of nitrous particles, it might more reasonably be supposed to be black.

It is a pity that these young ladies did not live a little later, as they would have been well qualified for the "Blue Stocking Clubs" of Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Vesey, though if the story of the origin of the name be true, a Blue Stocking ought to be a man, not a woman. It is said that a man excused himself from going to a very early meeting at Mrs. Montagu's house in Portman Square, because he was in undress; to which it was replied: "No particular regard to dress is necessary in an assembly devoted to the cultivation of the mind; so little attention, indeed, is paid to the dress of the parties, that a gentleman would not be thought very *outré* who should appear in blue stockings."*

Is Miss Ferrier's delicious account of Mrs. Bluemits' literary party, in *Marriage*, intended as a satire on these clubs?

The real misfortune has hitherto been that the average girl has been so ill-educated, that one who has, from her own perseverance, or from the extra care bestowed upon her, been rather better taught than her fellows, has either been laughed at or unduly praised—probably both—with the result of making her an awkward prig. Now that the standard of female education has been raised, a girl with a fair knowledge of history, Latin, and mathematics will cease to be

* Boswell attributes the title of these clubs to the "blue stockings" of Mr. Stillingfleet, one of their most eminent members.

a phenomenon, and will be neither tempted to parade, nor teased into concealing, her acquirements. Any one who will take the trouble to go over one of the colleges for young women at Oxford or Cambridge, before condemning it, will probably come away with the impression that no girl is very likely to remain there who does not intend to "study to be quiet and to learn her own business."

As to aping men, the essayists do not spare their lady friends on that score. Witness the anecdote which Addison tells of a lady who, dressed, according to the fashion of the fast women of the time, in a man's hat, periwig, and riding-coat, met a tenant of Sir Roger de Coverley. She asked whether a house near at hand were Coverley Hall? The man, seeing only the male part of his querist, replied, "Yes, Sir;" but upon the further question, whether Sir Roger were a married man, dropped his eye upon her petticoat and changed his note to, "No, Madam." Another lady is described as a "rural Andromache," "one of the greatest fox-hunters in the country. She talks of hounds and horses, and makes nothing of leaping over a six-bar gate. If a man tells her a waggish story, she gives him a push with her hand in jest, and calls him an impudent dog; and if her servant neglects his business, threatens to kick him out of the house."

Whatever their dress and manners, the women of the past can easily teach their descendants a lesson in political partisanship. Whig and Tory took good care that there should be no mistake about their sentiments. The patch placed on the right or left side of the face as they drew up in battle array on either side of the Haymarket Theatre was an index of the fury which blazed within; and Addison, hopeless of abating it in any other way, assures his "female readers" that "there is nothing so bad for the face as party zeal. It gives an ill-natured cast to the eye, and a disagreeable sourness to the look; besides that it makes the lines too strong, and flushes them worse than brandy—indeed, I never knew a party woman that kept her beauty for a twelvemonth."

On the occasion of a debate in the House of Lords in 1739, when a crowd

was expected, the Lord Chancellor made an order that ladies were not to be admitted, and that the gallery was to be reserved for the Commons. The Duchesses of Queensberry and Ancaster, Lady Huntingdon (of Methodistical fame), and several others, not to be beaten, presented themselves at the door at 9 o'clock in the morning. When refused entrance, the Duchess of Queensberry, with an oath equal to the door-keeper's own, swore that they would come in in spite of the Lord Chancellor and the whole House. The Peers resolved to starve them out, and ordered that the doors should not be opened till they had raised their siege. "These Amazons," says Lady Mary Montagu, "stood there till five in the afternoon, without sustenance, every now and then playing volleys of thumps, kicks, and raps against the door with so much violence that the speakers in the House were scarce heard. When the Lords were not to be conquered by this, the two duchesses (very well apprised of the use of stratagems in war) commanded a dead silence of half-an-hour; and the Chancellor, who thought this a certain proof of their absence (the Commons being also very impatient to enter) gave order for the opening of the door, upon which they all rushed in, pushed aside their competitors, and placed themselves in the front row of the gallery. They stayed there till after eleven, when the House rose; and during the debate gave applause, and showed marks of dislike—by noisy laughs and apparent contempts." What a warning to any legislator who may wish to prevent the ladies from enjoying his eloquence!

Nor were "platform women" unknown to these good old days. The *Mirror* of over a hundred years ago says: "In London, to which place we are always to look for the 'Glass of Fashion,' the ladies, not satisfied with showing their *spirit* in the bold look, the masculine air, and the manly garb, have made inroads into a province from which they were formerly considered as absolutely excluded; I mean that of public oratory. Half-a-dozen societies have started up this winter, in which female speakers exercise their powers of elocution before numerous audiences,

and canvass all manner of subjects with the freedom and spirit of the boldest male orators."

The Duchess of Devonshire and the Westminster election have been often cited; but if, as is generally allowed, Miss Edgeworth gives a fair picture of the manners and customs of her generation, what shall we think of the conduct of the ladies in *Belinda*? An election takes place, Mrs. Luttridge posts down to begin her canvass, and away posts her enemy, Lady Delacour, to canvass for a cousin of her friend Mrs. Freke. Lady Delacour is ambitious to have it said of her that she "was the finest figure that ever appeared upon canvass." On the day of election (? nomination) she and Mrs. Freke make their appearance on the hustings "dressed in splendid party uniforms," and distribute ribands and cockades from two enormous panniers. Not to be outdone, Mrs. Luttridge sends for panniers twice as big as theirs. Thereupon, Lady Delacour caricatures Mrs. Luttridge as "the ass and her panniers." Mrs. Luttridge, *an excellent shot*, wishes herself a man, that she might take proper notice of her opponent's conduct. Instigated by Mrs. Freke, Lady Delacour sends her a challenge, which is accepted in due form. The ladies and their seconds meet in man's attire; but the principals are induced to fire into the air, because Mrs. Luttridge is incapacitated by a whitlow on her forefinger from using her right hand!

French ladies have been known to emulate these warlike feats, but the Dames of the Primrose League have as yet abstained from adding duelling to their many iniquities. It is all very well to say that "these last two elections are the first wherein women have been engaged as organized canvassers." This is simply the sequence of the law of demand and supply. Women always took that share which the condition of politics afforded them. Were politics the regulation of petty wars between little tribes or kingdoms? There were the women as sibyls and pythonesses, as Teutonic wise women or Celtic leaders in the fray. Were politics the intrigues and treaties of powerful kings? Ministers and ambassadors knew perfectly well that they must make their

account with the wives, the mothers, and the favorites of the monarchs, even when the women were not, as was sometimes the case, themselves queens, governors, regents, or ambassadors. When politics in England fell under the control of popular vote, but when the elections were still largely swayed by aristocratic influence, great ladies entered the field and cajoled the electors by every means at their command. The day has come when the male suffrage is all but universal, when bribery is almost impossible, and when the weight of great name and position is next door to *nil*. But the women are still here, and are more needed than ever by those who desire to gain the support of the newly-enfranchised masses. Not great ladies alone, but every woman possessing good manners, fair education, and average intelligence is now in request. When you have to deal with large numbers, both of canvassers and canvasees, organization becomes absolutely necessary. Women have not entered a new field, but keep the old one under altered conditions; and this is the whole secret of the Primrose League as far as they are concerned. Does any of this acrimony against the Leaguers arise from the fact that while the enlightened Radicals have been gazing into the future, and reading there the great things which women will do with their votes when they get them, the stupid Conservative party has seized upon the present and shown what women can do while yet unfranchised?

These disjointed fragments are by no means intended as a complete answer to Mrs. Lynn Linton, still less as a sketch of the way in which women have put their fingers into various pies long since cooked and eaten. The object has been rather to point out that there is no particular reason to think, as many seem to do, that the women of to-day have struck out new lines of folly and presumption for themselves, and are thereby likely to land us in unknown evils. Therefore, though it would be undesirable to dwell upon it, that portion of Mrs. Lynn Linton's article cannot be altogether ignored in which she says that both sexes now discuss, without reserve, subjects which were once hidden from public view.

It is possible, and, so far as it is true, certainly deplorable, that the present generation has relapsed from a reticence of speech observed by the one or two immediately preceding it. It may, however, be safely said that this is a relapse, and not a new development. For instance, women have of late been seen at trials which would have been more appropriately marked by their absence. Could any rebuke be more scathing than that administered by the *Tatler* to the ladies who frequented Old Bailey when certain cases were tried there in the days of good Queen Anne? Steele goes so far as to propose that, since they take such an interest in the matter, in future trials of this sort half of the jury should be women. Nor had they lost this taste fifty years later when Lord Bath, writing to his relative, Colman, said that the ladies desired minute details to be sent them of any such trial in which he might be engaged. No Minister of the Crown would venture to repeat in the presence of Her present Gracious Majesty the anecdotes with which Sir Robert Walpole was wont to regale Queen Caroline.

Miss Burney is justly regarded as the pioneer of respectable novelists; but what young girl of the present day, who had only gleaned her ideas of life from conversations heard in her father's drawing-room, would have exposed poor Evelina to the adventures she meets with at Vauxhall and the Marylebone Gardens? What brother, bestowing plentiful advice on a young sister, would specially recommend her, as does a writer in the *Lady's Magazine* for 1785, to study *Clarissa Harlowe* and *Pamela*? Nor is this selection wonderful when we recollect the story of Sir Walter Scott's aunt, Mrs. Keith. She asked him to obtain for her the novels of Mrs. Afra Behn, but promptly returned them, saying, "Take back your bonny Mrs. Behn, and, if you will follow my advice, put her in the fire. But is it not a strange thing that I, a woman of eighty, sitting alone, feel myself ashamed to look through a book which, sixty years ago, I have heard read aloud for the amusement of large circles of the best company in London?"

Two wrongs do not make a right, and

want of modesty, dislike of home occupations, and desire to compete with men in ways unsuited to a woman's physical or mental capacity are worthy to be blamed, whether found in the reign of Queen Anne or in that of Queen Victoria. But there were quiet and good women in days gone by, and there are quiet and good women now. Because we see the old faults and old foibles reappearing in modern dress, we need not imagine that this is a monstrous age and a precursor of chaos. Neither need we confound a desire for an education more thorough and less superficial, the honest wish of a girl who might be a burden at home to earn her own livelihood, or even an interest in questions whose solution will largely affect our own lives and the future of our children, with the noisy clamor of a few agitators who have never forgiven Nature for making them women instead of men.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing." "It is true," says the wisest of Englishmen, "that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to Atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion." The best-educated woman will best understand the limits of her own powers; the girl who can really earn her own living in a manner suited to her sex will not desire work for which she is unfit; and the woman who most thoroughly understands what the term "politics" implies will be the last to aspire to a direct share in the government of the State, even though she may think herself and her sisters not unworthy of a voice in the choice of their rulers.

"There is a great deal of human nature about," even in women, and you will never succeed in cutting them all to one pattern. Votes or no votes, Penelope will embroider, Nausicaa entertain her guests, Andromache nurse her baby, Helen will flirt, Aspasia teach eloquence and guide statesmen to the end of the chapter. And Cassandra? oh! Cassandra will prophesy. We fear that she will be as little heeded as she was in days of yore, and we hope that her forebodings will prove less true than those which spoke the doom of Troy.—*National Review*.

THE RULERS OF THE BALKANS.

PRINCE NICHOLAS OF MONTENEGRO—KING GEORGE OF GREECE—KING CHARLES OF ROUMANIA—KING MILAN OF SERBIA—PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BULGARIA.

RECENT events in the East, and events that are still to happen, will for a long time keep the eyes of Europe fixed on the rulers to whom the destinies of Bulgaria, Roumania, Servia, Montenegro and Greece are committed. The name of Balkan States is by a stretch of geographical license adopted to designate all these countries, because those whose boundaries do not touch the Balkans claim on ethnographical grounds to extend their borders to these mountains.

Bulgaria, Roumania, Servia and Greece are constitutional countries; but in the three former the will of the Sovereign is paramount when he pleases to have a will. In Greece the King has little power, because the present holder of the throne has thought fit to take British Constitutionalism for his example—with what measure of success will be hereafter indicated. In Montenegro the Prince governs patriarchally with a Privy Council of eight members, of whom four are nominated by himself, and the other four elected by his soldiers. Here then we have varieties of government; and it must be added that, except in the case of Montenegro, the Constitutions of the Balkan States, being of recent make, have been moulded to a large extent according to the characters of the respective Sovereigns. It may be noted in passing that these five Sovereigns all succeeded to their thrones after deeds of violence or revolutions for which they were not responsible. The predecessors of Nicholas I. of Montenegro, and of Milan I. of Servia, were assassinated; those of Charles I. of Roumania and George I. of Greece were deposed. Prince Alexander of Battenberg was elected Prince of Bulgaria after a war which freed that province from the Turkish yoke; but the Governorship of East Roumelia devolved upon him after the revolutionary overthrow of Gavril Pasha at Philippopolis.

Taking the Sovereigns in the order of their accession, the senior is Nicholas I., Petrovitch Niegoch of Montenegro, who

came to the throne in 1860, after the murder of his uncle, Danilo I. The latter was the first Hospodar of Montenegro. From the time of Petrovitch Niegoch, who freed the country from the Turks in 1697, Montenegro was governed by *Vladikas* or Prince-Bishops, who exercised a spiritual as well as temporal authority. At the same time they acknowledged the nominal suzerainty of Turkey, which means that they expected the Sultan to protect them, but paid him no tribute. On the death of Peter II. in 1851, Danilo renounced the spiritual authority and title of *Vladika*, proclaimed himself Hospodar, and, forswearing all allegiance whatever to the Sultan, demanded his investiture from the Czar Nicholas, who was then the recognized protector of the Christian populations in the Balkans. Nicholas on ascending the throne in 1860 was but nineteen years old, and in 1861 he began a fierce war with the Turks which lasted till both countries were exhausted. The only reason for the war was that the Montenegrins desired an extension of territory, and the same motive called them to arms in 1875 and 1877. The Treaty of Berlin increased the area of the Principality by over a thousand square miles, including 116,000 inhabitants. The ports of Antivari and Dulcigno were among the additions, but the latter was only ceded by the Turks in exchange for Gussinje, which the Montenegrins will not fail to retake at the first opportunity.

Nicholas was born in 1841, and received most of his education at the Lycée Louis-le-Grand in Paris. Napoleon III. took a great interest in him, invited him often to the Tuileries and to Compiègne, gave him pocket-money and presents, and on his accession to the throne gratified him with £10,000. In his youth the Prince was strikingly handsome, and he remains so now that he has grown gray and portly. He looks every inch a prince and soldier. Very tall and broad-shouldered, with a frank, fearless face, large eyes, most

stately demeanor and exquisite manners, he fascinates all who approach him. He is a poet as well as a soldier, and has composed some ballads which are popular wherever the Servian language is spoken. An accomplished linguist too, he speaks French, Italian, Russian and Turkish with perfect fluency, and German fairly well. Altogether he is one of the most gifted men who ever ruled a people, and if his dominions were larger he might leave a great name in history. It is by no means sure that he will not eventually be the ruler of a large kingdom, for it is the ambition of Russia to make him or one of his family king of a powerful state which will include Servia, Bosnia, Herzegovina and Macedonia, if not Bulgaria and East Roumelia. Unfortunately, as such a state would be the vassal of Russia, and could only be formed by crushing Austria-Hungary, it is not for Englishmen to wish that it should ever be created. We dare not even desire that Prince Nicholas should supplant King Milan on the Servian throne, much as the change might conduce to the good government of the Servians. Prince Nicholas must be regarded as the liege servant of Russia, and whatever increment of power may accrue to him will always be used with a blind loyalty in furtherance of Russia's designs.

Nicholas's capital of Cetinje is a small place of 2000 inhabitants. It has a palace which is like a mediæval castle, and where the hundred men of the Prince's body-guard are lodged; also an hotel, where members of the diplomatic body reside, or at least dine and spend their evenings. There is of course no theatre, and nothing that can be called society, for the Montenegrins are Oriental in their relegation of women to the Selamlık. The diplomatists and officials form whist-parties; and in winter they can get plenty of shooting. Pretty often the Prince hospitably throws open his drawing-rooms for assemblies in the European fashion, at which the honors are done by His Highness's attractive consort, the Princess Milena. The Prince was married at the age of nineteen, and has two sons and seven daughters. One of his daughters, the Princess Meliska, likes to read English books, and knows our language well.

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Another daughter, the Princess Zorka (Aurora), is married to Peter Karageorgievics, the legitimist pretender to the Servian throne, who habitually lives with his father-in-law, and gives him some trouble. Prince Peter not only dashes money about like sand, but has uncontrollable impulses to issue startling political manifestoes out of season.

The Montenegrins keep to their national costume, and are all soldiers, for every able-bodied man is expected to bear arms. The ploughman and pig-drover step with a martial gait, for they are called out to frequent drills; the flea-powder merchant (Montenegro exports a good deal of this useful commodity, known to botanists as *Pyrethrum roseum*) marches through his counting-house resplendent in sky-blue jacket, scarlet sash, and spurred boots. The Prince always wears this costume, with a white mantle, furred kaftan, and jewelled sword. Thus attired he gives audience two or three times a week to all who have anything to ask of him, and he administers justice off-hand. The judges of Montenegro are the Elders of the forty districts, who in time of war act as captains; but the Prince is supreme judge. Litigants appear before him and state their case without the assistance of lawyers. On one occasion a suitor against whom the Prince had given judgment tried to stab him, but a blow from His Highness's redoubtable fist knocked him out of court literally. In general the Prince's adjudications are accepted without demur, for they are those of a shrewd, attentive, and thoroughly equitable mind. As to the Prince's qualities in generalship, they are well known. In the war of 1875, when the Servians and Montenegrins were allied against the Turks, the former were constantly thrashed, the latter everywhere victorious. The Servians soon had enough of it, and concluded a shameful peace; but Nicholas of Montenegro would only sign peace as a victor; and as no agreement could be made with the Turks, the war was continued until the Treaty of San Stefano. At present Prince Nicholas is engaged in trying to civilize his subjects by cutting roads, making ports,* and propagating the Italian language, the learning of which has been made compulsory in schools.

As civilians the Montenegrins do not shine, for they despise work, hate instruction, are quarrelsome, vindictive, and not particularly addicted to telling the truth. But as soldiers they are splendid, and they have abundant opportunities for keeping their courage and endurance in full activity, for not a month passes without their having some border conflicts with the Turks or Albanians.

The mention of Albania brings one to George, King of Greece. The Albanians are not a distinct race from the Greeks, but they have set up a preposterous claim of their own to Epirus, which ought to belong to the Hellenic Kingdom, and would have been incorporated within it long ago, had not Greece been so lamentably unfortunate in the two kings which the Great Powers have selected to rule over it since 1830. The Powers acted with absurd disregard of the Greek character in giving to the modern Athenians and Bœotians, first such a king as Otho of Bavaria, and then a king like young George of Denmark. The former, who had the eccentricity which is hereditary in his family, was an obtuse pettifogging German prince, who thought he had done his utmost to identify himself with his Greek subjects when he had mastered their language. He took a pedant's pleasure in detecting misplaced accents in official documents. He delivered academical little speeches, with quotations from Plato, and he had a fad about restoring the ancient Greek language. He ruled with the slow-moving, paper-scribbling methods of a bureaucrat, alternated by outbursts of German military dictatorianess. We found our first two Hanoverian kings a pretty severe trial for English patience; but a dull-witted, crooked-tempered Bavarian, governing a quick-witted, impulsive, adventurous and chattering race like the Greeks, was the most ludicrous incongruity. To make matters worse Otho was only twenty years old when he ascended the throne, and the Powers consented that the Greeks, who had been living for centuries under Turkish whips, should give themselves a Constitution "modelled on the French Charter of 1830." They began working this Constitution like monkeys playing with

an electric battery. The country was chronically under the shock of Cabinet crises, general elections, riots, military conspiracies, and brigandage—this brigandage being generally abetted by the Opposition, to discredit and oust the party in power. After these saturnalia had lasted thirty-two years, producing about sixty changes of Ministry, the Greek factions varied their sport of fighting each other by combining to depose Otho himself, who happened at the time to be on a tour of pleasure and repose in Germany. Thereupon the Great Powers, seeing how well their first choice of a Greek king had succeeded, thought they could not do better than go on the old plan, and so cast eyes on Prince George of Denmark, who was then eighteen years old. The Greeks wanted to have Prince Alfred of England, now Duke of Edinburgh, and actually elected him; but, luckily for the Prince, treaties forbade that a member of the reigning families of any of the Great Powers should sit on the Greek throne. A boy of Prince Alfred's age could have done nothing for the Greeks. The king required for them was a strong man who could have begun his reign by abolishing their Constitution.

King George* arrived at Athens attended by a Baron Sponneck, whom his father had given him as an adviser. This gentleman became of course and immediately the object of unsparing envy, chaff, and satire on the part of the lively Greeks. He had a little foible, which consisted in wearing at all times a military uniform, with boots and spurs, though he was never seen to ride. One afternoon, as he was taking his accustomed drive along the chief boulevard of the capital, a joyous commotion was observable among the public, and shouts of laughter arose on all sides. Baron Sponneck looked about to see what was the joke, and perceived that his carriage was being followed by one identically like it, in which sat a gentleman who in face and make-up might have been himself or a twin-brother. The jest of the two Sponnecks made the Athenians merry that afternoon; but the genuine Sponneck found that life

* Born 1845, son of Christian IX. of Denmark, brother of Princess of Wales and Empress of Russia.

had its troubles among so facetious a people, and he soon withdrew to Denmark. The young King then remained alone among his Greeks—a teetotum in the hands of MM. Bulgaris, Zaimis, Coundouriétis, Comoundoros, Deligeorgis, Tricoupis, &c., who, turn by turn, flung one another out of office.

King George was a very mild young man, and, like the curate in the "Bab Ballads," he has been "in mildness daily growing." Fair and slim, with gentle blue eyes, nice manners, a natural affability, a quiet, grave voice, and a disposition that was evidently earnest and studious—he was quite a pattern young prince. On State occasions, when he stood in his blue uniform and sky-blue ribbon of the Order of the Redeemer, in the midst of his swarthy-faced, hook-nosed, hawk-eyed ministers, prefects, and deputies, his fresh innocent features lent almost an air of respectability to the whole self-seeking crew. The first sight of the Egean's blue waters pleased him vastly. He had a handsome palace, pretty villa at the Piræus, delightful gardens, plenty of money, and most agreeable tutors, who taught him Greek, both ancient and modern. There is not a more entertaining creature than the well-educated, enthusiastic Hellene, who believes himself to be descended in direct line from the race that produced Homer, Socrates, Demosthenes, Pericles, and Solon. This Hellene's lively fancy easily bridges over the two thousand years intervening between the date of Greece's decline and its nineteenth-century resurrection; so that he will assure you that some general who has had a border skirmish with the Turks without running away has the very face of Leonidas, and will further allude to some Minister who is temporarily holding office, and from whom he expects a small Government post, as a true son of Lycurgus. But this kind of talk is refreshing as champagne, and, administered in copious draughts to a receptive young man like King George, kept him for a time in hopeful, happy excitement. He was only too glad to believe that his people were the first in the world, and that he had been marked out for signal honor in being appointed to lead them to new and more glorious destinies. His Ministers always had the

grandest projects for covering Greece with railroads, schools, and art academies; for constructing new ports, quintupling the commerce of the nation, balancing its budget, and making its army fit to seize upon Epirus, Thessaly and Thrace at the first convenient opportunity. It took the candid young King some time to understand why the politicians of the Chamber—all equally patriotic, eloquent, and disinterested—could not unite in accomplishing these desiderata, why Bulgaris upset Zaimis for planning a new line of rail, and why Comoundoros threatened Deligeorgis with impeachment for serving out new rifles to the infantry. When at last King George did understand; when he saw that the leprosy of Parliamentarism had corrupted the life-blood of the country; that the infamous electoral ballot-box was like a pagan altar in the land, on which men unblushingly sacrificed truth and principles to the god Demos (the most ludicrous divinity of all that have made mythology grotesque), then he sat down with a sigh and determined to make the best of the country without concerning himself as to its politics. He received successive Prime Ministers with the same indifferent politeness, wrote his signature silently to every Ministerial decree or Act of Parliament; and, whenever he could, went off shooting in the Morea. About once a fortnight he invited his Ministers to dinner, showed them photographs of his sisters, and took their opinions on the distance for aiming at woodcock in cloudy weather. Now and then he astonished a Minister by sending him a hamper of game or a birthday-present. The recipient of this favor would immediately rush to the Palace with obsequious thanks dripping from his tongue, and think that his political fortune was secured. A few days later, however, the King would do just as much for the next man.

In 1867 he married the Princess Olga, daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia. This lovely and charming woman has given him all that a good wife need give her husband—domestic happiness without alloy. King George is now the father of six children—four sons and two daughters—and he has settled down into the position of an easy-

going, elderly Constitutional King, who likes to live exempt from troubles and responsibilities. He is growing bald, he collects pictures, and is much interested in getting good wine equal to Bordeaux out of his private vineyards. His official dinners are more frequent, and are served up by a French cook. He sometimes suggests an alteration in the uniform of the army, but gives way at once if his responsible advisers hint that a party question might be made out of the matter. He and the Queen live much in the country, bring up their children admirably, and are delighted to extend the most gracious hospitality to any stranger of distinction who visits Greece. But they ostentatiously eschew politics. Queen Olga as a Russian has but a faint appreciation of the Parliamentary system; but, on the other hand, she has not the spirit of a Russian Catherine or Elizabeth, so that she has never attempted to shape her husband's course, or to establish him in a commanding position above parties. During this year's crisis in Greece, when the half-mad M. Delyannis seemed bent upon plunging his country into a war which would have caused her annihilation, King George remained serenely and severely indifferent. He thought it no part of his Constitutional duty to save Greece one life, or one drachma, of the many thousands of lives and the many millions of drachmas which M. Delyannis squandered.

Here it must be repeated that the fault of the misgovernment of Greece does not rest with King George, but with the Great Powers that set him on the throne. The Powers never meant well by Greece. They feared its aggrandizement at the expense of Turkey, and purposely made it small and weak. Their combinations must indeed have been frustrated if King George had developed unexpected talents as a ruler, or if he had luckily found a statesman of genius among the Greek factions; but neither of these contingencies occurred. Trained in those false doctrines of Constitutionalism which reduce the Sovereign's business to a solemn farce, he had not innate perspicacity enough to recognize that there can be no privileges without duties—at least, none which a man of dignity should care to accept. It was

by a sheer miracle that Greece was not driven to utter destruction by M. Delyannis, while the King sat with his arms folded beside this crazy coachman. It looks now as if M. Tricoupis were at last going to save Greece from the parliamentary rot, for he has taken advantage of the general nausea caused by recent events to reduce the number of deputies from 245 to 150, and to make various administrative changes which will strengthen the Executive. It remains to be seen, however, how M. Tricoupis would comport himself toward a strong Executive if he were again thrown into Opposition.

The whole question of Greece's future really lies there. If the Greeks have wretched defects, they have also great qualities. They are not properly represented by the cynical adventurers who have for half a century disgraced political life at Athens. The Greek merchants whom one meets in England and India are justly respected for their enterprise, integrity, and excellent education, and it is by the help of men like this that Greece's destinies will be accomplished under "a king against whom there is no rising." Happily there is some hope of the young Duke of Sparta, who has just attained his Constitutional majority. He is a youth of spirit and talent, who has shown more than usual assiduity in his studies, and who has the advantage of being born a Greek, so that his future subjects regard him as one of their own kin. If M. Tricoupis be still to the front when Prince Constantine comes to the throne, the two together may open a new and more honorable chapter in Greece's history.

King Charles of Roumania's reign offers many contrasts to that of King George of Greece: but Charles of Hohenzollern Sigmaringen was no boy when he was elected "Domnul" or Lord of Roumania, in April, 1866. A captain of Prussian dragoons, twenty-seven years old, nearly related to the King of Prussia, and noted moreover for the steadiness of his character, he was selected by Herr von Bismarck on purpose to play a great part in Roumania—in other words, to hold the Danubian principalities fast on the Prussian side, while Prussia made war upon Austria. Napoleon III. was taken aback by the

Prince's sudden candidature, just as he was four years later by that of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern in Spain; but he was hesitating at the time between the Austrian and the Prussian alliance, in view of his designs on the Rhine, and so let the candidature pass—much to the disgust of Prince Napoleon, who had been coveting the throne of Roumania for himself. Prince Charles arrived at Bucharest in May, 1866; a few weeks later the battle of Sadowa had been fought, and the Prince was holding a Roumanian army corps ready to make a dash at Transylvania in case Austria prolonged the war.

Prince Charles owed his throne to the deposition of Prince Couza, under circumstances very similar to the recent midnight overthrow of Prince Alexander of Bulgaria at Sofia. Colonel Alexander John Couza was a Moldavian officer who had fought with the utmost bravery in the War of Independence which Wallachians and Moldavians waged against the Turks; and in 1858 he was elected first Hospodar of the United Principalities. He would have been the right man for his post if he had followed his own instincts; but he was persuaded into allowing the foolish and immoral system of government by party to spring up in his country. In a land where men had been the bondsmen of the Turks he suffered ministerial responsibility to be established; which means that after choosing the best men of the nation to be his ministers, he left them exposed to the onslaughts of an Opposition whose business it became (copying the well-known British model) to find fault systematically. Ministries were quickly shattered like glass houses by this indiscriminate stone-throwing, until Prince Couza, driven to distraction, called upon the Roumanians for a plebiscite. The result was that out of 682,621 recorded votes, 611,094 were given for him. The party wirepullers, fomentors of disruption and treason, utterers of seditious speeches and others then took fright, seeing that things were about to be called by their right names, and that a few of their number were probably about to be hanged. To prevent this they hired a gang of ruffians, who seized upon Prince Couza in his bed, pitched him into a carriage with

four galloping horses, and drove him to the nearest railway-station on the line to Vienna. Afterward they proclaimed that he had abdicated—which was an untruth, or a "demonstrable inaccuracy," as we say in England when politicians distort facts for their own purposes.

Parliamentary troubles in Roumania did not end when Charles of Hohenzollern succeeded Alexander Couza; but the new Prince had a will of his own. He was not a Cromwell, but he held tight to all his prerogatives, and used much patient, cautious, persevering dexterity in extending them. He was and is a good type of the most steady-going Prussian officer—not a *beau sabreur*, but in all things smart and punctilious. He pores over charts, plans fortifications, and thinks there is no music like the firing of cannon at practice. Ten years after he had come to Bucharest the Roumanian army was excellent. Europe was astonished to see a country which had not yet ranked among independent nations bringing a perfectly equipped force of 46,000 men to help Russia against the Turks. Thanks largely to this army the Russians were victorious at Plevna; and the Roumanians were then amply rewarded, for Bessarabia was taken from them by their grateful allies in exchange for the Dobrudscha, which was of no use to them. Bessarabia gave the Roumanians the command of Danubian navigation at the river's mouth; by losing it they were deprived of the chance of becoming a strong, or even a prosperous nation.

The blow was severely felt by Prince Charles, who could not understand why Prince Bismarck left him in the lurch at the Congress of Berlin. The German Chancellor could easily have prevented Bessarabia from being taken by Russia, and doubtless he would have pronounced his veto had the British Plenipotentiaries said a syllable on Roumania's behalf. But Lord Beaconsfield was not sorry that denuded Roumania should stand as an example to other little Balkan States of the manner in which Russia treats small friends; and Prince Bismarck on his side was glad to render Russia a service which cost him nothing. It was whispered to Prince Charles that he

should be promoted to kingship by way of compensation, and this came to pass in 1881; but the Roumanians could have got their Prince crowned without surrendering a province for this honor, and so the compensation to them was not much.

Roumania however has now become Russia's watchful enemy, and this fact has greatly helped to educate and strengthen the nation. The people have felt that they must make sacrifices to maintain a good army, and the military spirit that has got abroad among them has reacted on the parliamentary institutions. M. Bratiano, the Prime Minister, has been in office ten years. To save appearances, and keep the Radicals from gnashing their teeth too violently, he calls himself a Liberal; but it comes to the same thing as if he were a Conservative. He is Roumania's Bismarck, and even excels his master in one thing, for he has learnt the knack of winning majorities at every general election. A day may come when under him Roumania in alliance with Bulgaria and Servia will form a Balkanic Confederation, bar Russia's way to Constantinople, and give the Eastern Question quite a new turn; but there is another possibility, which is, that Russia and Austria settling the Eastern Question between them, Roumania may be halved and swallowed up. The largest part of it would fit very well into Hungary.

King Charles was married in 1869 to the Princess Elizabeth of Neuwied—a lady of great talent, who has written some exquisite poems in German and Roumanian, under the pseudonym of Carmen Sylva. One child was born of the marriage, a little girl, who died in 1874, in her fourth year. This bereavement has thrown a permanent gloom upon the Court at Sinaia. The Queen* has never been able to console herself, and all her writings are tinged with melancholy. The King having no son

to succeed him naturally takes more interest in the things of to-day than in those which may happen when he is gone, and his subjects reproach him with thinking too much about his army, and not enough about the commercial development in Roumania. At the Court balls, which are given two or three times every winter at Bucharest, the King appears much like a studious officer who has torn himself away from his books and is taking compulsory relaxation by doctor's orders. He goes about talking with everybody, forcing himself to be agreeable—rather overdoing, too—and putting endless questions. If he gets hold of a stranger, he pumps him dry as to his opinions on Roumania. But his attention wanders if the stranger talks about corn and cattle, steam-mills, and such things, and it is only when some slight allusion to the army is made that His Majesty looks all alive again. The etiquette of Courts, which requires that nobody shall leave the ball-room until the Sovereign has retired, has long ago had to be given up in Roumania, for King Charles has been known to tarry till half-past four in the morning talking with foreign officers about the trajectory of chilled shot. He is a dark man, with a black grisly beard, not of the German type, but rather Italian, which is appropriate enough to a nation which claims descent from the Roman; talks a kind of Italian, and seems like a *lusus naturæ* in the midst of Slav and Magyar populations. It may be remarked in passing that the Roumanian language had become almost extinct among the educated classes of Wallachia and Moldavia when the Nationalist movements of 1848-58 brought it to life again.

From Roumania to Servia the transition is wide, for the two countries have little in common, and their Kings are as dissimilar as may be. At this time twenty years ago, a bright, dark-eyed boy just entering his teens used to be seen almost every evening at the Café de Fleurus in Paris, in the company of two learned professors. The professors drank beer, smoked, and talked *de omni re disputabili*; the boy listened in silence, but generally with enrapt attention. He was the young Prince Milan Obrenovics, nephew and heir of Michael,

* The following lines are by Queen Elizabeth:—

“Der schönste Nam' im Erdenrund,
Das schönste Wort in Menschenmund
Ist: Mutter!
Ja, keines ist so tief und weich,
So ungelehrt, gedankenreich
Als: Mutter!
Und wem auch dieses Wort erklang,
Hat hohe Würde lebenslang
Als: Mutter!”

reigning Prince of Servia, who had been sent to Paris to be educated at the Lycée Louis-le-Grand. His tutor was M. François Huet, a very distinguished Professor of Philosophy, who however had a dash of Bohemianism in him. It would hardly have occurred to an English University Don, entrusted with the education of a future Sovereign, to take his charge out daily into the promiscuous society of a coffee-room; but they manage these things differently in France. The Café de Fleurus, near the Luxembourg, happened to be the favorite resort of several of the second-rate artists, advocates and journalists who afterward became notorious under the Commune. Courbet the painter was to be seen there, with his huge paunch and asthmatical laugh; also the shallow, squinting Ferré and the good-for-naught Raoul Rigault, always impecunious and reeking of absinthe. Prince Milan saw a good deal of these men, and their talk was useful to him, though it was not intended especially for his ears. If the future *communards* had known that it was a Prince who sat at M. Huet's table, they would doubtless have sought to establish financial relations with him on the sly. As it was they had no idea of his rank, and M. Huet took no pains to keep him out of earshot of their rollicking nonsense, for he thought that a future ruler of men ought to know men in every variety. It was thus Prince Milan got an early insight into the characteristics of those individuals by whom the democracy allows itself to be led in unruly times.

Born in 1854, Milan was ten years old when he went to Paris, and fourteen when the assassination of his uncle recalled him to Servia. During the next four years the country was governed by a Regency; the Prince meanwhile retaining M. Huet as tutor. In 1872 Milan attained his majority, in the following year he paid a visit to Paris, and Marshal MacMahon conferred upon him the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor. By that time most of the company of the Café de Fleurus had been shot or transported.

The founder of the Obrenovics family was Miloch, a pig-driver, who was born in 1780. Swine-herds were the most despised race under Ottoman rule in the

Balkans, and those who wish to be particularly sarcastic about King Milan now generally allude to him as the pigman. Miloch however ennobled his whole profession by his splendid valor in rebelling against Turkish oppression. It was an amazing thing that a humble pig-driver should have been able to rouse a whole country to rebellion, to take the command-in-chief of its armies, to rout the Turks in spite of overwhelming odds, and finally to get himself proclaimed Prince by the whole nation, whose choice the Sultan was compelled to ratify. These achievements were much greater than those of Masaniello, John of Leyden, or Jack Cade. Unfortunately Miloch, when he was raised to the throne, showed himself insolent, stupid and cruel, so that his exasperated subjects rose against him and drove him out. Antæus-like, he sprang up again on being flung into the mire, won back his throne, and died sceptre in hand. Nevertheless he has left a bad name as a coarse, besotted, tyrannical debauchee, who, having freed a people, disgraced himself by treating them as slaves.

If therefore the taunt as to King Milan's origin have any sting, it is because His Majesty has too obviously inherited some of Miloch's defects. A few years ago he was a very handsome young man, rather too much addicted to hair-oil, scarlet neckties and jewelry, but still very much of a dandy and *puellis idoneus*. Although he is now but thirty-two, good-living has already made him fat, heavy in the eyes, and rheumatic. The stories current about him are not creditable. Even if he could have once pleaded, like Prince Hal, that there was a time for sowing wild oats, that time certainly passed when he exchanged his title of Prince into that of King in 1882. The promotion gave him an excellent opportunity for turning over a new leaf. As Prince his dignity was not well defined, and, like an American President, he received his Ministers and principal officers at card and supper parties on a footing of quasi-equality. It may be remarked, by the way, that he had a passion for gambling. When it was decided that he should become King, he sent to inquire as to the etiquette of the Court of Belgium, and ordered that it should be done

at Belgrade as at Brussels. If he had copied King Leopold II.'s decorous manners and habits at the same time, it would have been well for him and for his people; and in truth he had every inducement to act like a gentleman, for he has a most fascinating bright-witted and devoted wife. Queen Natalie* is the darling of the Servians. It was she, and she only, who saved her husband's crown after the ignominious defeat of the Servians by the Bulgarians. But for her the Servians would have dethroned the unworthy voluptuary, who was enjoying himself at Gleichenberg when the revolution of Philippopolis broke out, and who on his hasty return to Servia plunged his country without just cause, and despite all warnings, into a fratricidal war which every one of his subjects who were not army-contractors or promotion-hunters execrated.

One must however render justice to King Milan's qualities. He is extremely shrewd—his enemies say cunning. As a general his failures have been both ludicrous and shameful; for his armies were as completely beaten by the Turks from 1875 to 1877 as they were subsequently by the Bulgarians in 1885-86; and this notwithstanding an enormous amount of brag and bluster on the King's part. On the other hand this Sovereign, who has shown neither adroitness nor courage in the field, has exhibited a wonderful cleverness in eliminating Russian influences from Servia. When he attained his majority, Servia was to all intents a Russian province. M. Ristics, his principal Minister, took his orders from St. Petersburg, and would have been quite ready at a given moment to tell Milan that unless the latter recognized the Czar as his suzerain, he must make way for one of the Karageorgevics† family. Milan quietly and astutely foiled Ristics, and threw

himself upon Austria for protection. This was a couple of years after the Treaty of Berlin, which had shown Milan, by Roumania's example, that to work for Russia was to get shorn to the quick. M. Ristics has not yet recovered from the surprise which he felt when Prince Milan dismissed him, and used the Emperor of Austria's good offices to obtain his royal crown as a recompense for renouncing the Russian alliance. To make matters worse for M. Ristics, the King has for the last six years got anti-Liberal majorities returned at the general elections, using for this purpose all the little electoral dodges* which M. Ristics himself had taught him. The neatest of these dodges consists in arresting groups of Opposition electors on the day of the ballot, alleging that they are disorderly assemblies and causing an obstruction. M. Ristics is a melancholy man, for having carried but a dozen constituencies at the last elections, he feels that his royal pupil has learnt too much.

Servia and Roumania are lands where the battle of Russian influence has been fought and lost: in Bulgaria that battle is not yet half over. Its latest incident, the sudden deposition of Prince Alexander, his restoration a few days later, and his subsequent abdication, will contribute one of the most interesting chapters to the history of modern revolutions. There seems to be no precedent for a restoration so rapid as that of the Prince. This he owes to the electric telegraph. In old days his dethronement must have plunged the country into civil war, which would have lasted for months. As things went, the telegraph enabled the opinions of Bulgaria and Roumelia on Zankoff's *coup d'état* to be rapidly collected and circulated. A concrete protest took shape. From a hundred towns and a thousand villages the cry rose for the Prince's return, and the wires shot this message in every direction to meet the Prince, wherever he might happen to be. So startling a token of his people's devotion could not be resisted, and the Prince returned, unheeding the German Chancellor and M. de Giers, who had met at Franzensbad to choose him a successor.

* Natalie Keschko, daughter of a Colonel in the Russian Imperial Guard, born 1859; married to Prince Milan, October, 1875. There is one child of this marriage, Prince Alexander, born August, 1876.

† Alexander Karageorgevics was elected Prince when Miloch Obrenovics was deposed. Miloch overturned him, and Karageorgevics after revenged himself by plotting the assassination of Miloch's son Michael. For this he was sentenced in default by the Belgrade Court of Assize to eight years' penal servitude. He died last year in Hungary.

* M. Ristics's party calls itself Liberal.

Probably many a royal victim of revolutions or conspiracies might have been saved by telegraphy; but as the first to benefit by this modern system of salvage, Prince Alexander of Bulgaria will stand on record as being a Sovereign popular beyond parallel. Cynics had their sneer on the days following the revolution, before the counter-movement had gathered force. Those who do not believe in popular gratitude found justification in the spectacle of soldiers and people basely expelling a ruler who had made their country victorious and respected throughout the world but a few months ago. The Bulgarians however showed true grit, and this was a consoling thing to the entire human race. If the virtues of one man be an example to men without number, how much more must the virtues of a whole people produce good and illustrate an epoch!

Prince Alexander well deserved his people's love and fidelity. Rarely has a Prince combined so many of the attractions which make a man lovable, with the talents which make a man trusted. Born in 1857,* he was a captain in the Russian Guards at twenty-three years old when Russia proposed him as the first Prince of Bulgaria. Prince Dondoukoff-Korsakoff, the Russian Commissioner in Bulgaria, had been intriguing actively to get the throne for himself, and, furious at his disappointment, he was careful to sow tares in Prince Alexander's field before leaving. A Russian general bestowing a democratic constitution with universal suffrage, triennial parliaments, ministerial responsibility and the rest of it, was certainly a remarkable sight; but rather too remarkable to pass without suspicion. Dondoukoff's object was simply to make it impossible for Prince Alexander to rule, so that there might be an early pretext for Russian intervention, and then a new election. However, so long as the late Czar ruled, Prince Alexander was well supported at St. Petersburg; it was not till after the Czar's assassination that intriguers of all kinds poisoned the mind of the pres-

ent Emperor against him, and obtained *carte blanche* to agitate the Bulgarian Parliament in the Russian interest. Disconcerted by the Czar's unaccountable behavior toward him—for the Czar ceased to answer his letters without saying how the Prince had offended him—Alexander readily gave ear to the suggestion that the turbulence of Bulgarian factions had something to do with the matter. Those were the days when Nihilism was terrorizing Russia by its crimes, and it was natural, thought, the Prince, that the Czar should look with displeasure on those Bulgarian Radicals who expressed their sympathies with Russian Revolutionists pretty openly. The Russian agent at Sofia whispered to the Prince, as if the hint came from the Czar, that the Bulgarian Constitution had better be torn up, and the Prince took the hint. A vote of the Sobranje, in July, 1881, invested him with dictatorial powers for seven years, and until September, 1883, he governed without a Parliament. It was not a happy time for Bulgaria. The strengthening of Bulgaria by means of that "intelligent despotism" which Guizot called the best form of Government was not what the Russian intriguers desired. They had calculated that Alexander's *coup d'état* would provoke a revolution, or discredit him hopelessly with the Governments of the Great Powers, and particularly with Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone was of course deeply shocked, and would have been quite prepared to admit from that time that the Russians—the humane Liberal Russians—were the proper people to govern Bulgaria. But as the Bulgarians did not see things in this light, their Constitution had to be restored for them by direction of Russia. Russia encouraged Constitutionalism in Bulgaria, just as Germany patronizes the Republic in France, to keep the country weak.

The Bulgarians are sensible folk, however, and parliamentary institutions would work pretty well among them if it were not for the Russian Secret Service money which has been and is employed in subsidizing a faction in the Sobranje. Even with this drawback, and in despite of agitations and conspiracies all over the country, the Parliament has not done badly, because its

* At Verona, during the Austrian occupation of that city; his father, Prince Alexander of Hesse, being a general in the Austrian army. His godfather was Marshal Radetzky.

members—agriculturists for the most part—used to trust the Prince heartily, and plumped for him with rustic stolidity. "Those men take our money and vote against us," exclaimed M. Koian-der, the late Russian agent at Sofia, indignantly; and this appears to describe what has pretty often happened. The Bulgarian farmer does not dislike the Russians; he will nudge them for gifts, and pocket their roubles with a wink, but he intends to remain independent, and votes as he chooses.

The revelation of Prince Alexander's military talents in the war against Servia is still fresh in men's minds. Slivnitza ranked him among the first generals of Europe; and now that his popularity as a ruler has been so wonderfully demonstrated, it may be that a very great career indeed still lies before the Prince.

For his abdication may be but a temporary withdrawal; and if he should not sit again for years on the Bulgarian throne, other posts of honor may in the meantime be open to him. The German Chancellor doubtless remarked when he heard of the Prince's intended restoration, "This is a coming man," and prepared to reckon with him thenceforth in all calculations on the Eastern Question. Hitherto Prince Bismarck has not been favorable to the Prince. The story of the love-match with a Prussian Princess very near to the throne, which has been thwarted by the Chancellor, is no myth. Yet Time and Fortune are all on the side of the young and the brave; and Prince Alexander can afford to wait. There is enough in his life's history to show that he was born under a lucky star.—*Temple Bar*.

THE GASTRONOMIC VALUE OF ODORS.

BY HENRY T. FINCK.

To which of our senses are we most indebted for the pleasures of the table? To name the sense of taste in answer to this question would be quite as incorrect as to assert that we go to the opera to please our eyes. More incorrect, in fact, because many do attend the opera chiefly on account of the spectacle; whereas, in regard to gastronomic delights it is safe to say that at least two thirds of our enjoyment is due to the sense of smell.

Amusing experiments may be made showing that without this sense it is commonly quite impossible to distinguish between different articles of food and drink. Blindfold a person and make him clasp his nose tightly, then put into his mouth successively small pieces of beef, mutton, veal, and pork, and it is safe to predict that he will not be able to tell one morsel from another. The same results will be obtained with chicken, turkey, and duck; with pieces of almond, walnut, and hazelnut; with slices of apple, peach, and pear; or with different kinds of cheese, if care be taken that such kinds are chosen as do not by their peculiar composition betray

their identity through the nerves of touch in the mouth.

To hold an article of food under the nose at table would be justly considered a breach of etiquette, as it might imply a doubt as to the quality of the host's dishes. But there is a second way of smelling, of which most people are quite unconscious—viz., by *exhaling through the nose* while eating and drinking. In the directions often given to children to clasp their nose when taking a nauseous medicine, this process is instinctively recognized; but it has never been made clear, so far as the writer is aware, that on it is based the whole art and science of cookery.

In most treatises on physiology and psychology this mode of smelling is, in fact, entirely ignored; while some physiologists have even gone so far as to deny its possibility. This is a point of great importance, for it enables us to explain why people are so apt to disagree in regard to "matters of taste," or of smell, as those who aspire to scientific correctness will have to say in future.

It is well known that only a small portion of the mucous membrane which lines

the nostrils is the seat of the endings of the nerves of smell. In ordinary expiration the air does not touch this olfactory region. By a special effort, however, it can be turned into that direction. Now there can be no doubt that in the case of the sceptical physiologists just referred to, and of others in the same predicament, there is some special impediment in the complicated anatomical structure of the nose which makes it difficult or impossible for them to direct the expired air into the olfactory regions. Such persons, of course, are as incapable of enjoying certain dishes, the principal relish of which lies in their aroma, as color-blind people would be able to appreciate a gorgeous Titian. It is evident too, that, just as the delicacy of sight and hearing can be greatly improved by careful artistic training, so the perception of delicate odors can be made much more distinct and intense by gastronomic practice in guiding an aroma-laden current of air during expiration through that region of the nose where the olfactory nerve-endings are situated.

Most persons, fortunately, need no gastronomic training of this sort. Instinct teaches them while eating to guide the air, impregnated with the fragrance of the food, to a part of the nostrils different from that used during ordinary exhalation. But, being unaccustomed to psychologic analysis of their sensations, they remain quite ignorant and unconscious of this proceeding, and are, indeed, in the habit of confusing their sensations of taste, smell, touch, and temperature in a most absurd manner. Every sensation experienced inside of the mouth is forthwith seized and labeled as a "taste" without further inquiry into its origin.

In trying to ascertain by experiment how far smell, touch, and temperature enter into this compound sensation, popularly known as "taste," it is best to make use of the pungent condiments. The dictionaries define a condiment as "something used to give relish to food and to gratify the sense of taste." As a matter of fact, condiments have no more concern with the "sense of taste" than with the color blue or the tone of a trombone. What condiments do is to give relish to food—first, by introduc-

ing their own peculiar perfume; secondly, by developing latent odors in the food; or, thirdly, as in the case of pepper, by neutralizing disagreeable "high" odors.

Cinnamon, which is supposed to have a strong, pungent, aromatic "taste," does not, so far as taste proper is concerned, differ from sawdust, except by a faint sweetness. From cloves and other spices it can (except by its shape) be distinguished only by the volatile oils in it which are set free by mastication, and pass with the exhaled air through the nose, where they stimulate the terminal nervous apparatus of touch and smell. Mustard and horse-radish, in the same way, have little or no taste, but reserve their pungent effect for the mucous membrane of the nose during expiration. It is an advantage to know this, for if care is taken to breathe only through the mouth, we need no longer prepare to shed tears every time we help ourselves to the mustard. The pungent quality of mustard, the fiery quality of alcohol and ginger, and the cool sensation in the mouth after eating peppermint, are due to the nerves of touch and temperature, which are commonly classed as one sense, though they are quite as distinct sensations as sight and hearing, or taste and smell. So distinct are they that, whereas it is probable that the sense of sight is a modification or development from the sense of temperature, being an adaptation to faster ether waves; the sense of touch, whose function is the perception of solids, gave rise in successive degrees of refinement to hearing, for the perception of air-waves; to taste, for the discernment of liquid qualities; and to smell, for gaseous qualities.

It follows from the foregoing that what we are in the habit of calling a "taste" is in most cases a compound of smell, taste, temperature, and touch—these four sensations ranking in gastronomic importance in the order in which they are here named.

Temperature seems of greater importance than touch, because we are always anxious to have certain dishes specially hot or cold; while it is a matter of comparative indifference to us whether what we eat is liquid, as soup; semi-solid, as pudding; solid, as meat, or hard, as

candy. Temperature, moreover, is of great importance indirectly through the well-known tendency of heat to develop odors. As for taste and smell, the world has hitherto attached by far the more importance to the former. But it is the object of the present article to dethrone this insolent pretender and to instate the Sense of Smell as chief in the gastronomic hierarchy.

What strikes one most vividly in looking into this matter, is the extreme poverty of the sense of taste as compared with the infinite variety of gastronomic odors. Even if we include the alkaline and the metallic sensations among tastes proper we have only six—the other four being bitter, sour, sweet, and saline. Of course, the alkaline and the metallic have no gastronomic value whatever. Salt, too, is not relished *per se*, except by cows and African savages. The Irishman's definition of salt as "that which spoils the soup if it isn't put in," is the most that can be said for it. A cook is pronounced a bungler if he makes his dishes taste of salt; and it is only when it sacrifices its individuality and helps to bring out the special flavors of other substances that salt is appreciated. As for bitter, it requires no scientific argument to convince any one that it plays no very important *role* among the pleasures of the table. The unsophisticated tongue of children dislikes all bitter substances; and if the jaded sense of adults craves a few bitter things, it is chiefly for the sake of contrast, as a musical ear craves discords. Bellini, the composer, used to stimulate his creative faculties by nibbling alternately at bon-bons and bitter almonds. How much he preferred the candy to the almonds may be inferred from his abhorrence of discords and the cloying sweetness of his melodies. Pilsner beer is bitter, but it would hardly be so popular were not its taste proper veiled by a delicious aroma (*i.e.* odor) of hops and malt.

This leaves us only sour and sweet as the pleasures of taste proper. Yet even with these sensations it is of importance to note that we care but little for them *unless they are allied with fragrance*. Sour, in fact, is in itself a good example of the composite nature of "tastes," for it is generally made up of sensations of

smell and touch, besides taste proper. And what distinguishes one kind of sour from another is not the taste—which varies only in degree of concentration and intensity—but the *accompanying odor*. No one can tell the difference between a lime and a lemon unless some of the fragrance gets into his nose either from within or without. Nothing could be more unappetizing and insipid—*i.e.* unfragrant—than a salad made with ordinary manufactured vinegar, such as most people, in their ignorance, buy of dishonest dealers; whereas if prepared with red-wine vinegar it is delicious, for wine vinegar is fragrant. There are thousands of people who imagine they don't like this most wholesome and succulent dish, who on investigation would find that their aversion is due solely to the unfragrant and injurious "wood" vinegar with which they have been in the habit of dressing their lettuce. All of which goes to show that sour, regarded as a taste merely, has no great gastronomic value.

Our object in cultivating and improving wild cherries, plums, apples, &c., is threefold: (1) to eliminate their bitter qualities; (2) to develop their fragrance; (3) to modify their excessive acidity by accumulating saccharine material in them. Sweetness, in a word, is what is aimed at; for sweetness is the "only original and genuine" pleasure of taste—this overrated sense, which has hitherto been credited with almost all the endless variety of gastronomic delights!

But our indictment does not end here. For great as is the number of sweet things enjoyed by the human palate, even here, in this one stronghold of the sense of taste, does the sense of smell claim at least an equal share of the pleasure. Like sour, sweetness may vary in degree of intensity, but qualitatively, as a taste, it is always one and the same. Between the sweetness of a banana and a melon, honey or maple-sugar, there is no difference, so far as the sense of taste is concerned. Were taste alone to be considered, confectioners might as well close their shops and leave the sale of sugar to grocers; since for plain sugar—*i.e.*, for taste without fragrance, no one cares much, except children; and even children very soon

learn to prefer candy—*i.e.*, sugar perfumed with the aroma of sarsaparilla, wintergreen, vanilla, cloves, cinnamon, strawberries, and other fruit juices, spices, and fragrant herbs.

Among writers on gastronomy, Brillat-Savarin appears to be the only one who had an approximate notion of the very important rôle thus played by the sense of smell. Yet his remarks on the subject, in the "*Physiologie du Goût*," are entirely incorrect. He believed in an infinite variety of *tastes*, and had no idea that, with the exception of bitter, sour, sweet, and their combinations, we owe all our gastronomic pleasures to the olfactory nerves. He even confused the matter still further, by insisting that "every sapid body is necessarily odorous," and that "smell and taste form only one sense, having the mouth as laboratory, with the nose for fireplace or chimney"—two propositions which show that even this high-priest of epicures did not render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.

Yet it is evident that, although he was unable to grasp it definitely, the truth floated vaguely before his mind. And the same is true of several noted psychologists and physiologists. Bain, for instance, remarks that "what we call *relish* is distinct from taste; butter and cooked flesh are relishes; salt and quinine are tastes." Instead of seeing, however, that that which distinguishes a "relish" from a taste is simply its action on the nerves of smell, he tried to find the difference between the two in some peculiar action of relishes on the alimentary canal, owing to its continuity of structure with the tongue.

Pages might be filled with quotations showing that writers, who have made a special study of the senses, are as ignorant as the masses of the gastronomic importance of odors. A few brief references may be cited as specimens. One of the most erudite of modern psychologists, Mr. Sully, speaks, in his latest work, of the "delicate *gustatory* sensibility of wine- or tea-tasters." Horwicz, to whom we owe the best and most complete analysis of the feelings ever made, deliberately speaks of the "taste" of bouillon, milk, coffee, &c., denying that any other sense is concerned in their perception. Mr. Grant

Allen, who has been called the "St. Paul of Darwinism," asserts that with man "smell survives with difficulty as an almost functionless relic;" and Darwin himself tells us that "the sense of smell is of extremely slight service" to man. But it remained for the Bishop of Carlisle to cap the climax, only a few months ago, by informing us that with civilized man the sense of smell "has become nearly extinct."

As long as such extraordinary notions prevail among contemporary students of science and specialists, we can hardly blame Kant for having written, a hundred years ago, that smell is the least "grateful" and indispensable of the senses, and that it is not worth while to cultivate it.

A better knowledge of the facts, however, compels us to urge, on the contrary, that it is of the utmost importance that this sense should be cultivated and its gastronomic function universally recognized. Were this done, the average health and happiness of the community would be increased twenty per cent., or more. For it is no exaggeration to say that not one "cook" in a hundred knows how to cook, nor one person in a hundred how to eat.

Cooking and eating are acts in which practice has made few experts. And why? Simply because it has never been pointed out with sufficient definiteness and emphasis, that everything in these arts depends on the sense of smell. A few gifted mortals, known as epicures, have had an instinctive knowledge of the importance of odors, and the same is true of a few original and immortal cooks. But, among the masses, culinary reform has been exceedingly slow, because everybody has been groping in the dark, and even the epicures and chefs just referred to followed only empirical rules, without understanding the general principle underlying them all, that the proper object of cookery is to preserve and develop the countless delicious perfumes latent in the raw material of food, or to add others, where the food is deficient in natural flavor; and that the object of rational dining is to enjoy these gastronomic perfumes as intensely and as long as possible, on account of the advantages resulting therefrom to health and happiness.

Two obstacles have hitherto stood in the way of culinary reform—the amazing gastronomic indifference of mankind, and the notion that there is something unrefined in the undisguised enjoyment of a meal. Regarding the first point, Sir Henry Thompson rather under- than over-states the case when he remarks that

“Until a tolerably high standard of civilization is reached, man cares more for quantity than quality, desires little variety, and regards as impertinent an innovation in the shape of a new aliment, expecting the same food at the same hour daily, his enjoyment of which apparently greatly depends on his ability to swallow the portion with great rapidity, that he may apply himself to some other and more important occupation without delay.”

The second obstacle, the notion that the indulgence of taste is “an ignoble source of pleasure”—as Mr. Ruskin wrote, in his “Modern Painters,” though he has lived to regret it—is an echo of mediæval asceticism which still resounds in many households. Perhaps the most amusing illustration of it is the well-known story of young Walter Scott, who one day ventured to express his gratification at the excellence of his soup, whereupon his stern parent immediately mixed a pint of water with it to take the devil out of it.

A corollary of this superstition is the notion that there is something exquisitely refined and feminine in the absence of a healthy appetite in a girl. To what an extent unscrupulous mistresses of female seminaries have benefited by this criminal notion is as well known as its consequences in peopling the world with invalid women and their nervous offspring.

These obstacles to gastronomic progress may best be overcome by pointing out in what way an epicurean method of eating benefits our health. For it is well known that genuine epicures are almost invariably hale and manly fellows and jovial companions. The secret of their vitality and vigor lies in this, that they live on the quintessence of food, which escapes most people. In other words they enjoy the full fragrance of every morsel they eat by constantly breathing through the nose. Not that they know this, for even Brillat-Savarin, as we have seen, was ignorant of the true philosophy of the subject. But

they do it unconsciously and *invariably*, and to this they owe their buoyant health, their good looks—for a slight *embonpoint* is preferable to leanness—and their intense enjoyment of their meals, each of which becomes a feast.

There are two ways in which the efforts to extract all its fragrance from a morsel of food benefits the epicure. (1) To make the sensation one of “linked sweetness long drawn out,” it is necessary to keep the morsel in the mouth as long as possible. Now the habit thus formed of eating very slowly is of the utmost importance if the organs of digestion are to be kept in a healthy condition. If farinaceous articles of food are swallowed before the saliva has had time to act on them, they are little better than so much waste material taken into the system; and if meat is not thoroughly masticated, the stomach is overloaded with work which should have been done by the teeth; the result, in either case, being dyspepsia.

It has been plausibly suggested that Mr. Gladstone owes his remarkable physical vigor to certain rules for chewing food which he adopted in 1848, and to which he has adhered ever since. “Previously to that,” we are told, “he had always paid great attention to the requirements of Nature, but at that date he laid down as a rule for his children that thirty-two bites should be given to each mouthful of meat, and a somewhat lesser number to bread, fish, &c.”

(2) Besides this indirect advantage resulting from the effort to get at the fragrant odors of food, there is a still more remarkable *direct* advantage. It is one of the most curious psychologic facts that odors exert a strong influence on our system, either exhilarating or depressing. While an unpleasant odor may cause a person to faint, the fumes of the smelling-bottle will restore him to consciousness. The magic and value of gastronomic odors lies in this, that they stimulate the flow of saliva and other alimentary juices, thus making sure that the food eaten will be thoroughly utilized in renovating the system.

This stimulating effect of gastronomic odors also explains the French saying that the appetite comes while eating,

as well as our habit of reserving sweet-meats, nuts, cheese, &c. for the end of a meal, when rich odors are needed to brace up the flagging appetite. So great and salubrious is the effect of gastronomic odors in stimulating all the glands and functions of the body, that a dinner of savory, fragrant courses may produce in the diner a feeling of warmth and exhilaration, resembling the effects of wine, but with none of the depressing after-effects following excessive indulgence in that liquor. And thus it comes about that the epicure in search of "ignoble pleasure" finds it the source of health and of general contentment with the world.

A few widely prevalent erroneous notions concerning epicures must be corrected in this place. One is that they incline to gluttony and intemperance. But a true epicure would no more dream of taking away the sharp edge of future appetite by over-indulgence than a barber would of opening a tin can with a razor. He weighs his pleasures and pains too nicely to be caught in such vices. Another is that an epicure always needs the choicest delicacies to stimulate his appetite. On the contrary, the art of epicurism consists in the ability to get pleasure out of the most commonplace articles of food, by preparing and eating them properly. Of course, the epicure prefers Chambertin to Maçon, and canvas-back duck to roast goose, for the same reason that he prefers the fragrance of a wood violet to that of a coarse hot-house flower; but, on the other hand, he alone knows what an Oriental rose-garden of magic perfumes may be found in the simplest crust of whole-meal or Graham bread and butter; though ordinary mortals may easily convince themselves of their existence by eating a slice and allowing the exhaled air to pass slowly through the nose.

From an olfactory point of view, it seems, agreeable aliments may be divided into two classes—those which are more fragrant externally, and those which develop superior odors after they are crushed by the teeth or tongue. Strawberries, apples, peaches, have a more refined and flower-like fragrance before they are put in the mouth than after. Cheeses, on the other hand, are

not generally regarded as fragrant until they are being eaten. The odor of Limburger is insupportable to many, who, after they have once courageously smuggled it past the nasal fortress, find it very appetizing and good. But the most curious illustration between exoteric and esoteric odors, so to speak, is the tropical fruit called the durion. Externally it resembles Limburger in having an intensely disagreeable odor, but during mastication it yields "wafts of flavor that call to mind cream-cheese, onion-sauce, brown sherry, and other incongruities," according to Mr. A. R. Wallace, who adds that "the more you eat of it, the less you feel inclined to stop; in fact, to eat durions is a rare sensation worth a voyage to the East to experience." The disagreeable external odor is in this case evidently neutralized by the fragrance that is set free as the fruit is crushed in the mouth.

Any one who will take up a book on the culinary art will be surprised, in the first place, at the frequent references to the odors of the viands; in the second place, at the thought that it has occurred to no one heretofore to generalize and boldly state that the sense of smell plays the first fiddle in the kitchen and the dining-room.

Sir Henry Thompson, for instance, in his admirable work on "Food and Feeding," which should be read in every household, speaks in various places of the "appetizing odors of fresh meat and vegetables" discerned in the national soup of France. He objects to the dried and compressed vegetables, so much used at present, because "all the finest qualities of *scent* and flavor, with some of the fresh juices, are lost in the drying process." In braising, or rational stewing, "the meat becomes impregnated with the odors and flavor of fresh vegetables and sweet herbs." In roasting and broiling the essential thing is to expose the meat to great heat at the very beginning, so as to coagulate the albumen, and prevent the juices and aroma from escaping; then it must be finished under a lower temperature. Frying, too, which is commonly decried as a barbarous method of cooking, because the dishes are apt to be soaked with unpalatable fat, becomes a valuable culinary method if the lard is heat-

ed to about 400 degrees, for then the object plunged into it is immediately surrounded with a delicious crust which keeps *out* the fat, while it keeps *in* the juice and flavor.

The difference between French and English cookery lies chiefly—so far as meat is concerned—in the attitude of the cook regarding the inherent flavor and aroma of the viand. The French are greatly addicted to the habit of disguising the natural flavor of meats with adventitious sauces, the reason being that French meat is often deficient in natural flavor. In England, on the other hand, where the five-year-old mutton and other kinds of meat have a more agreeable and richer flavor of their own, the *chef* best shows his skill by preserving this flavor, which, after all, is more inviting and appetizing than any sauce ever invented by a culinary genius. The French cook, says Sir Henry, "is too often tempted to extend his art to dark-fleshed game, and, seeking to adorn it with new flavors, destroys the original savor and aroma, in which consists the value of the dish."

In dark meats, it should be added, the natural aroma is always richer and more delicate than in white meat, which explains why the selfish epicure of the masculine gender gloats with diabolical glee over the silly fashion which decrees that ladies must be helped to the white meat of fowl. It explains also why the professional gourmet prefers game to poultry; for in game *all* the meat is dark and savory—*i.e.*, fragrant—because birds lead a more active life than domestic fowl, which only have dark meat on those limbs that are actively exercised.

The common notion, however, that all epicures prefer their game in a stage of incipient decomposition is an error. The liking for *haut goût* indicates a morbid condition of the appetite, due to over-indulgence; and no one who excessively pampers his palate can be called a genuine epicure.

There is another kind of *haut goût* which is even more objectionable than that which comes from the microbes in antiquated meats. The great agony endured by deer, &c., that have been hunted until exhaustion overtakes them produces a chemical change in their

meat, similar to that produced by decomposition, and which often makes the meat so "gamey" that it becomes unpalatable and unwholesome. Mutton becomes similarly vitiated if the hide is not taken off the animal immediately after it has been killed.

The fact has just been referred to that epicures prefer game to fowl. On the other hand, they are apt to prefer fowl to the meat of mammals. This is illustrated by the three model *menus* which Brillat-Savarin gives for persons with an income respectively of £200, £600, and £1200. The third *menu* includes nothing but fowl, fish, game, vegetables, and dessert. A greater surprise, however, will be found in the first *menu*—"a dish of *sauerkraut*!" What! the king of French gastronomers recommending a dish which, it is commonly supposed, finds favor only in the palate of a beer-drinking Teuton!

This recommendation of a German dish by a Frenchman is not to be regarded as of trifling import; for it suggests a gastronomic law of great importance. Like other great epicures, Brillat-Savarin was not restricted in his tastes by national peculiarities and prejudices, but willing and eager to honor every piquant or savory dish, no matter whether invented by a Frenchman, a Chinaman, or a Hottentot. Persons whose gastronomic education has been neglected, when travelling, demand exactly the same things they have been accustomed to eat at home. But the foreign cook, not being familiar with those dishes, prepares them badly; so the tourist goes home grumbling at the "wretched foreign cookery." An epicure, on the other hand, is only too glad to get away from the monotony of domestic cookery, and explore a new world of national flavors. He has the courage to try the dishes peculiar to each country, and generally finds them palatable and wholesome, because those the foreign cooks do know how to prepare.

It is from the point of view of variety that gastronomes object to vegetarianism. The idea of voluntarily eliminating one-half of the flavors that delight the palate and maintain the vigor of life, seems to them so preposterous, that they are almost ready to agree with Dr. Beard

that even cannibalism "is certainly far preferable to a purely vegetable diet." However, epicures are too wise to quarrel with vegetarians. For, like other herbivorous animals, vegetarians are harmless, and rarely aggressive; and as they are constantly endeavoring to alleviate their self-chosen martyrdom by discovering new variety in their own field, the omnivorous epicure actually gains an advantage by their existence.

There is one aspect of the question which is of such extreme importance, that it should have received attention long ago. It is possible to combine vegetable and animal flavors, and thus produce an infinite variety of new flavors. I do not refer to the combinations made in the kitchen—as in stews and vegetable soups—but to far more subtle and delicious combinations in the living animal.

It is well-known that many birds and beasts are unpalatable at certain times of the year, owing to the food they eat. On the other hand, it is proven that the canvas-back duck, the most delicious morsel known to mortal palate, owes its exquisite aroma entirely to the so-called wild celery on which it feeds in the Chesapeake Bay; for if the same bird is killed in the State of New York, or in New Jersey, its flavor is not superior to that of other ducks. Again, the flavor of Congo chickens is described by an African tourist as being of peculiar excellence, and he adds, that these chickens are fed almost exclusively on pine-apples.

Why should not the principle here involved be applied in a systematic manner? By rearing poultry and other animals on food of a special fragrance, this quality might be imparted to their meat; and the producers, like certain wine-growers, might make fortunes by securing an international reputation for the excellence of their special "brands." Such original nuances of flavor would not only delight the epicures, but stimulate anew the flagging appetites of invalids, prove a potent weapon in combating the most prevalent of modern disorders—dyspepsia—besides opening a wide field for the exercise of human ingenuity, and creating a new industry.

If we now pass from solid food to liquid beverages, we are everywhere con-

fronted with the evidence that drinking becomes a fine art in proportion as we recognize the fact that the gastronomic essence of each liquid is its aroma—or "bouquet," as it is called in wine, with an instinctive perception of the truth. Let us consider in succession four of our principal beverages—coffee, tea, beer and wine—as illustrations of the gastronomic value of odors.

The commercial value of coffee, an expert tells us, is determined by the amount of the aromatic volatile oil which develops in it in the process of roasting. This aromatic oil is called *cafféone*. But coffee has another active principle, an alkaloid called *cafféine*, which has a strong effect on the vascular and nervous systems, and is used as a medicine. Now the art of making good coffee consists in eliminating, as far as possible, the effects of the *cafféine*, and developing those of the fragrant *cafféone*. To the *cafféine* are due the wakefulness and other disorders resulting from an excessive use of coffee; while the aromatic *cafféone* produces its exhilarating effects by stimulating the nerves of smell, and is therefore not only harmless, but directly beneficial; for it cures headaches, dispels fatigue, and stimulates the torpid nutritive nerves to new life and energy.

The directions given by connoisseurs for the preparation of coffee all bear out the theory that everything depends on the preservation and development of the aroma. Five points are of special importance—(1) Aging:—"By prolonged keeping," says Mr. James Parton, in his excellent article on coffee, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "it is found that the richness of any seeds in this peculiar (aromatic) oil is increased, and with increased aroma the coffee also yields a blander and more mellow beverage." (2) Roasting: "Equally by inefficient and by excessive roasting much of the aroma of the coffee is lost, and its infusion is *neither agreeable to the palate nor exhilarating in its influence*." (3) Grinding: As ground coffee parts rapidly with its odor, "the grinding should only be done when the coffee is about to be prepared;" whereas in many households, to save trouble, it is bought ground, and mixed with mysterious ingredients. (4) Coffee must not be a decoction. "To obtain coffee with a

full aroma it must be prepared as an infusion with boiling water." (5) Quantity: Mr. Parton recommends from an ounce to one and a half of coffee to a pint of the infusion.

Another writer thus explains the fact, that in the domestic circle coffee is so often a bitter failure: "Somehow or other, lovely woman will not stoop to the folly of putting in a whole cup of coffee for two people, 'not for any one.' Coffee must be brewed by man for man."

At a public place the only certain way of getting a cup of pure coffee is to follow the example of the traveller who arrived at an inn and asked the hostess to bring him all the chicory in the house. She did so, whereupon he told her to leave it and go and make a cup of *coffee* for him. Some (economical) people, it is true, assert that they like chicory decoction quite as well as coffee—"a matter of taste," they add. Precisely, of good and bad taste, as usual when this plea is advanced. An Esquimaux who prefers his eggs *à la* Schliemann, would probably offer the same apology. Chicory lacks the soul of coffee—its aromatic oil. Those who drink it with any satisfaction owe this entirely to the cream and sugar with which it is flavoured; and there is reason to suspect that their sense of smell is defective—analogueous to color-blindness and tone-deafness—or at least that it lacks training and sufficient refinement to enable them to appreciate the delicate fragrance of coffee.

Others who *are* able to appreciate real coffee, are too good-natured in accepting anything that is placed before them. In ordering wine or a duck they are particular in specifying what they want; but when it comes to coffee, they allow any one of the thirty-seven known varieties to be placed before them as "Mocha." If they insisted on getting what they paid for, adulteration would be more severely punished, life would gain an added pleasure, and, greatest of all blessings, old maids would be able to meet in the afternoon and discuss the different qualities and ages of their beverage, just as their brothers and fathers do with their vintages.

Tea, although much more easily made than coffee, is still more difficult to get properly prepared, at least in public

places. Not one restaurateur in a hundred seems to know or care what an utter abomination is the opaque, inky fluid, bitter as gall, and devoid of agreeable fragrance, which he sells to unoffending guests. From indolence or ignorance the cook allows the leaves to remain in contact with the hot water for an hour, which is quite as idiotic as it would be to boil them. Tea thus made, instead of being mildly and harmlessly exhilarating, shatters the nervous system, and, if regularly taken, may be as injurious as alcohol in large doses. In making tea the same object is to be aimed at as in making coffee—the elimination of injurious ingredients (theine and tannin), and the preservation of the volatile aromatic oil, on which alone the value of the tea depends. To obtain this aroma, pour the water, just before it begins to boil, on the leaves placed in a heated vessel; let it stand three or four minutes, then pour into the cup and drink it slowly.

As commonly prepared, tea is so bitter and disagreeable that the addition of milk becomes almost necessary to make it palatable. But to put milk or cream into properly prepared tea is to commit an unpardonable gastronomic solecism; not only for the fanciful reason that a chemical compound results from the mixture, resembling the basis of leather, but because the addition of milk disguises the peculiar aroma of the tea, and makes one kind taste almost exactly like another, very much in the same way as French cooks sometimes spoil the natural flavor of fish with their eternal sauces, till you are unable to tell whether you are eating salmon or shark, cat-fish or dog-fish. Sugar, on the other hand, may and should be added to tea. For it makes the taste of the tea more agreeable without in the least interfering with its fragrance. Milk-and-tea soon becomes very insipid to the senses of those who have once accustomed themselves to drink plain tea. Moreover, there is a special enjoyment to be derived from each kind of tea; and how acutely the sense of *smell* can be educated in the art of discriminating teas is shown in the case of professional tea-tasters, who can distinguish not only the country and the locality where the leaves were grown,

but the year and season, and even the ship that brought them across the ocean.

Tea and coffee might be called feminine beverages, inasmuch as the fair sex seem on the whole to be more addicted to their use than men. But for the drink next on our list the female population of most countries does not show such a decided appreciation. The reason commonly given by ladies why they do not like beer is that it is "so bitter;" but the real reason is that women are rarely enabled to drink beer under favorable circumstances. The essence of beer lies in its aromatic gas. If that is allowed to escape the beer tastes stale, flat, and bitter, and gives rise to headaches and indigestion; whereas, with the gas, it is palatable, wholesome, and an aid to digestion. To get it in this state it must be taken from a keg freshly tapped and drunk on the spot without much delay; and since women of the higher classes in this country do not frequent localities where beer is kept on tap, they never have an opportunity to find out how good beer really "tastes," for bottled beer consumed at home is always vastly inferior to keg beer. In Munich, however, which is the paradise of beer-drinkers, women are as fond of beer as the men, because it is considered perfectly proper for the best families to visit the festively illuminated beer-gardens in the evening.

In Munich, too, every mug and glass has a lid to prevent the gas from escaping too rapidly. This gas must not be confounded with the artificial foam which dishonest bar tenders produce in a glass by holding it far below the faucet, a practice which not only compels the guest to pay for half a glass of empty foam, but which allows the real gas to escape prematurely. Every beer glass in Munich has a mark up to which the liquid must reach by a legal enactment, consequently little or no foam is dished up with the beer, and the brewers admit that the best beer has no foam at the top. Waiters, in pouring out bottled beer, invariably make the mistake of holding up the bottle as high as possible so as to get a foam.

From wine and most other drinks beer differs in this, that it must be swallowed in large doses to be fully appre-

ciated. The most confirmed beer-drinker is overcome with nausea if he attempts to empty a glass with a spoon; and under no circumstances should a glass serve for more than three or four swallows. The greatest amount of bliss is apparently vouchsafed to those who can gulp down a whole pint at once. Such magicians are as common as blackberries in Germany; and they often give vent to their satisfaction by a sort of gastronomic grunt—a prolonged *ääh!* The Munich *Fliegende Blätter* once had a picture of an artist sitting in front of a country tavern drinking beer. The host watches him with a look of dissatisfaction, and finally asks: "Don't you like my beer?" "Certainly," replied the artist; "it is very good." "Why, then," retorted the host, "don't you say *ääh!* when you finish a glass?"

After all, however, it would be well if the Germans heeded Bismarck's advice, that wine should become their national drink, instead of beer. Though infinitely preferable to whisky, rum, or gin, as a regular beverage, beer no doubt has a tendency to make its devotees phlegmatic; and in Germany it gives a "beery" or turgid quality to the very style of national literature. Now since, on the other hand, tea is apt to interfere with digestion if taken with meat; and since coffee is, by universal consent, placed at the end of a meal, it follows logically that the proper thing to drink with the dinner is wine. Water might be suggested as an alternative; but water is a fluid which every prudent man must regard with grave suspicion. According to a tradition embodied in a German student song, wine first came into vogue through Father Noah, who objected to drinking of the water in which so many sinful men and beasts had been drowned. Possibly this objection no longer exists in all its primitive force; but modern science is beginning to trace all diseases to the ravages of microscopic organisms which are introduced into our systems in the water we drink. Who knows but that these odious microbes are the very atoms and molecules of the sinful beings that were destroyed during the deluge? Ice does not kill them; on the contrary, it is one of their strongholds; and the daily

drinking of ice-water may be the cause of infecting the system with dire disease incurable.

It is to be regretted that the drinking of ice-water is one of the "Americanisms" which are yearly becoming more prevalent in Europe. In America ice-water is always the first thing a waiter places before you at breakfast, lunch and dinner; and thousands use it as the first course, as if their stomachs were intended as refrigerators for the food following. This absurd habit ruins the digestion and constitution of thousands, and probably does more harm than all the alcoholic liquors condemned by the temperance fanatics. If American women would drink a pint of harmless light claret in place of ice-water, there would be less anæmia and invalidism among them, fewer pale faces and fragile forms. As for the men, in most countries, the brain-workers, at any rate, often need wine, and are benefited by it. They live under artificial conditions, and therefore need artificial aid, since brain-work weakens the stomach—the brain being a sort of parasite of the body, draining the vital powers and supplying none directly. It is astonishing, by-the-way, that no one has ever pointed out the fallacy of the common argument that wine does not benefit the digestion, which is drawn from the fact that in experiments with artificial digestion alcohol seemed rather to retard than to advance it. This is most peculiar logic. The alcohol, in small quantities, aided by the bouquet of the wine, promotes digestion, not by direct chemical action, but by stimulating the nerves to fresh activity, in the same way as we have seen it to be the case with aromatic solid food. In artificial digestion there are no nerves to stimulate; hence the cases are not comparable.

Mr. Matthew Arnold never made a wiser remark than when he wrote that, "Wine—used in moderation—adds to the agreeableness of life—for adults at any rate—and whatever adds to the agreeableness of life adds to its resources and powers." That is the philosophy

of epicurism in a nutshell. Wine, however, should never be taken before work as a stimulus, but only after work, to prevent the brain from morbidly brooding over its problems or troubles, to ensure deep sleep, and to supply the nutritive nerves with extra power.

But the most important thing to remember in drinking wine is, after all, that its essence, its soul, lies in the perfume or "bouquet." On this bouquet the commercial and gastronomic value of wines depend almost entirely. Old wines are as a rule the best, because age mellows their tartness, and intensifies the perfume. Tokay is considered the queen of wines, because, while its percentage of alcohol is smaller even than that of Bordeaux and Burgundy wines, it has a rich and most exquisite bouquet, which the art of the chemist is as powerless to reproduce as the fragrance of a wild violet.

To know how to drink wine is the thing next in importance. It is an art but little understood by the multitude. Unlike beer, it should always be sipped; and the smaller the quantity taken at a time the more delicious will be its fragrance. Dealers in genuine wines (*rara aves*) have a habit of placing before an intending purchaser several samples in small glasses. If he gulps down the whole glass at once, he will in all probability not get the choicest brands; for the dealer justly reasons that would be throwing pearls where they would not be appreciated. Such a drinker is like a tourist, who "does" a whole gallery in the time that should be devoted to a single picture. Epicures allow their Chambertin or Léoville to melt on the tongue, as it were, and roll down the throat slowly, all the while enjoying the fragrance by exhaling through the nose (unconsciously). It should be added, however, that in the case of wine, as of fruit, the external odor is also of much importance. Hence the wider the glass, the larger is the evaporating surface and the more luscious the bouquet.—*Contemporary Review*.

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT AND GEORGE SAND.

BY MRS. ARTHUR KENNARD.

THE genius of each generation chooses instinctively among traditional forms its particular method of expression and the means by which it can most easily influence mankind. It is mainly through the agency of the novel that this end is attained in our portion of the nineteenth century. Forty-two years ago Sainte-Beuve, while singing the requiem of the extraordinarily fertile period that reigned in the intellectual life of France from 1830 to 1840, prophesied that the old forms of art were passing away, and that new ones must arise: "I place my hopes for the future on dramatic literature. In it will be found, I believe, the new development. The theatre, and the theatre alone, can rouse the wearied mind of this generation from its apathy, and give shape and color to the mental speculations now germinating in men's minds."

The great critic failed to see that the new departure was destined to take place in the domain of novel-writing rather than in the domain of the drama, and that not only would the novelist appropriate much of the influence hitherto wielded by the playwright, but would compel the drama to join issue with the novel, as far as theatrical conventions would allow, in its realism and accuracy of finish. Many novels are now dramatized, and many novelists have become writers of plays. Alexandre Dumas, fils, before he was bitten by the desire to occupy the position of tragic moralist, led the way to naturalism on the stage. Emile Augier and Octave Feuillet have both successfully followed in his footsteps. Until, however, the naturalistic millennium, foretold by the new school, has completely descended upon the intellectual world the novel must depend for its effects on motives very different from those which rule dramatic action. The one evolves its story by describing every shade, every gradation, in surroundings and background which influence its personages, while the other is constrained to catch the attention of the public by color, movement, sudden contrasts, and

anomalous situations. "Le Théâtre vit d'exceptions," and our generation, living at high pressure as it does, likes, in its rare moments of repose, to take its doses of philosophy diluted, and its quota of morality in solution. A transcript of ordinary life, as it passes around it, suits its overburdened digestion better than exceptional events or abnormal individualities.

It is to France we must look for the highest development of the modern novel. The French intellect is analytic, quick to seize the phantasies and fashions of the hour and give them expression and shape, sensitive to the ridiculous and to the weaker side of human nature, and gifted with an artistic appreciation of form and proportion which permits its imagination to "vagabond" here and there, yet keeps its work symmetrical and within the limits of probability. The novel on so fruitful a soil has taken every form, socialistic and pathological, pastoral and erudite, political and domestic. No reticence hinders, no moral consideration prevents, the French writer of fiction from touching on any and every subject. Of these classifications, the most arrogant in its pretensions is the so-called "Scientific" or "Experimental" novel, by which, its exponents tell us, "a work of fiction is to be approached like a study in pathology and reduced to the observation of the 'Universal Mechanism of Matter'!"

As the science of medicine, they tell us, has emerged, thanks to the experimental method, from a state of empiricism into the definite region of facts, so the study of mental feeling and passion is to be reduced from theory and supposition to a stern deduction from actuality. The high priests of this school of fiction are Zola, the De Goncourts, Guy de Maupassant, and a host of others in our day; Stendhal, Balzac, and Flaubert, a quarter of a century ago. In 1830 Stendhal (Henri Beyle), with the cynicism and materialism that has since distinguished the naturalistic following, gave forth his confession of

pessimism and atheism to the world with a crudity and explicitness that offended a public accustomed to the vaporous vagueness of De Musset and Baudelaire. "I shall be understood in 1880," he said, with a shrug of the shoulders, divining, with a shrewd comprehension of human nature, that his theory of fiction was the one destined to rule men's minds in the future. *La Chartreuse de Parme* and *Rouge et Noir*, considered by the "Moderns" as occupying a foremost position in French literature, were so disregarded at the time of their publication as to induce their author to shake the dust of his ungrateful country off his feet and spend the last years of his life in Italy. "Arrigo Beyle, Milanese," as he caused himself to be called on his tombstone, was only a little in advance of his time. Already young Balzac had entered upon his prodigious work the *Comédie Humaine*, and had paid a tribute to the memory of his predecessor in an exhaustive article on his literary method. George Sand met the innovator in Italy during her visit to Venice. Being then in the days of her fiery youth, she could not brook his plain speaking, and they parted with indignant words. Before becoming a friend of Flaubert's, she had begun to see the reverse of the medal; though remaining a "troubadour" to the end of her days, singing ideal and romantic love without regard to science or psychology, she listened to those who ranged themselves on the other side.

In the correspondence lately published between her and Flaubert we have a full exposition of this disparity in their views. The letters were never intended for publication, and we quite agree with the critic, M. Brunetière, that the editors have done their work carelessly and hastily; that they have not taken the trouble *de faire leur toilette*; that they have evidently suppressed pages without acknowledging the fact or without deigning to give explanatory notes; and that the dates are in many instances palpably wrong, showing that they cannot have taken the trouble to collate and compare her letters with his. For our part, we are glad the correspondence was published with its "toilet unmade," without the elision of Flaubert's misanthropy, or his strong language on the

subject of the stupidity of mankind. As it stands at present it might be a dialogue between the two artists at "Nohant," or "Croisset"—in her study looking out on the "Vallée Noire," or by "the river that brings fresh breezes to his cavern." They talk without reference either to the public or to professional considerations, or to anything that can check the full flow of confidential and unreserved plain speaking. We hear every phase and point of view of the two intellectual standpoints which they occupy discussed and ventilated. We are shown the stratagems of their craft. We see the ropes and pulleys, the shifting of the scenes, the necessary appearance or non-appearance of the principal figure, the extent to which idealism or realism is required to deceive the audience before which they perform. Sometimes there is a want of sentiment in Flaubert's matter-of-fact manner of discussing the methods of his art which is disturbing to all illusion. He is like a child in a garden pulling up the flowers to see how the roots grow. There is no pretension to fine writing; indeed, one is surprised at the want of fluency displayed by the author of *Mme. Bovary*; yet every now and then he demonstrates the "anatomy" of his art with a rare precision and skill.

His first letter is dated 1866. He was then forty-five, George Sand sixty-two. It is written ceremoniously to thank her for a favorable criticism of some of his work. The next arranges a visit she is to pay him at Rouen. After this visit a constant interchange of letters sets in. The two discuss every subject in art, religion, and literature. They coin words for their own use. She signs herself the old Troubadour, "qui toujours chante et chantera le parfait amour;" he addresses her as "mon bon maître." She rates him on his indolence.

And you, my Benedictine, alone in your charming monastery, working and never going out, that is what comes of travelling too much in your youth; and yet you can do a "Bovary," and describe out-of-the-way corners like a great master. You are a creature quite out of the way, very mysterious, but gentle as a sheep. . . . Sainte-Beuve declares that you are very immoral—perhaps he sees with unclean eyes, like that learned botanist who says the "germander" is a "dirty yellow." The observation is so untrue that I could not help

writing in the margin of his book, "It is your eyes that are unclear." . . . I believe you to be in a state of grace, since you like work and solitude, in spite of the rain.

They differ on every conceivable point, intellectual and moral. After ten years of correspondence, she writes, —

We are, I think, as unlike in our manner of seeing things as it is possible to be; yet, since we love one another, all is well, since we think of one another at the same moment. I conclude people require their opposite. Minds find their completion in identification for a time with elements essentially different to themselves.

As much dissimilarity existed in the origin, birth, and early surroundings of George Sand and Flaubert as in every other particular. Both are striking examples of the laws of heredity so insisted upon by the pathological school of fiction. She had royal and heroic blood in her veins, and reproduced in her fiction the personage of Maurice de Saxe, and women at variance with social laws — as were three of her ancestresses — to the end of her literary career. Gustave was the son of a doctor. The only ray of romance that illumined his bourgeois origin was the friendship subsisting in childhood between his maternal grandmother and Charlotte Corday. He was born at Rouen on December 12, 1821. Reared among the unbeautiful, almost sordid, surroundings of the doctor's home, the boy grew up quiet, reserved, and backward for his age, except in the art of weaving stories out of the everyday occurrences round him. Flaubert's father was a humane man in the best acceptance of the world. "The sight of a suffering dog," his son tells us, "brought tears to his eyes. He performed his surgical operations skilfully nevertheless, and invented some terrible ones." He took the same view of Gustave's literary pursuits as the old Hamburg banker did of his nephew Henri Heine's, "Hätte der dumme Knabe was gelernt, so brauchte er keine Bücher zu schreiben." The boy's freedom was never interfered with, however, and he was allowed to sit reading all day long, his head between his hands. In the strange preface, with its mixture of reserve and effusion, which he wrote to the last poems of his friend Louis Bouilhet, he relates with subtle force of humor

the absurd enthusiasms of their school-boy life at the Alma Mater of Rouen: —

I do not know what the dreams of school-boys are, but ours were splendid in their extravagance. The last ebullitions of romanticism that reached us, circumscribed by our everyday surroundings, brought about a strange excitement. Whilst enthusiastic hearts sighed after dramatic loves, with their accompaniments of gondolas, black masks, and great ladies fainting in post-chaises in Calabria, others dreamt of conspiracies and rebellions. One rhetorician composed an "Apology for Robespierre," which circulated outside the school and led to a duel between the author and a stranger. I remember that one schoolmate wore a red cap; another declared his intention to live as a Mohican; while one of our intimate friends determined to turn renegade and seek service under Abd-el-Kader. We attempted suicide, we meditated every absurdity, but what a hatred of the commonplace! What aspirations, what respect for the masters! How we adored Victor Hugo!

As a young man he was exceptionally handsome, but no woman's love could tempt him from the one constant passion that animated his life. "Je n'ai jamais pu emboîter Vénus avec Apollon," he declared. From his earliest youth he devoted his entire intellectual and physical energy to literature, undermining his health, and ultimately sacrificing his existence to his imperious and exacting mistress. "It is better to get drunk on ink than on eau-de-vie," he answers, when his friend tells him prophetically, "You love literature inordinately; it will kill you."

Infinitely touching is the exhortation with which he ends the preface to Bouilhet's poems, alluded to above: —

Since the public always ask for a moral, here is mine: Are there two young students who spend their leisure moments reading the poets together, who, full of literary ambition, compare words and sentences, indifferent to all else; hiding their passion with the modesty of a young girl — then I give them this advice: Spend the days of your youth in the arms of the Muse; her love replaces all other, and consoles for every loss. Then, if events passing around you seem transposed into shape and form, and you feel imperiously driven to reproduce them, so that everything, even your own existence, seems useless for other purpose, and that you are prepared for all disappointments, ready for all sacrifices, proof against all trials, then I say, "Take the plunge! publish! You will have put your powers to the test, and be able to bear reverses and trials of every kind with equanimity."

In 1843 a cloud came over Flaubert's life. One evening, after a long walk

with his brother, he fell in a fit, which proved to be epileptic. From that time he was subject to frequent similar attacks. His father did what he could for him, but medical skill seemed powerless. Flaubert himself studied every medical work upon the subject, but to no purpose. "I am a lost man," he said one day to a friend. "Fêlé, si fêlé est le mot juste, car je sens le contenu qui fuit," is his tragic lament, at a later period, to George Sand.

The attacks ceased in middle life, but recurred in later years, until one day he fell dead on his study table, strewn at the time with books of reference and the manuscript of a new novel.

The correspondence which is before us shows how this affliction was present to his mind at all times. In studying his literary work the recollection of his impaired health must never leave us, for there is no doubt it accounts for the intense gloom that pervades it. "The saddest mourning is not the one we wear upon our hats," as he says.

Toward the end of the year 1849 Flaubert finished the *Tentation de Saint Antoine*, and read it aloud to Du Camp and Bouilhet. The reading lasted thirty-two hours (eight hours a day for four days). His friends were in a predicament. Neither ventured to tell him his work was hopelessly dull. At length Bouilhet plucked up courage. "Mon cher," he said, "we think you ought to put that book in the fire, and not think any more about it." Flaubert took his friends' advice so far as not to publish *Saint Antoine* until long after in a completely different form. Out of this incident, however, arose one of the most important events in his history, and indeed in the history of the French literature of the day. Bouilhet, after his frank advice, suggested the subject which Flaubert gave form to in *Mme. Bovary*. Bouilhet had heard the story in Rouen. Charles Bovary had been an old pupil of Flaubert's father, and all the main incidents were taken from the life:—the young girl married to a plain, uninteresting husband; the crime, the misery, the debts; ending with the wife's suicide and the man's death, after discovering his wife's infidelity;—nothing can be imagined more tragic than the subject, nothing more cruelly

realistic than Flaubert's treatment of it. The very supplementary title, *Mœurs de province*, startles us by its cynicism and bitterness.

So base, so mean, so vulgar are the manners and minds of the people whom he describes, that we feel inclined, a dozen times during the reading of the book, to lay it aside disheartened and irritated, and a dozen times we are charmed back again by the marvellous descriptions and touches of realism in which it abounds. There are days on the coast of his own Normandy that remind one of its pages—days dark and stormy, when the sea breaks with a ceaseless, mournful sound. You look round in vain for a bright spot in the leaden sky; when, suddenly, a flash of lightning reveals a whole landscape undreamed of before.

Both the public and private history of *Mme. Bovary* form curious episodes in the history of literature. On its publication in 1857, the Second Empire, like all governments who attain to power with not very clean hands, wished to show the extreme orthodoxy of its moral and religious views, and endeavored to suppress the book. The lawsuit that followed it was vehemently attacked by the counsel for the prosecution, and eloquently defended by M. Sénart for the defence. The acquittal of the author was obtained with difficulty; yet he was more than compensated by the publicity given to the book, and by its extraordinary and unprecedented success.

Its private history has been revealed by Guy de Maupassant. After five years of incessant labors Flaubert entrusted his manuscript to his friend Maxime Du Camp, who passed it on to Laurent-Pichat, editor of the *Revue de Paris*. Soon after, Maxime wrote to Flaubert to the effect that he and Laurent-Pichat, having read it, recommended him to allow them to cut out and shorten, as they saw fit, for publication in the *Revue*. They would concede him the right to publish it subsequently in any form he might like. If he did not consent to this proposal, he was told that by the publication of a book overweighted with detail and involved in style, he would hopelessly compromise his literary reputation.

Be courageous [this remarkable letter ends];

shut your eyes during the operation, and have confidence, if not in our talent, at least in the experience we have acquired in dealing with affairs of this sort, and also in our affection for you. You have buried your story under a mass of matter artistic but useless. It must be unearthed. We will have this done under our own supervision by an experienced and skilful hand; not a word shall be added to your copy—only portions cut out. It will not cost you more than a hundred francs, which can be deducted from your royalties, and you will have published a really good book instead of an indifferent one.

This letter was found religiously preserved among Flaubert's papers, with the one word "Gigantesque" written on it. He submitted to the operation, for a copy of the first edition of the book was found on which was written:—

This copy represents my book as it left the hands of *Sieur Laurent-Pichat*, poet, and proprietor of the *Revue de Paris*.—GUSTAVE FLAUBERT, 20th April, 1857.

The alterations were noteworthy. Each page was covered with erasures; paragraphs, entire pieces were cut out; almost all the original and striking passages ruthlessly expurgated. Flaubert at once took it out of their hands and published it in its entirety. Both the public prosecution and the private negotiation with *Maxime Du Camp* did much to embitter his views of "la bêtise humaine." "When a man's got his limbs whole he can bear a smart cut or two;" but neither Flaubert's limbs nor his mind were whole.

In his *Opinions de Thomas Grandorge* Taine describes a dinner at which a young diplomat, seated beside a stiff Evangelical Englishwoman, attempts to defend French novels from the charge of immorality brought against them:—

"Miss Mathews, you judge us severely because you have not read us. Permit me to send you a French novel to-morrow, just published, the profoundest and most soul-stirring of all the moral writings of our time. It is written by a kind of monk, a Benedictine, who went to the Holy Land, and was even shot at by the infidels. This monk lives secluded in a hermitage near Rouen, shut up night and day, working incessantly. He is very learned, and has published a work on ancient Carthage. He ought to be in the Academy: it is to be hoped he will succeed *Mgr. Dupanloup*. Not only is he full of genius, but so conscientious. He studied medicine for some time under his father, who was a doctor, and judges character by physique. If he has a fault, it is that he is too profound, too laborious to please frivolous readers. His end and object is to warn young

women against indolence, vain curiosity, and indiscriminate reading. His name is Gustave Flaubert, and his book is called 'Mme. Bovary; or, the Results of Bad Conduct.'" Miss Mathews looked pleased, asked the name of the editor: "I will," she said, "translate the book immediately on my return to London, and we will distribute it through the Wesleyan society for the advancement of morality."

Flaubert had no intention of "showing the results of bad conduct" in *Mme. Bovary*. "Art for art" was his axiom; but like all true artists he was forced, in spite of himself, into "preaching a moral." He had lived long enough in the world to know its sorrows, and to know that deepest tragedy of all, unlawful, cruel, sensual love; and therefore he wrote the story of *Emma Bovary*, with its pitiful ending. He abstains from judging the conduct of his characters, but sees life through a glass darkly, and represents it so to his readers. His theory was that a novel ought to be a philosophical transcript of life, dispassionately and faithfully done, uninfluenced by the sentiment or bias of the author. "If the reader does not without help discover the moral of a book," he observes, "either the reader is a fool, or the book is false and inexact."

I do not write [he declares to George Sand] "about the misery of the world" for pleasure, believe me; but I cannot change my eyes! As to my "having no convictions"—alas! convictions smother me. I burst with internal rage and indignation. But in the ideal I have of art, I think one ought not to show one's convictions; the artist ought no more to appear in his work than God in nature. Man is nothing; the work everything. This discipline, which may start from an entirely erroneous basis, is not easy to observe, and, so far as I am concerned, it is a sort of permanent sacrifice that I make to good taste. I would like to say what I think, and to comfort the *Sieur Gustave Flaubert* by phrases; but what is the importance of said *Sieur*?

They both of them in their letters hark back to this vexed question, a vital one between the romantic and the realistic schools, whether the artist's individuality ought to appear in what he writes. "As to giving expression to my personal opinion of the people I put on the stage," Flaubert declares, "No, a thousand times no. . . . I have an unconquerable dislike to put anything of my heart on paper." Her answer, dated Nohant, February 2, 1863, says:—

To put nothing of one's heart in one's writing? I do not understand such a statement. It seems to me impossible to put anything else. Can I separate my mind from my heart? Can sensation be limited? Not to give myself up entirely to my work seems to me as impossible as to cry with anything but my eyes and to think with anything but my brain. What do you really mean? You will tell me when you have time.

Again, speaking of the novels they were going to set to work at in 1875, she says:—

What shall we do? You for certain will portray "desolation," and I "consolation." I do not know what influences our destinies. You see your characters as they pass, you criticise them; from a literary point of view you abstain from appreciating them, you content yourself with painting them, hiding your personal bias carefully and systematically. Still, it is visible through your work, and you only make people who read you more sad. I wish to make them less unhappy. I cannot forget that my personal victory over despair was the work of my will and of a new method of comprehension which is the complete opposite of that which I held formerly.

I know you blame the intervention of the doctrine of personality in literature.

Are you right? Is it not rather a want of conviction than an æsthetic principle? It is impossible to have a philosophy in the soul without its showing itself. I have no literary counsels to give you. I believe firmly your school have more talent and power of work than I have. Only I think theirs and your great want is a settled and wide view of life. Art is not only portrayal, and real painting must be always full of the soul that rules the brush. Art is not only criticism and satire; criticism and satire only paint one side of truth.

I wish to see man as he is. He is neither good nor evil; he is good and evil; but he is something yet more—a soul! Being good and bad, he has an internal force which leads him to be very bad and a little good, or very good and a little bad.

In this discussion, as in almost all they hold, "George Sand is right, and Flaubert is not wrong." She allowed her personality to appear to an overweening extent. She never wrote a novel that was not an account of one of her own love affairs or an exposition of some of her social or socialistic ideas, while he was impersonal and impartial to an unsympathetic and depressing degree. His characters submit to circumstances. They never mould them to their will. There is little doubt this is what constitutes the immorality of *Mme. Bovary* and although never alluded to in the prosecution it is this fatalism, or,

as the school call it, "determinism," which instinctively filled moralists and ecclesiastics with dread. So you are made, and so you must act. Providence has developed your sensual appetites, therefore it is useless to resist them. If Emma Bovary does not yield to Léon, it is not from a moral effort to save herself, but because she is not ripe for the fall; and afterward there is no passionate regret for sin, no endeavor to lift herself out of the degradation, no compunction even on account of her child. And when at the end she commits suicide, it is not from remorse for the ruin she has brought on all around her; but because it is the only possible means of escape from her own difficulties. All the exhilaration of human struggle and endeavor is ruthlessly eliminated.

Flaubert was above all an artist, nothing but an artist, and one of those artists in whom two or three predominant faculties absorbed and ended literally in annihilating the others. The result was that he understood nothing of the world, or of life, but that "which could help to the completion of his own artistic individuality," "sa consommation personnelle." He recognized nothing else. He was the head of the school of art designated "L'art pour l'art." He did not admit that any æsthetic creation should have any object but itself and its own completion. He had too great a contempt for his fellow-men to endeavor to improve them. His pessimism would have deterred him from any utilitarian tendency.

"Art," he wrote, "must be self-sufficing, and must not be looked on as a means."

The end and aim of art for me is beauty. I remember my heart beating, with acute delight, as I looked at a wall of the Acropolis, a perfectly plain wall (the one on the left on the ascent to the Propylea). I wonder if a book independently of what it says can produce the same effect? In the precision of arrangement, the rarity of material, the polish of its surface, the harmony of the completed work, is there not intrinsic merit?—a sort of divine force, something eternal, like a great principle?

The one thing that seemed to him enduring and absolute in his life made up of delusions and disappointments was form and beauty of expression. A well-proportioned sentence presented an

indestructible and complete force to his senses that was as concrete and exact as the resolution of a problem to a mathematician.

When one knows how to attract the whole interest of a page on one line, bring one idea into prominence among a hundred others, solely by the choice and position of the terms that express it; when one knows how to *hit* with a word, one only word, placed in a certain position; when one knows how to move a soul, how to fill it suddenly with joy, or fear, or enthusiasm, or grief, or rage, by putting an adjective under the reader's eye, then one is really the greatest of artists, a real writer of prose.

There is something pathetically comic in the way he struggles with his composition—

I pass weeks without exchanging a word with a living being, and at the end of the week I cannot recall a single day or a single event. I see my mother and my niece on Sundays, that is all. My only society consists of a band of rats who make an infernal row in the garret above my head, when the water does not gurgle and groan and the wind blow. The nights are as black as ink, and a silence like that of the desert reigns around me. Such an existence reacts on the nerves. My heart beats at the least thing.

All this is the result of our intellectual occupations. This is what comes of torturing body and soul; but that torture is the only thing worth having in the world.

You astound me [George Sand replies] with the difficulty you find in your work. Is it coquetry? You show it so little! My great difficulty is to choose between the thousand and one scenic combinations, which can vary *ad infinitum* the simple situation. As to style, I treat it much more cavalierly than you. The wind plays on my old harp as it pleases: high or low, loud or soft. It is all the same to me, so long as the emotion is there. Yet I cannot evolve anything out of myself. It is the "other" who sings as he lists, well or ill. And when I try to think about it, I get frightened, and tell myself that I am nothing, nothing at all.

A certain amount of philosophy saves us from despondency. Suppose we are really nothing but instruments, it is a delightful state, and a sensation unlike anything else to let yourself vibrate.

Let the wind rush through your chords. I think you take too much trouble, and that you ought to let the "other" influence you oftener. The instrument might sound weak at times, but the breath of inspiration continuing would increase in strength. Then you could do afterward what I don't do, but what I ought to do—you would raise the tone of color of your picture, putting in more light or shade.

He had the faults as well as the merits of an artist. Toward the end of his life his exclusiveness and impatience

with commonplace humanity became predominant, often to the deterioration of his good heart and liberality of mind. It is not without a pained feeling of surprise, for instance, that we see a Frenchman writing in 1867, "At the last Magny dinner the conversation was so 'boorish' that I swore internally never to go again. They talked of nothing but 'M. Bismarck and the Luxembourg.' I was sick of it." This ebullition was perfectly sincere. He did not understand that among literary people and artists a conversation could turn on politics. Politics, as he thought, were outside of and almost antagonistic to art. Man is made for art, and not art for man; "La sacro-sainte littérature" is the only thing of any importance in life; everything else is but unmeaning and vulgar. Such is his estimate of men and things.

As a natural consequence of this extreme literary fastidiousness Flaubert declared that the artist ought only to work for a chosen few, and that the crowd for him did not exist. We can imagine how antagonistic this was to all George Sand's views of work and life. "We novelists must write for all the world, for all who need to be initiated. When we are not understood, we are resigned to the inevitable and begin again. When one is understood, one rejoices and goes on." And then she says, later on, "You can hardly be accurate in saying that you write to please a dozen people, for failure irritates and affects you." She knew that, like many others when Flaubert succeeded, he did not find humanity so stupid, nor the public so dense; but also, that when he did not succeed, instead of trying to find out the reason, he declared it was a cabal, or prejudice, or jealousy. This incapacity of submitting to the mildest criticism did not arise so much from wounded vanity as from his incapacity to see that his work could have been conceived or executed in any other method than that in which he had conceived and executed it.

This exclusiveness, as far as the outside public was concerned, did not extend to his own circle of intimates. Guy de Maupassant has given us an interesting glimpse of his Sunday receptions in Paris in his bachelor apartments on the

fifth floor. His intimate friend, Ivan Tourguénieff, "le Muscove," was often the first to arrive. He would sink into a chair and begin speaking slowly and softly, but with an intonation that gave the greatest charm to all he said. He was generally laden with foreign books, and would translate the poems of Goethe, Pouschkine, or Swinburne as he read. He and Flaubert had many sympathies and ideas in common. Others soon followed: Taine, his eyes shining behind his spectacles, full of information and talk; then Alphonse Daudet, bringing the life, the vigor, the brightness of Paris, making jokes and telling stories with the sing-song voice and quick gestures of a southerner, shaking his black hair from his handsome, finely cut face, and stroking his long silky beard. George Sand, when in Paris, would sometimes join the circle. In her coarse, black serge gown, made perfectly plain without crinoline or trimming, her hair cut short, looking as like the "troisième sexe," to which Flaubert compared her, as possible, with a nod for all and a shake of the hand for a favored few who crowded round, she also would sit down, and after the cigars were handed round, of which she partook, the talk began. Not a conversation, perhaps, which M. Taine would have recommended his imaginary Evangelical lady to listen to, or a society he would have recommended her to mix in; but interesting as all societies are interesting in which the yeast of speculative thought is working. Such was the moment, his biographer says, to see Flaubert. With grand gestures, moving from one to the other of his guests, his long dressing-gown blown out behind him like the dark sail of a fishing-boat, full of excitement, indignation, vehement expression of opinion, of overflowing eloquence, his voice like a trumpet, his good-natured laugh; amusing in his indignation, charming in his good-nature, astounding in his erudition and surprising memory, he would terminate a discussion with a profound and pertinent remark, rushing through the centuries with a bound to compare two facts of the same genus, two men of the same race, two religions of the same order, from which, like flints struck together, he kindled a light.

Since, as Flaubert says, the public "will have a moral," what conclusion do we come to between these two great artists? Is idealism or realism to be the issue of true art? Is the primitive, often discordant and painful tune evolved by the human instrument to be transcribed by the hand of the artist without comment or addition? Or is it the mission of great art, by the aid of counterpoint and modulation, to give us a symphony which, from gradation to gradation, through unison and dissonance will lead us up to wider planes of sensation and knowledge? Either side argues, as we have seen, from its own standpoint. But after all the best test of art must be its results. And what are the results of Flaubert's tenet of "art for art"?

Zola, who has formulated the axioms of his school more boldly than any, says, alluding to some coarse stories that had been made in *Gil Blas*, a low Parisian paper:—

Not that I blame the inspiration of them, for did I do so I should but blame Rabelais, La Fontaine, and many others I think highly of; but in truth these stories are too badly written. That is my only reason for condemning them. An author is guilty if his style is bad. In literature this is the one unpardonable crime. I do not see any other question of immorality. A well-turned phrase is a good action.

The pathological or scientific method of romance-writing has brought us to the present school of French realistic novel, of which one would be sorry even to write down the name of one of the productions. We are surprised indeed that so artistic and analytic a race as the French can accept the term "scientific novel." We have heard the theories of science ironically called a fiction, but it is difficult to see how fiction can be erected into a science. The knowledge of a scientific student of medicine remains empirical until, by amassing a number of facts, and carrying out a large number of experiments, he makes it actual. This, the writer of fiction, by the nature of his art, which ties him to the treatment of one set of facts, is precluded from doing. Flaubert himself says:—

In spite of all the genius brought to bear on the development of one fable taken as an example, another fable can be made use of to prove the contrary, for "dénouements" are

not conclusions. You cannot deduce general principles from one fact, and people who think they are making a step forward in that direction are at issue with modern science, which insists on the multiplication of facts before establishing a law.

The art of fiction is entirely governed by personality. It is a spontaneous effort of the creative faculty, and has nothing in common with the conclusions of natural phenomena, in which nothing can be created. We stop the new school, then, at the science of sociology, keystone of their edifice; for sociology is a study of humanity in the aggregate, while the novel must essentially be a study of humanity in the individual.

Flaubert had the misfortune to promulgate many theories, and unfortunately to be accepted literally by an inferior set of thinkers. We had a right to ask bread of such a genius as he, and he has given us a stone; but the pessimism, that like a canker has eaten into Flaubert's work, is farther to seek than in his own personality or that of his followers. Frenchmen are dreamers of dreams. Their genius ever endeavors to scale the heavens. The Revolution had awakened hopes and ambitions it had never been able to fulfil. Full of feverish restlessness they had fought and apparently conquered Europe under the leadership of Napoleon. When he disappeared the whole fabric tumbled to pieces like a pack of cards. They were cast back on themselves to feed on their disillusionment; hence a morbid cynicism and bitter atheism permeated all classes, finding expression in Alfred de Musset's *Rolla*, in Balzac's *Comédie Humaine*, and later in Gustave Flaubert's *Mme. Bovary*. The third Napoleon endeavored to follow in the footsteps of his uncle; we know with what result. Deceived a second time, the gloom of pessimism seems to have descended on the young school of realists more impenetrably than ever. Their critics laugh at them; recommend "douches," "iron," "devotion to domestic duties," or repeat Voltaire's celebrated advice to the pessimists of his time, "cultivez votre jardin." The evil exists, and is undermining all vigorous thought and artistic endeavor in France. "Le monde Latin s'en va," Flaubert writes to George Sand; but at the same time he hardly recognizes

the superior robustness of those gentlemen (the Germans) who smash mirrors in white kid gloves, know Sanscrit, drink one's champagne, but who, he is obliged to confess naively, took nothing from La Croisette but a "needle-case and a pipe." George Sand had inherited some of the Koenigsmarck blood, and with it a healthier, robuster texture of mind, which, had she been a man, subjected to the same scientific and practical bringing up as Flaubert, would have made a greater artist.

The individual named George Sand is well [she writes toward the end]; he is enjoying the wonderfully mild winter that reigns in Berry, is gathering flowers, making botanical discoveries, sewing dresses and mantles for his daughter-in-law, costumes for marionettes, arranging theatrical decorations, dressing dolls, reading music, and playing with little Aurore, the most wonderful child on the face of the globe. There is no one calmer or more happy in his domestic surroundings than this old troubadour retired from business, who sings from time to time his little romance to the moon, without particularly caring whether he sings well or ill so long as he speaks what passes through his brain, and who the rest of the time idles delightfully. It has not been so well with him all his life; he was stupid enough to be young once; but as he did not do any ill, or know bad passions, or live for personal vanity, he is happy enough to be quiet and find amusement in everything.

Alexandre Dumas describes her in her old age wandering about her garden in a broad-brimmed hat. She was gathering impressions, he says, absorbing the universe, steeping herself in nature; and at night she would give this forth as a sort of emanation. George Eliot recognized her greatness in spite of the prejudice that existed in England against the author of *Lelia*. "I don't care," she says, "whether I agree with her about marriage or not—whether I think the design of her plot correct, or that she had no precise design at all, but began to write as the spirit moved her, and trusted to Providence for the catastrophe—which I think the more probable case. It is sufficient for me, as a reason for bowing before her in eternal gratitude to that 'great power of God manifested in her,' that I cannot read six pages of hers without feeling that it is given to her to delineate human passion and its results, and (I must say in spite of your judgment) some of the moral instincts and their tendencies, with such

truthfulness, such nicety of discrimination, such tragic power, and, withal, such loving, gentle humor, that one might live a century with nothing but one's own dull faculties and not know so much as those six pages will suggest."

We cannot resist giving two more extracts from her letters. She writes to Gustave Flaubert from Nohant, January 15, 1870 :—

Here I am at home, tolerably convalescent, except an hour or two every evening; but that will pass away in time. "The suffering, or he who endures it," as my old curé used to say, "cannot endure for ever."

I received your letter this morning, dear friend. Why do I care for you more than many others, even more than old and tried friends? I am trying to find out, for the attitude of my mind at this moment is that of him—

" — qui va cherchant,
Au soleil couchant,
Fortune ! "

Yes, intellectual fortune, *light*! There is no doubt, when we grow old and reach the sunset of life (the finest hour for tones and harmonies of color), we form new ideas of everything, and above all of affection.

When, in the age of vigor and strong personality, we advance toward friendship timorously and tentatively, feeling the ground of reciprocity, one feels solid oneself, and would wish to feel the solidity of that which bears you. But when the intensity of personality has gone, we love people and things for those qualities which they themselves possess, for that which they represent to the eyes of your mind, and not for the possible influence they may exert on your life. They become like a picture or a statue that we wish to possess, when we imagine at the same time a beautiful dwelling in which to place it.

I have traversed the green plains of Bohemia without amassing anything. I have remained foolish, sentimental, a "troubadour." I know it will ever be the same, and that I shall die without hearth or home. Then I think of the statue, the picture—and say to myself, What would I do with them if I possessed them? I have no place of honor to put them in, and I am content to know that they are in some temple unprofaned by cold analysis, too far off to be looked at too closely. One loves them all the better, perhaps, and says to oneself, "I will pass again through the country where they are. I will see and love all that has made me love and appreciate them, but the contact of my personality will not have changed them. It will not be myself I will love in them."

Thus it is that the ideal that one has given up endeavoring to incorporate, incorporates itself in us, because it remains itself. That is

the whole secret of beauty, truth, and love, of friendship, enthusiasm, and faith. Think it over, and you will agree with me.

To the last she is to do battle for her opinions. Two months before her death, she writes :—

Because Zola's *Rougon* is a valuable work I do not change my opinion. Art ought to be the search for truth, and truth is not the mere portrayal of evil and good. A painter who only sees the one is as wrong as he who only sees the other. Life is not made up of villains and brutes. Honest people cannot even be in a minority, since a certain order reigns in society, and there are no unpunished crimes.

Stupidity abounds, it is true, but there is a public conscience that influences stupid people and obliges them to respect right. Let rascals be shown up and punished—that is just and moral; but let us see the other side also. Otherwise the unthinking reader is shocked, frightened, and, to save himself from a disagreeable impression, refuses to listen.

His letter in reply to the last of the series ends, "You have always done me good, intellectually and morally. I love you tenderly."

And so ends this delightful artistic dialogue, from which indeed we would gladly have given other extracts had space allowed of our doing so.

In an interesting essay of Hazlitt's he discusses what characters he would rather have met, and under what circumstances. He suggests a gossip at their club with Addison and Steele, a dinner with Johnson and Burke, a supper with Charles Lamb. I would add a morning spent with George Sand in her garden at Nohant, when age had modified her views and matured her judgment. While the world "scolded and fought" she remained an enthusiast, a believer in good, a troubadour singing ideal art and love. Through all her correspondence there is no trace of vanity, selfishness, or jealousy of others' fame; but, on the contrary, a generous carelessness, a courage and independence which are rare in the greatest of her sex. She touches every subject, often superficially and inaccurately; but her brain is ever active, ever bright, full of hope, aspiration, and the impetuous desire for good.—*Nineteenth Century*.

ECONOMIC SOCIALISM.

BY PROFESSOR SIDGWICK.

OBSERVERS of the current drift of political thought and practice, however widely they may diverge in their judgments of its tendencies, appear to be generally agreed upon one point—viz., that Socialism is flowing in upon us with a full tide. Whether, like M. de Laveleye, they regard this phenomenon complacently as a "good time coming," or whether, with Mr. Spencer, they hold that what is coming is "slavery," they seem to have no doubt that the political signs are pointing to a great extension of governmental interference in the affairs of private members of the community. And a second point on which they appear to agree is that this socialistic movement—as it is often called—is altogether opposed to "orthodox political economy;" that the orthodox political economist teaches us to restrict the intervention of Government on all the lines on which the socialistic movement aims at extending it. The object of the present paper is not to argue directly for or against any proposed governmental interference, but to reduce to its proper limits the supposed opposition between orthodox political economy and what is vaguely called socialistic, or semi-socialistic, legislation. I admit that the opposition really exists to some extent; and, so far as it exists, I am—for the most part—on the side of orthodox political economy; but I think that the opposition has been dangerously and misleadingly exaggerated for want of a proper distinction of the different grounds on which different kinds of governmental interference are reasonably based.

I will begin by stating briefly the general argument by which orthodox political economy seeks to show that wealth tends to be produced most amply and economically in a society where Government leaves industry alone;—that is, where Government confines itself to the protection of person, property, and reputation, and the enforcement of contracts not obtained by force or fraud, leaving individuals free to produce and transfer to others whatever utilities they

may choose, on any terms that may be freely arranged. The argument is briefly that—assuming that the conduct of individuals is generally characterized by a fairly intelligent and alert pursuit of their private interests—regard for self-interest on the part of consumers will lead to the effectual demand for the commodities that are most useful to society, and regard for self-interest on the part of producers will lead to the production of such commodities at the least cost. If any material part of the ordinary supply of any commodity *A* were generally estimated as less adapted for the satisfaction of social needs than the quantity of another commodity *B* that could be produced at the same cost, the demand of consumers would be diverted from *A* to *B*, so that *A* would fall in the market value and *B* rise; and this change in values would cause a diversion of the efforts of producers from *A* to *B* to the extent required. On the other hand, the self-interest of producers will tend to the production of everything at the least possible cost; because the self-interest of employers will lead them to purchase services most cheaply, taken account of quality, and the self-interest of laborers will make them endeavor to supply the best paid—and therefore most useful—services for which they are adapted. Thus the only thing required of Government is to secure that every one shall be really free to buy the utility he most wants, and to sell what he can best furnish.

If the actual results of the mainly spontaneous organization by which the vast fabric of modern industry has been constructed do not altogether realize the economic ideal above delineated, they at any rate exhibit, on the whole, a very impressive approximation to it. The motive of self-interest does, I hold, work powerfully and continually in the complex manner above described; and I am convinced that no adequate substitute for it, either as an impulsive or as a regulating force, has as yet been found by any socialistic reformer. Still, the universal practice of modern civilized

societies has admitted numerous exceptions to the broad rule of *laissez faire* with which the argument above given concludes ; and it seems worth while to classify these exceptions, distinguishing as clearly as possible the principles on which they are based, in order that, in any novel or doubtful case, we may at least apply the appropriate general considerations for determining the legitimacy of the exception, and not be misled by false analogies.

Let us begin by marking off a class of exceptions with which political economy, as I conceive it, is only indirectly or partially concerned ;—exceptions which are due to the manifest limitations under which abstract economic theory is necessarily applied in the art of government. Thus, in the first place, the human beings with whom economic science is primarily concerned,—who, in the general argument for *laissez faire*, are assumed to be capable of a sufficiently alert and careful regard for their private interests,—are independent adults. The extreme advocate of *laissez faire* does not extend this assumption to children ; hence the need of governmental interference to regulate the education and employment of children has to be discussed on principles essentially different from those on which we determine the propriety of interfering with the industry of adults. It is, no doubt, a very tenable proposition that parents are the best guardians of their children's interests, but it is quite a different proposition from that on which the general economic argument for industrial non-interference is based—viz., that every one is the best guardian of his own interests ; and the limitations within which experience leads us to restrict the practical application of the two principles respectively differ to an important extent.

But secondly, what the political economist is primarily concerned with is the effect on the *wealth** of the community caused by interference or non-interference ; but we all agree that from the statesman's point of view considerations of wealth are not decisive ; they are to

be subordinated to conditions of physical or moral well-being. If we regard a man merely as a means of producing wealth, it might pay to allow a needle-grinder to work himself to death in a dozen years, as it was said to pay some American sugar-planters to work their slaves to death in six or eight ; but a civilized community cannot take this view of its members ; and the fact that a man will deliberately choose to work himself to death in a dozen years for an extra dozen shillings a week is not a decisive reason for allowing him to make the sacrifice unchecked. In this and similar cases we interfere on other than economic grounds : and it is by such extra-economic considerations that we justify the whole mass of sanitary regulations ; restrictions on the sale of opium, brandy, and other intoxicants ; prohibitions of lotteries, regulation of places of amusement ; and similar measures. It is, no doubt, the business of the political economist to investigate the effects of such interference ; and, if he finds it in any case excessively costly, or likely to be frustrated by a tenacious and evasive pursuit of private interest on the part of persons whose industry or trade is interfered with, he must direct attention to these drawbacks ; but the principles on which the interference is based carry him beyond the scope of his special method of reasoning, which is concerned primarily with effects on wealth.

This last phrase, however, suggests another fundamental distinction to which attention must be drawn. We have to distinguish effects in the *production* of wealth from effects on its *distribution*. The argument for *laissez faire*, as given above, dealt solely with its tendency to promote the most economical and effective production of wealth : it did not aim at showing that the wealth so produced tends to be distributed among the different classes that have co-operated in producing it in strict accordance with their respective deserts. On this latter point there has, I think, always been a marked difference between the general tone of English political economists and the general tone of leading continental advocates of *laissez faire*, of whom Bastiat may be taken as a type. Bastiat and his school do boldly

* I use the term wealth for brevity ; but I should include along with wealth all purchased utilities—whether “embodied in matter” or not—so far as they are estimated merely at their value in the market.

attempt to show that the existing distribution of wealth—or rather that which would exist if Government would only keep its hands off—is “conformable to that which ought to be;” and that every worker tends to get what he deserves under the economic order of unmodified competition. But the English disciples of Adam Smith have rarely ventured on these daring flights of optimistic demonstration: when (*e.g.*) Ricardo talked of “natural wages,” he had no intention of stamping the share of produce so designated as divinely ordered and therefore just; on the contrary, a market-price of labor above the natural price is characteristic, in Ricardo’s view, of an “improving society.” And, generally speaking, English political economists, however “orthodox,” have never thought of denying that the remuneration of workers tends to be very largely determined by causes independent of their deserts—*e.g.*, by fluctuations in supply and demand, from the effects of which they are quite unable to protect themselves. If our economists have opposed—as they doubtless have always opposed—any suggestion that Government should interfere directly to redress such inequalities in distribution, their argument has not been that the inequalities were merited; they have rather urged that any good such interference might do in the way of more equitable distribution would be more than outweighed by the harm it would do to production, through impairing the motives to energetic self-help; since no Government could discriminate adequately between losses altogether inevitable and losses that might be at least largely reduced either by foresight or by promptitude and energy in meeting unforeseen changes. If, however, we can find a mode of intervention which will reduce inequalities of distribution without materially diminishing motives to self-help, this kind of intervention is not, I conceive, essentially opposed to the teaching even of orthodox political economy—according to the English standard of orthodoxy; for orthodox economy is quite ready to admit that the poverty and depression of any industrial class is liable to render its members less productive from want of any physical vigor and re-

stricted industrial opportunities. Now, an important part of the recent, and the proposed, enlargement of governmental functions, which is vaguely attacked as socialistic, certainly aims at benefiting the poor in such a way as to make them more self-helpful instead of less so, and thus seeks to mitigate inequalities in distribution without giving offence to the orthodox economist. This is the case (*e.g.*) with the main part of governmental provision for education, and the provision of instruments of knowledge, by libraries, etc., for adults. I do not say that all the money spent in this way is well spent; but merely that the principle on which a great part of it is spent is one defensible even in the court of old-fashioned political economy; so far as it aims at equalizing, not the advantages that should be earned by labor, but the opportunities of earning them.

At this point it will probably be objected that the means of equalizing opportunities in the way proposed can only be raised by taxation, and that it cannot be economically sound to tax one class for the benefit of another. If, however, the result sought is really beneficial to the production of the community as a whole, it may, I conceive, be argued—on the premises of the most orthodox political economy—that the expense of it may be legitimately thrown on the community as a whole—*i.e.*, may be raised by taxation equitably distributed. In order to make this plain, it will be convenient to pass to the general consideration of a kind of exceptions to *laissez faire* differing fundamentally in principle from those which we have so far considered; cases in which it may be shown *à priori* that *laissez faire* would not tend to the most economic production of wealth or other utilities, even in a community whose members were as intelligent and alert in seeking and guarding their private interests as any human beings can reasonably be expected to be. I do not argue that in all such cases Government ought to interfere: in human affairs we have often only a choice of evils, and even where private industry fails to bring about a satisfactory result, it is possible that governmental interference might on the whole make matters worse. All I here maintain is that in such cases the gen-

eral economic presumption in favor of leaving social needs to be supplied by private enterprise is absent, or is balanced by strictly economic considerations on the opposite side.

To give a complete systematic account of these exceptional cases would carry me beyond the limits of an article: any present object is merely to illustrate the general conception of them by a few leading examples, in choosing which I shall try as far as possible to avoid matters of practical controversy.

We may begin by noticing that there are certain kinds of utility—which are or may be economically very important to individuals—which Government, in a well-organized modern community, is peculiarly adapted to provide. Complete security for savings is one of these. I do not of course claim that it is an attribute of governments, always and everywhere, that they are less likely to go bankrupt, or defraud their creditors, than private individuals or companies. History would at once refute the daring pretension. I merely mean that this is likely to be an attribute of governments in the ideal society that orthodox political economy contemplates. Of this we may find evidence in the fact that even now, though loaded with war debts and in danger of increasing the load, the English Government can borrow more cheaply than the most prosperous private company. We may say, therefore, that Government is theoretically fit to be the keeper of savings for which special security is required. So again—without entering dangerously into the burning question of currency—we may at least say that if *stability* in the value of the medium of exchange can be attained at all, without sacrifices and risks outweighing its advantages, it must be by the intervention of Government: a voluntary combination powerful enough to produce the result is practically out of the question.

In other cases, again, where *uniformity* of action or abstinence on the part of a whole class of producers is required for the most economical production of a certain utility, the intervention of Government is likely to be the most effective way of attaining the result. It should be observed that it is not the mere need of an extensive combination of produc-

ers which establishes an exception to the rule of *laissez faire*, for such need can often be adequately met by voluntary association: the case for governmental interference arises when the utility at which the combination aims will be lost or seriously impaired if even one or two of the persons concerned stand aloof from the combination. Certain cases of protection of land below the sea-level against floods, and the protection of useful animals and plants against infectious diseases, exemplify this condition. In a perfectly ideal community, indeed, we might perhaps assume that all the persons concerned would take the requisite precautions; but in any community of human beings that we can expect to see, the most that we can hope is that the great majority of any industrial class will be adequately enlightened, vigilant, and careful in protecting their own interest; and in the cases just mentioned, the efforts and sacrifices of a great majority might easily be rendered almost useless by the neglect of one or two individuals.

But the case for governmental interference is still stronger where the very fact of a combination among the great majority of a certain industrial class to attain a certain result materially increases the inducement for individuals to stand aloof from the combination. Take, for instance, the case of certain fisheries, where it is clearly for the general interest that the fish should not be caught at certain times, or in certain places, or with certain instruments; because the increase of actual supply obtained by such captures is much overbalanced by the detriment it causes to prospective supply. We may fairly assume that the great majority of possible fishermen would enter into a voluntary agreement to observe the required rules of abstinence; but it is obvious that the larger the number that thus voluntarily abstain, the stronger inducement is offered to the remaining few to pursue their fishing in the objectionable times, places, and ways, so long as they are under no legal coercion to abstain.

So far I have spoken of cases where it is difficult to render a voluntary association as complete as the common interest requires. But we have also to consider cases where such a combination

may be too complete for the public interest, since it may give the combiners a monopoly of the article in which they deal. This is, perhaps, the most important of all the theoretical exceptions to the general rule of *laissez faire*. It is sometimes overlooked in the general argument for leaving private enterprise unfettered, through a tacit assumption that enlightened self-interest will lead to open competition; but abstract reasoning and experience equally show that under certain circumstances enlightened self-interest may prompt to a close combination of the dealers in any commodity: and that the private interest of such a combination, so far as it is able to secure a monopoly of the commodity, may be opposed to the general interest. Observe that my objection to monopoly—whether resulting from combination or otherwise—is not that the monopolist may make too large a profit: that is a question of distribution with which I am not now concerned. My objection is that a monopolist may often increase his profit, or make an equal profit more easily, by giving a smaller supply at higher prices of the commodity in which he deals rather than a larger supply at lower prices, and so rendering less service to the community in return for his profit. Wherever, from technical or other reasons, the whole of any industry or trade in a certain district tends to fall under the condition of monopoly, I do not say that there ought to be governmental interference, but at any rate the chief economic objection to such interference is absent.

A familiar instance of this is the provision of lighting and water in towns. Experience has amply shown—what might have been inferred *à priori*—that in cases such as these it is impossible to obtain the ordinary advantages from competition. Competition invariably involves an uneconomical outlay on works, for which the consumers have ultimately to pay when the competing companies—necessarily few—have seen their way to combination.

And it is to be observed that the same progress of civilization which tends to make competition more real and effective, when the circumstances of industry favor competition, also increases the facilities and tendencies to combination

when the circumstances favor combination.

But again, *laissez faire* may fail to furnish an adequate supply of some important utility for a reason opposite to that just considered, not because the possible producer has too much control over his product, but because he has too little. I mean that a particular employment of labor or capital may be most useful to the community, and yet the conditions of its employment may be such that the laborer or capitalist cannot remunerate himself in the ordinary way, by free exchange of his commodity, because he cannot appropriate his beneficial results sufficiently to sell them profitably. Contrast, for instance, the case of docks and lighthouses. In an enlightened community, the making of docks might be left to private industry, because the ships that use them could always be made to pay for them; but the remuneration for the service rendered by a lighthouse cannot be similarly secured. Or, to take a very different instance, contrast scientific discoveries and technical inventions. A technical invention may be patented; but, though a scientific discovery may be the source of many new inventions, you cannot remunerate that by a patent; it cannot be made a marketable article. In other cases, again, where it is quite possible to remunerate labor by selling its product, experience shows that the process of sale is uneconomical from the cost and waste of trouble involved. This, for instance, is why an advanced industrial community gets rid of tolls on roads and bridges.

It is under this last head that a portion at least of the expenditure of government on education, and the provision of the means of knowledge for adults, may, I think, be defended in accordance with the general assumptions on which "orthodox political economy" proceeds; so far as this outlay tends to increase the productive efficiency of the persons who profit by it to an extent that more than repays the outlay. For it will not be denied (1) that the poverty of large classes of the community, if left without aid, would practically prevent them from obtaining this increment of productive efficiency; and (2) that even when it is clearly worth paying for, from

the point of view of the community, the business of providing it could not be remuneratively undertaken by private enterprise. So far, therefore, there is a *prima facie* case for governmental interference on strictly economic grounds.

I do not, however, contend that this defence is applicable to the whole of the expenditure of the funds actually raised, by compulsory taxation, for educational purposes; still less that it is applicable to the whole of the expense that eager educational reformers are urging upon us. Nor do I mean to suggest that the economic reason just given is that which actually weighs most with such reformers. I should rather suppose that their strongest motive usually is a desire to enable the mass of the community to partake effectively in that culture, which—though not perhaps the most generally valued advantage which the rich obtain from their wealth—is at any rate the advantage to which the impartial philanthropist sincerely attaches most importance. Is this desire, then, one that may legitimately be gratified through the agency of government? "No," say Mr. Spencer and his disciples; "let the philanthropist diffuse knowledge at his own expense as much as he likes; to provide for its diffusion out of the taxes is a palpable infringement of the natural rights of the taxpayers." "Yes," say the semi-Socialists—if I may so call them—taking the same ground of natural right, "the equalization of opportunities by education, the free communication of culture, are simple acts of reparative justice which society owes to the classes that lie crushed at the base of our great industrial pyramid."

Now this whole discussion of natural rights is one from which, as a mere empirical utilitarian, I should prefer to stand aloof. But when it is asserted that the prevalent semi-socialistic movement implies at once a revolt from orthodox political economy, and a rejection of Kant's and Mr. Spencer's fundamental political principle, that the coercive action of government should simply aim at securing equal freedom to all, I feel impelled to suggest a very different interpretation of the movement. I think that it may be more truly conceived as an attempt to realize natural justice as taught by Mr. Spencer, under

the established conditions of society, with as much conformity as possible to the teachings of orthodox English* political economy. For what, according to Mr. Spencer, is the foundation of the right of property? It rests on the natural right of a man to the free exercise of his faculties, and therefore to the results of his labor; but this can clearly give no right to exclude others from the use of the bounties of Nature; hence the obvious inference is that the price which—as Ricardo and his disciples teach—is increasingly paid, as society progresses, for the use of the "natural and original powers of the soil," must belong, by natural right, to the human community as a whole; it can only be through usurpation that it has fallen into the hands of private individuals. Mr. Spencer himself, in his "Social Statics," has drawn this conclusion in the most emphatic terms. That "equity does not admit property in land;" that "the right of mankind at large to the earth's surface is still valid, all deeds, customs, and laws notwithstanding;" that "the right of private possession of the soil is no right at all;" that "no amount of labor bestowed by an individual upon a part of the earth's surface can nullify the title of society to that part;" that, finally, "to deprive others of their rights to the use of the earth is a crime inferior only in wickedness to the crime of taking away their lives or personal liberties;"—these conclusions are enforced by Mr. Spencer with an emphasis that makes Mr. Henry George appear a plagiarist. Perhaps it will be replied that this argument only affects land: that it doubtless leads us to confiscate land "with as little injury to the landed class as may be"—giving them, I suppose, the same sort of compensation that was given to slave-owners when we abolished slavery—but that it cannot justify taxation of capitalists. But a little reflection will show that this distinction between owners of land and owners of other property cannot be maintained. In the first place, on Mr.

* I say "English" because Bastiat and other continental writers have partly, I think, been led to reject the Ricardian theory of rent by their desire to avoid the obvious inference that the payment of rent was opposed to natural justice.

Spencer's principles, the rights of both classes to the actual things they now legally own are equally invalid. For, obviously, the original and indefeasible right of all men to the free exercise of their faculties on their material environment must—if valid at all—extend to the whole of the environment; property in the raw material of movables must be as much a usurpation as property in land. As Mr. Spencer says, "the reasoning used to prove that no amount of labor bestowed by an individual upon a part of the earth's surface can nullify the title of society to that part," might be similarly employed to show that no one can, "by the labor he expends in catching or gathering," supersede "the just claims of other men" to "the thing caught or gathered." If it be replied that technically this is true, but that substantially the value of what the capitalist owns is derived from labor, whereas the value of what the landlord owns is largely not so derived, the answer is that this can only affect the respective claims of the two classes to receive compensation when the rest of the community enforce their indefeasible rights to the free use of their material environment; and that, in fact, these different claims have now got inextricably mixed up by the complicated series of exchanges between land and movables that has taken place since the original appropriation of the former. To quote Mr. Spencer again, "most of our present landowners are men who have, either mediately or immediately, given for their estates equivalents of honestly earned wealth"—at least as honestly earned as any other wealth—so that if they are to be expropriated in order to restore the free use of the land to the human race, the loss entailed on them must be equitably distributed among all other owners of wealth.

But is the expropriation of landlords a measure economically sound? We turn to the orthodox economists, who answer, almost unanimously,* that it is not: that, not to speak of the financial difficulty of arranging compensation, the business of owning and letting land is, on various grounds, not adapted for

governmental management; and that a decidedly greater quantum of utility is likely to be obtained from the land, under the stimulus given by complete ownership, than could be obtained under a system of leasehold tenure. What then is to be done? The only way that is left of reconciling the Spencerian doctrine of natural right with the teachings of orthodox political economy, seems to be just that "doctrine of ransom" which the semi-socialists have more or less explicitly put forward. Let the rich, land-owners and capitalists alike, keep their property, but let them ransom the flaw in their titles by compensating the other human beings residing in their country for that free use of their material environment which has been withdrawn from them; only let this compensation be given in such a way as not to impair the mainsprings of energetic and self-helpful industry. We cannot restore to the poor their original share in the spontaneous bounties of Nature; but we can give them instead a fuller share than they could acquire unaided of the more communicable advantages of social progress, and a fairer start in the inevitable race for the less communicable advantages; and "reparative justice" demands that we should give them this much.

That it is not an easy matter to manage this compensation with due regard to the interests of all concerned, I readily grant; and also that the details of the legislation which this semi-socialistic movement has prompted, and is prompting, are often justly open to criticism, both from the point of view of Mr. Spencer and from that of orthodox economists; but, when these authorities combine to attack its general drift, it seems worth while to point out how deeply their combined doctrines are concerned in its parentage.

At this point the reader may perhaps wonder where I find the real indisputable opposition, which I began by admitting, between orthodox political economy and the prevalent movement in our legislation. The most obvious example of it is to be found in the kind of governmental interference, against which the request for *laissez faire* was originally directed, and which is perhaps more appropriately called "paternal"

* J. S. Mill is, so far as I know, the only important exception; and his orthodoxy on questions of this kind is somewhat dubious.

than "socialistic:" legislation which aims at regulating the business arrangements of any industrial class, not on account of any apprehended conflict between the private interests, properly understood, of the persons concerned, and the public interests, but on account of their supposed incapacity to take due care of their own business interests. The most noteworthy recent instance of this in England is the interference in contracts between (English) agricultural tenants and their landlords in respect of "compensation for improvements;" since no attempt, so far as I know, was made by those who urged this interference to show that the properly understood interests of landlords and tenants combined would not lead them to arrange for such treatment of the land as was under their existing circumstances economically best.

A more important species of unorthodox legislation consists of measures that attempt to determine directly, by some method other than free competition, the share of the appropriated product of industry allotted to some particular industrial class. The old legal restrictions on interest, old and new popular demands for "fair" wages, recent Irish legislation to secure "fair" rents, all come under this head. Any such legislation is an attempt to introduce into a social order constructed on a competitive basis a fundamentally incompatible principle; the attempt in most cases fails from its inevitable incompleteness, and where it succeeds, its success inevitably removes or weakens the normal motives to industry and thrift. You can make it illegal for a man to pay more than a certain price for the use of money, but you cannot thus secure him the use of

the money he wants at the legal rate; so that, if his wants are urgent, he will pay the usurer more than he would otherwise have done to compensate him for the risk of the unlawful loan. Similarly, you can make it illegal to employ a man under a certain rate of wages, but you cannot secure his employment at that rate, unless the community will undertake to provide for an indefinite number of claimants work remunerated at more than its market value; in which case its action will tend to remove, to a continually increasing extent, the ordinary motives to vigorous and efficient labor. So again, you can insure that a tenant does not pay the full competition rent to his landlord, but—unless you prohibit the sale of the rights that you have thus given him in the produce of the land—you cannot insure that his successor in title shall not pay the full competitive price for the use of the land in rent *plus* interest on the cost of the tenant-right; and, in any case, if you try by a "fair rent" to secure to the tenant a share of produce on which he can "live and thrive," you inevitably deprive him of the ordinary motives—both attractive and deterrent—prompting to energetic self-help and self-improvement. I do not say dogmatically that no measures of this kind ought ever, under any circumstances, to be adopted, but merely that a heavy burden of proof is thrown on any one who advocates them, by the valid objections of orthodox political economy; and that, in the arguments used in support of recent legislation of this kind, this burden does not appear to me to have been adequately taken up.—*Contemporary Review*.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF PAINTING AND SCULPTURE IN FRANCE.

BY LADY DILKE.

PUBLIC attention is at present aroused by the correspondence about the Royal Academy which has been going on in the daily papers. Reforms of the most varied character have been advocated, and even the utility of any such institution has been questioned, for there has

never been wanting in England a party ready to cry with Blake—

"Thank God, I never was sent to school,
To be flogged into following the style of a
fool!"

Necessarily this is a question on which the public in general cannot have

any very exact ideas, yet it is a question closely connected with interests with which we are, as a commercial nation, deeply concerned, and it is hoped that in now calling attention to the historical conditions which gave birth to the French Royal Academy certain facts may be made clear which will enable us to judge in what direction pressure should be applied; whether we wish to utilize our own institution to the full, or to limit its influence and activity. For the French Academy (surviving now in the *École des Beaux Arts*) is at once a model of all that such an organization can accomplish and an example of what must be sacrificed in order to insure its complete success.

The circumstances which led to its foundation were precisely similar to those which in every other direction heralded the coming of the modern era. The battle between the new Academy and the ancient guild of painters, sculptors, and gilders was fought out during the seventeenth century with hostility as bitter as that which marked the great war between Richelieu and the princes of France. The incidents of the struggle were less picturesque, but the interests at stake were equally weighty, for the triumph of the Academy determined the future of France as a commercial nation, and largely contributed to the brilliant prosperity of her industrial undertakings.

The feudal system had pressed heavily, not only on the artisan, but on every class of the community. The guilds, which had in their origin done good service by enabling the producer to make head against seigneurial oppression, grew to exercise a cruel and vexatious tyranny over the poorer workmen, while at the same time they became in the highest degree burdensome to the consumer. "These rules," says the edict of Charles V. concerning the tailors (1356), "were made in the interest of each trade rather than for the common good."* It had already become evident that the action of the corporations, by limiting the number of skilled workmen—since no one who had not, at much expense, been received by

them could exercise his calling—was prejudicial to the public, inasmuch as "the more skilled artisans there are, so much the cheaper will be the articles produced;"* and this which was said of the tailors applied in truth to the members of all the other trades.

The pretensions of the corporations greatly increased under Louis XI.,† who looked to them for political support; and they were vigorously maintained throughout the sixteenth century in the teeth of growing opposition and dislike. Concessions were sometimes made by the Government to their adversaries, partly by the granting of immunities for special causes, and partly by the exercise of extreme tolerance in applying to workmen laws enacted in the interest of those who claimed jurisdiction over them. The main tendency of the royal power was, however, rather to identify its authority with that of the guilds; making use of their organization for fiscal and other purposes, while granting in return for these services such concessions of privilege that by degrees the right to work became throughout France the monopoly in every trade of a close corporation.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century no body of skilled artisans were in a more difficult and distressed position than the painters and sculptors of Paris. Oppressed by the incessant and annoying interference of the corporation of *peintres-ymagiers*, they were ready to sell themselves to Government in exchange for any measure of reasonable protection. The *maîtrise* claimed absolute authority over all artists not exercising their calling within the precincts of royal palaces under license of a *brevet du roi*. The privileges of the corporation, which had been less boldly maintained during the troubles which marked the reigns of the Valois and the close of the sixteenth century, were persistently reasserted under Henry IV. and Sully as soon as a more settled order prevailed; but the legal judgments given in their favor were often successfully evaded by the *brevet*-holders, and consequently in 1619 matters came to a crisis, and the

* Edict, 1397.

† Some of the statutes renewed in 1464 and 1467 restricted admission to mastership to the sons of *maîtres* (Valleroux, p. 82).

* Valleroux, *Corporations d'Arts et Métiers*, pp. 78-79.

maîtrise once more appealed directly to the Crown.

In this appeal the guild of master-painters asserted their exclusive right not only of producing but of selling works of art. They forbade the holder of a *brevet* from working even in the house of a master until he had complied with the rules of their corporation, and concluded by demanding increased authority over their own apprentices. A long struggle ensued, till in 1622 the master-painters actually obtained the royal assent to their demands, and all artists in Paris would have lain at their mercy had not the *brevet*-holders pertinaciously opposed the registration of the Act. For seventeen years they carried on the war by a series of ingenious legal delays till, in 1639, all means of resistance being exhausted, the letters-patent granted in 1622 were duly registered, and the corporation, inspirited by their triumph, began immediately to put forth fresh pretensions.

In 1646, when the follies and disorders of the Fronde were at their height, the corporation seized the occasion to make a violent onslaught on all the holders of *brevets*. At this moment the precincts of the Court were no longer a stronghold whence the attacks of the guild of master-painters could be successfully repelled, and it was necessary to seek other means of safety. The existence of the *Académie Française*, and the emoluments and immunities conferred on its members, probably suggested to the persecuted *brevet*-holders the possibility of obtaining for themselves equal protection if not equal privileges. In 1648, therefore, they enrolled themselves in a self-constituted society, and entered on negotiations with the view of obtaining the countenance of the Crown, which after many difficulties they carried to a successful issue.*

Various attempts were now made to conciliate the old corporation, and in 1651 a junction was actually effected between the young Academy and the *maîtrise*,† but irreconcilable differences arose, and at last an open breach took

place. The masters, who, it must not be forgotten, counted among their number men of no mean talents, were animated by a spirit of independence, which rendered them averse to any compromise, and insured the failure of any attempt at union which involved the abdication of their long-established supremacy. For nearly three centuries their body had possessed complete legal control not only over all artists, but over all the trades in which carving, painting, or even gilding played a part. They had maintained an active police, entering houses and workshops, and forcibly interfering with the labor of all those who either did not acknowledge their jurisdiction or had infringed the most trifling of their regulations. Thus, they not only formed an organization as obnoxious to the centralizing tendencies of the day as the consistories of the Huguenots or the Parliament of Paris itself, but it was impossible that they should tamely accept the innovations and pretensions of a younger society aspiring to lead the way in the path of reform. Open hostilities immediately followed the breakdown of the junction. The Academy, having drawn up a new code of rules and obtained the protection of Mazarin,* made a determined stand, and henceforth the struggle between them and their opponents followed its natural course, modified only by the changes in the political situation. When Mazarin seemed likely to be driven from power the masters became threatening; when the authority of the Crown was re-established the Academy recovered courage.

Foredoomed to failure, the members of the old guild fought tenaciously, raising their claims the higher as it became the more certain that they would never be gratified; but if we remember that these men were the sons of those who built the cathedrals of France, the sons of those to whom she owed the enamels, the painted glass, the pictured books, and all the lovely household art of the Renaissance, their struggle—even in all its obscure windings and all its spiteful jealousies—wins from us something like pity and reverence: the pity and the

* See *Requête* to Queen in Council, by M. de Charmois, Jan. 1648, and *Arrêt du Conseil d'Etat*; Vitet, *Acad. Royale*, pp. 195, 208, et seq.

† Vitet, ch. iii.; *Mém. de l'Acad.*, Montaignon, vol. i. p. 93.

* *Hist. de l'Acad.*, vol. i. pp. 165, 166, 173—177.

reverence to be accorded to those who at their own peril hold to the forms of a dying creed, nor see that its grace departs at the touch by which they would fain protect it.

The battle apparently doubtful was in reality carried on against adverse fates. Colbert, in determining the general lines of his industrial policy, had been led to examine into the situation of the Academy. Always inclined to exaggerate the power of legislation in respect to the development of commerce, he had resolved actively to control and support the organizations of the various arts and trades;* and just as he was bent on reducing the fiscal system to one uniform method throughout the provinces of France, even so he determined on bringing the various guilds to accept a single code of regulations for each art or trade—a code which in every instance was to embody enactments far more stringent as well as wider in scope than those which had been in force of old.†

In the case of the painters and sculptors, Colbert had to choose between the Academy and the *maîtrise*, and his choice could not be doubtful. On the one hand, he found the masters bent on maintaining an insolent independence; on the other, a body of men equal if not superior in ability, of bolder views, of greater energy, panting for official position and official support, ready to give any pledges and assume any duties in return for his gracious countenance and protection. Lebrun, the mouthpiece of the Academy, might have urged in vain the good example set by Italian princes in the encouragement of the arts ‡ had he not been able to enforce his arguments by an appeal to the interests of French industry, and the pressing needs of those branches of foreign manufacture which he knew Colbert to be anxious to naturalize in France. The sturdy masters who kept shop with their bands of lusty apprentices were therefore set aside for those in whom Colbert discerned tools more fitting to his hand and purpose, and in their place arose the academicians—the

associates of wits and men of letters, not unwelcome even at Court, but slavishly bound to the strict performance of services to the State, such as their rivals, bred in traditions which they obstinately refused to modify, were incapable of rendering.

Secretly and speedily Colbert* and Lebrun elaborated new statutes and regulations, which, while entirely liberating the Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture from all fear of the *maîtrise*, placed that body wholly in dependence on the Crown. These statutes were finally confirmed by the Parliament of Paris on the 14th May, 1664, and this event was so decisive of the fortunes of the Academy, which thenceforth stood in direct connection with the Board of Works and discharged the functions of a State department, that it is always styled the "Grande Restauration," as marking the moment when its history, so to speak, ceases to be a matter of mere private interest, since it becomes inseparably connected with the work of government in France.

At this critical juncture fortune also gave her timely aid, for the death of M. Antoine Ratabon, Chief Commissioner of Works and Director of the rising Academy, enable Colbert to take the Board of Works into his own hands, while securing the appointment of Lebrun to an office of which he had long enjoyed the secret power.† No time was now lost in working out a systematic organization. Lebrun, who had skilfully kept himself clear from all the compromising disasters of the junction, came boldly to the front. The administration of public works, of the royal galleries and collections, and of all provincial academies and schools was centralized under the direction of the Academy, while to the Director was intrusted not only the government of the Academy itself, but the practical control of all branches of industry which demanded the co-operation of art. The great majority of the members recognizing the value of his services and the force of his character gave to Lebrun their hearty support, while the party which for a time had put forward the

* Neymark, *Colbert et son Temps*, vol. i. pp. 268—272.

† Valleroux, p. 97.

‡ *Statuts et Règlements IV., Procès-Verbaux*, vol. i. p. 8.

* Elected Vice-Protector in 1661.

† *Hist. de l'Acad.*, vol. ii. pp. 111 and 119.

claims of Charles Errard, Ratabon's natural son, was reduced to acquiescence in his supremacy.

The opposition with which the masters had met the first establishment of the new corporation, the pretensions by which they had made the junction a source of fruitless vexation, the irritating persecutions by which they had tried to assert their authority, recoiled heavily on themselves. The Academy which in 1648 had only sought to be delivered from the tyranny of the masters, now claimed in turn the privileges of the oppressor; that liberty which it had demanded for itself it now denied to others; and by royal decree the right to teach and lecture publicly was reserved to members of the new corporation, and all outsiders, no matter what their condition or quality, were strictly forbidden to establish classes either for sculpture or painting.*

Within its own lines the Academy was, however, extremely liberal. The number of academicians was practically unlimited; any painter, sculptor, or engraver,† who fulfilled certain easy conditions‡ received a certificate§ and became at once an "académiste," and was admitted to all the deliberations of the society, although not permitted to vote. The right to be present at private meetings, to take part in the yearly exhibitions, together with freedom to exercise their calling, were indeed almost the only advantages enjoyed by those academicians who were not on the list of officials. For the special advantages—such as exemption from taxation—granted by the Crown to forty of their number|| went in the first place to those actually filling some post in connection either with the teaching or the business of the society.¶ As for the salaries which these chief officers were supposed to receive, it seems more

than doubtful whether any large proportion of them ever went into their own pockets. The expenses of the school were so great that they always exceeded the sum allotted for its maintenance and left a deficit, which the Academy had of course to make good.*

Nor were these the only heavy responsibilities from which the main body of academicians wholly escaped. Various duties were attached to the official posts to the punctual discharge of which Colbert attached great importance. Any slackness in their fulfilment was invariably made an excuse for the imposition of further obligations. If the academicians begged to be let off holding yearly exhibitions, he replied, "Very well, they shall be biennial, but I shall attend, and you must lecture before me on the works sent in." If they complained that to draw up reports of their own discussions was a task for which they had neither time nor patience, he instantly saddled them with a secretary,† while insisting that their discussions should be better worth reporting. If the delivery of the monthly lectures in the Academy became irregular, he insisted that twelve more should be given yearly on the paintings in the Royal Galleries,‡ and whenever these tasks became a weariness to the flesh, or professional engagements interfered with their punctual discharge, his chief clerk§ would appear and utter such alarming threats as to the stoppage of allowances as goaded the unfortunate academicians to fresh exertions.

Yet though unsparing in his exactions Colbert showed no ungenerous care for the real interests of the society. Even their collections did not escape his watchful solicitude. The library from the first grew rapidly by the gifts of friends and members,|| but casts from the antique had been less readily obtained. Colbert therefore not only ordered that splendid series of special casts, some of which, executed at Rome under the care of M. de Chantelou,

* Vitet, p. 241.

† *Mem. Acad.*, vol. i. p. 258.

‡ Applicants had to produce a certificate of good conduct, a diploma work, and to pass a *viva voce* examination. *Mem. Acad.*, vol. i. pp. 192, 205.

§ Rule xxii. Rule of 1664.

|| By the settlement of 1655 to thirty, but their privileges were only made valid in 1665. *Mem. Acad.*, vol. i. p. 287.

¶ Vol. i. p. 277, and Appendix, Priv. of Acad., Statutes of 1664.

* P. V., vol. ii. pp. 52, p. 76.

† *Felibien des Avaux*, P. V., vol. i. pp. 324,

315.

‡ *Conf. de l'Acad.*, *F. des Avaux*, 1706.

§ Aug., 1669.

|| P. V., vol. i. pp. 270, 280, 325, 362; vol. ii. p. 139, etc.

are still among the ornaments of the Louvre, but also authorized the Academy to take from the Royal collections several valuable works of classic sculpture.* He descended even to the perpetually recurring difficulties of the life-class,† and actually bestowed on the school "deux esclaves Turque," poor wretches whom we are told "Monsieur a fait venir des Galères de Toulon pour servir de modèle lesquels la Compagnie a vus les ayant fait despouiller."‡

It is always a question how much the unconscious working of human forces, and how much the clear insight of administrators and lawmakers may count for in the development of any great intellectual or social problem. If Colbert were by his business instincts eminently fitted to put the house of France in order, so was Lebrun a man made to rule in an epoch when art was destined to be the handmaid either of public use or public show. All that a strong intellect, backed by great physical powers could yield was within his reach. Whether he was painting gigantic battle-pieces, or lecturing the members of the Academy, or drawing up a scheme of instruction for the workmen in royal factories, or designing fireworks for Vaux le Vicomte,§ or works of sculpture for Versailles,|| everything that he did was planned in an admirably sound and practical fashion; but we look in vain for any evidence of what we call "feeling." The element of moral fervor, which gave to the work of the Renaissance some of that power over the heart of man, which is the rarest attribute of art, was extinct in France when Lebrun became the Director of the new Academy, but the task which he fulfilled, the task of bringing into order and cohesion the traditions, teaching, and interests of French art, required no such stimulus for its apt performance.¶

"Les premiers ouvrages," says Coypel, in running over a list of Lebrun's own work, "sont beaucoup plus pi-

quants que les derniers, mais il ne faut s'en prendre qu'à la nécessité où il se trouvait de satisfaire le Prince et le Ministre." So pressing was this necessity, that Lebrun soon found that in order to maintain his credit and influence he was forced to spend much time in paying court not only to Colbert, but to all those in power. Little by little his example and the force of circumstances imposed the same obligation on all the other officers of the Academy, until it became, as we learn from the curious account given by d'Argenville in the life of Bon Boullogne, a daily occupation and tax. Boullogne, having set his pupils to work, went out, we are told, at nine in the morning, "pour faire sa cour aux Ministres," nor did he return till noon. Severe was the penalty paid for slackness in these observances, for the same writer alluding to the poverty of Hallé remarks that "had he only known how to pay his court to ministers, his merits would certainly have procured him a pension." Nor was the loss of pensions and employment the only punishment incurred by such neglect; the subjection of the Academy grew to be so complete that they dared receive no one, however considerable his claims, if obnoxious to those in power. Louis Dorigny's reception, for example, was successfully prevented by a mere whisper to Mansard, then Chief Commissioner of Works, that he was the son of the man who had engraved the *Mansarde*,* a satirical print, which in 1651, three years before the birth of Louis, his father had published in ridicule of the tax on the Fine Arts then proposed by Mansard. Nor was the court which had to be paid to the great and powerful confined to mere empty homage. The extreme urgency displayed in exacting diploma works† was largely due to the necessity under which the Academy labored of making presents to those from whom it obtained support. Mazarin, Séguier, Ratabon, the First-President Banville, and even Colbert himself had to be propitiated in this fashion by gifts of no mean value.‡

The tolls thus constantly levied were,

* P. V., vol. i. pp. 14, 366.

† P. V., vol. i. pp. 155-6.

‡ P. V., vol. i. p. 328.

§ *Mem. Acad.*, vol. i. p. 20.

|| *Ibid.*, p. 28.

¶ Dummreicher. Franz, National Wohlstand, p. 97.

* D'Argenville, p. 234.

† P. V., vol. i., pp. 261, 274, etc.

‡ P. V., vol. i. pp. 111, 131, 141, 383, 387-8, 162, 360; vol. ii. pp. 10, 15, 105.

however, but a minor portion of the tribute paid by the Academy to their patrons; the very constitution of the society underwent great modifications. For the certainty of employment, for the exclusive right of public teaching and for the increase of pensions and privileges the members exchanged much of their early independence. The statutes of 1664 contained additions which if not numerous were important. In 1655, when the first allowance, or rather promise of an allowance, was made to the Academy by the Crown, it was agreed that all commissioners and sub-commissioners of works should be permitted to vote and even preside at the election of rectors;* but when pensions and allowances were increased at the *Grande Restauration*, this small concession was not considered sufficient. All the four rectors, whose election previously had been at least supposed to be determined by a majority of votes, became nominees of the Crown, the academicians exercising only such indirect influence over their selection as might arise from the agreement that they should be appointed from among the number of professors past or present, the choice of whom was still left in the hands of their brother artists.

Under this pressure the temper of the Academy speedily became as pliant as could be desired, and when the word was reluctantly given by Colbert in 1681 to turn out the Protestant members of their body, the Academy seconded the measure with an eagerness which contrasts with their treatment of such propositions at an earlier date. The masters during the junction had always tried to make capital out of the religious difficulty, and attempts were made to exclude from the higher offices all those who were of "la religion;"† these failing, a formal complaint was embodied in a statement of their case laid by them before the *Procureur du Roi au Châtelet*. In this document, drawn up probably shortly before the *Grande Restauration*, the academicians are taxed with giving power to "un homme de la religion pretendue Reformée de faire prêter le serment aux academistes catholiques souz le tiltre de Secretaire de l'Acad-

emye dont les mœurs seront suspects."** Yet, as far as we can see, no distinction was made between Catholics and Huguenots in the election to offices as long as the Academy was left to itself. In 1650 when Louis Testelin, the most generous and active of the original members, was received as professor, the post of secretary was conferred on his brother Henri, as staunch a Calvinist as himself.† Sebastian Bourdon, a noted Huguenot, whose enemies had in early days driven him from Rome by threats of the Inquisition,‡ was one of their most distinguished rectors, and when Lebrun read over the list§ of those whom the King ordered to recant or be deprived of their posts, besides the name of Henri Testelin and of Espagnandelle, a less well-known academician, we find those of no less than three keepers: Ferdinand, Besnard, and Rousseau, together with that of Michelin, one of the assistant professors.

One and all resigned; Testelin made up his mind to retire to the Hague and die in exile, only asking that a certificate might be given him that the cruel blow from which he suffered had been caused by no fault of his own, he having for thirty-three years faithfully and honorably discharged all his duties toward that body which he and his brother had been chiefly instrumental in creating.¶ Espagnandelle and Besnard, who seem to have had no resources, after struggling for a time abjured, were again received as academicians;‡ but d'Agard** (a painter not named in the first list), with Rousseau and Louis Cheron, took refuge in England, where they all found employment from the Duke of Montagu, and the Academy, having struck from off their books all these devoted names, demonstrated further zeal by setting as subjects for diploma pictures such themes as "Le rétablissement de la Religion Catholique dans Strasbourg," "l'Heresie terras-

* Coll. Delamare. Police Reports, Fonds. 2791, Bibl. Nationale. This document, which is undated, I believe hitherto unpublished.

† P. V., vol. i. p. 33.

‡ *Mem. Acad.*, vol. i. p. 89.

§ P. V., vol. ii. p. 198.

¶ P. V., vol. ii. pp. 197-8.

‡ P. V., vol. ii. p. 34.

** P. V., vol. ii. p. 313.

* Vitet, p. 230, rule 3. † P. V., vol. i. p. 93.

sée," and "Le triomphe de l'Eglise;"* or by inventing, as in the case of Fontenay, the flower painter, little favoritisms for the encouragement of those who were "nouvellement convertiez à la foy Catholique."

After this all semblance of independence disappeared, and the Academy continued to exist only as a highly organized department of State. The system on which it was worked, though admirable in many of its results, by giving this peculiarly public and official character to the leading artists of the day, altered the private conditions of their lives, dictated to them their daily thoughts and cares, and changed the very quality of their work.

That which is expressively called "qualité intime" disappears from French art during the "Grand Siècle." It was impossible that a man living under the conditions of which we have now traced the growth, forced to give up the best hours of every day to the inexorable necessities of official ante-chambers, should produce work nourished by the more secret forces of his being. The noblest talents were brought to share in solicitation and intrigue, to perform daily homage to the powerful, to think continually, not of what they themselves would make with joy, or even of what the King might like to see, but rather always of what it would best become the ruler of France to possess.

Even the study of nature was carried on with an eye to courtly representation, and thus led to that choice of theatrical pose and movement, to that preference for the most striking effects both of composition and color, which is characteristic of even the best art of that day. French eyes, which of old had been charmed by silvery grays, soft blues, and jewel-like touches of scarlet, began to demand costly masses of ultramarine and such juxtaposition of other hues as might enhance their telling effect. Onward through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries rises the steady crescendo till we come to that acme of not inharmonious riot for which David's pupils coined the verb "vanloter."

To those who care for no work in which they cannot find evidence of the

continuous ripening of some deep passion and purpose, the magnificent productions of the age of Louis XIV. can bring little but disgust. We must go outside the circle within which centred the real movement of the day; we must turn to the etchings of Callot, who repudiated France; to the classic dreams of Poussin, who, like Descartes, lived in voluntary exile; to the intensely human portraits of Philippe de Champagne—the grave Fleming whom no letters of naturalization could ever make a Frenchman; or to the modest canvases of the three brothers Lenain, if we wish to find something of that which it was necessary to sacrifice in order to carry out the splendid scheme inaugurated by Colbert and Lebrun.

The end imposed the means; the enormous influence over the whole field of national industry which the Academy acquired could not have been obtained at a lesser price. To judge the work done for France by these men and their chief we must look, in the first place, to the political importance of their enterprise, to the splendor and magnificence of the whole conception, and to the perfect fitness and finish of every detail. Everywhere we see signs of a marvellous promptitude of purpose and certainty in the calculation of desired effect, the outcome of a training exactly adapted to its ends. If, on close inspection, the "sublime style" which leaves its imprint on things great and small seems like that of Bossuet's funeral discourses to have a nobler show than substance; if, as Michelet wittily remarks, the "trumpet appears to have become the national instrument," it was at least an instrument most appropriate to the ceremonial of an ostentatious court. Stage effects were the object of every artist, and to his contemporaries Lebrun appeared, as he did to Lepicié, "our great poet in painting."

Up till 1793 the huge machine performed its double functions with a regularity that was in itself majestic. Tasks of the humblest or the loftiest order were fulfilled with equal zeal and dignity. Academicians might one day be despatched to found great schools or direct great manufactures who were ordered to Marly the next and given tin leaves to paint and nail in the semblance

* P. V., vol. ii. 287, 325, 313.

of a hedge where stubborn nature had refused to grow the hornbeams ordered by the Grand Monarque. But no matter what the task of these royal servants the same high standard of performance presided at its execution. And so widespread was the sense of the value of the Academy as a teaching power, that when the general crash came and it was suppressed in its academic capacity it was spared as an educational body. The Ecole des Beaux Arts sprang in direct descent from that life class established with so much pains in the teeth of the angry masters and opened in February, 1648, by Lebrun.

The collections which had accumulated in the long course of years, the library, the casts, the diploma works,* and archives naturally became the property of the present school, which then also inherited and carried on the old traditions of academical training and accomplishment which had been matured by so much self-abnegation and sacrifice. That training has always been based since the days of Lebrun on the

"éternelle étude du modèle de l'école," with which reactionary writers from Diderot onward have ever been ready to reproach it, but while we admit its insufficiency as an exclusive means of instruction, it is impossible to ignore the fact that the very antagonists of this system have owed to its method and discipline more than half their practical strength.

One result is plain, that is,—that whether lending its powers to express the pompous materialism of the epoch of Louis XIV., the frivolities of the age by which it was succeeded, the heroics of the Revolution, the romantic movement of the Restoration, the commonplace sentiment which flourished under Louis Philippe, the cosmopolitan interests and elegance of the Second Empire, or the so-called Realism of to-day, French art always preserves its characteristic excellence; no matter what the varied fluctuations of style and intention, all that it pretends to make—it makes well.—*Fortnightly Review*.

DEMOCRACY AND TASTE.

BY A LOVER OF THE CLASSICS.

IN nations, as in individuals, the effect of change is so tacit and gradual that, to one looking only on the surface of things, there might seem to be no more movement in the stream that transforms beliefs, opinions, and institutions, than we notice in the earth as it revolves round the sun, or in the circulation of the blood while it renews the entire substance of the animal body. *E pur si muove*; and occasionally, as we catch glimpses of our relative position to external landmarks, we are startled to find how far the movement has carried us. In nothing are the revolutions of society more manifest than in changes of taste. Taste, as we are often inclined to forget, is the moving cause in every great revolution of art. "I shall add," says Ad-

dison, "no more to what I have here offered, than that music, architecture, and painting, as well as poetry and oratory, are to deduce their laws and rules from the general sense and taste of mankind, and not from the principles of those arts themselves; or, in other words, the taste is not to conform to the art, but the art to the taste."* Looking, then, to the outward effects of taste in our contemporary art and literature, how wide is the interval that separates us from the feelings and ideas of our forefathers in the early part of the century! To what is the change to be attributed? In part, no doubt, to the influence of works of genius on the public imagination. But genius is in itself, to some extent at all events, an effect, and the taste of the painters and poets who have helped to form our own, has been largely due to the religious, political, and

* The Gallery of the Louvre has now carried off some of the most important of the diploma works, such as Watteau's "Embarquement pour Cythère;" others less remarkable have been drafted into provincial museums.

* *Spectator*, No. 29.

social forces of their age. In our arts we see reflected the change through which the nation has passed from an aristocratic to a democratic stage of society; and by the latter phrase I mean not simply the sovereign voice of the multitude at the polling-booths, but also the whole movement of emancipating thought and the general atmosphere of self-consciousness produced by the free expression of opinion in the public press. I wish in this paper, without quarrelling with our circumstances, or insisting that the one condition of English society is preferable to the other, to consider very briefly the nature of the changes in popular taste which have been produced by the transfer of authority from the few to the many.

In the first place, it is suggestive to consider the difference in the character of the judges in the two epochs. Throughout the last century, those who professed any taste were limited to the aristocracy, the professional classes in the metropolis, and a small minority of the landed gentry, and of the leading traders in the provincial towns. To-day it is, I believe, the case that more than ten thousand artists contrive to exist in London alone; while the number of readers may be inferred from the fact that in the year 1885, in spite of the grievous depression of trade, over five thousand books, not reckoning serial publications or pamphlets, were given to the public. What a conception do these numbers give us of the vast and necessarily disorganized multitude upon whose whims and fancies so many human beings have to speculate for the means of their existence! Think, too, of the manner in which the multitude is directed to its spiritual food. Under the old *régime* the public taste was formed either by the influence of aristocratic *dilettanti* such as Lord Burlington, Lord Cobham, Lord Chesterfield, and Horace Walpole; by the Clubs, which were the Parliament of the "wits;" or, as in the early part of the present century, by intellectual "drawing-rooms" like that of Holland House. Those were the days of *representative* legislation in taste. The merits of a book or a picture were thoroughly sifted by men who were competent to judge the motives of the producer; and opinion once formed in the centre, grad-

ually filtered to the extremities of society. Nowadays we judge by *acclamation*. A book is "tasted" by "the reader," prepared by the publisher, recommended or condemned by the reviewer, ordered by the circulating library, and seized, devoured, and forgotten by the public. When production goes on under such circumstances of speed and pressure, work whose qualities cannot be judged without the expenditure of some thought stands a poorer chance of being appreciated than would have been the case in the last century. Poems of allusion, the beauties of which lie in the construction or in the condensed pregnancy of expression, such as *Paradise Lost* or *The Essay on Criticism*, could once find an Addison to analyze them in the *Spectator*, a Somers or a Bolingbroke to discuss them with their own select circle at the Club. The critic who should attempt to perform this service for a modern author would promptly be recalled by his editor to a sense of the necessities of his age. Effects, emphatic and full-flavored, or curious and eccentric, are required by Demos, whose palate is always in quest of "some new thing," and who has thousands of cooks to cater for his appetites.

The effects upon art of this combination of conflicting opinions are shown particularly in respect of the imitation of manners, the depreciation of form, and the exaltation of the authority of the individual artist. Through the last century the study of manners in England, in all society amenable to aristocratic influence, was pursued in the same manner—though not by any means, of course, to the same extent—as is so graphically described by M. Taine in his picture of the *Old Régime* in France. Society has to-day become too large for the maintenance of etiquette, and we are left to form our manners as we best may from the fragmentary traditions of the past. Wherever, therefore, manners are now imitated in an imaginative form, instincts and influences enter into the representation of which our ancestors knew nothing. Take the stage, for instance. In the period between Congreve and Sheridan, the taste of the English theatre was as much governed by the judgment of the aristocracy as

French taste was in the time of Molière by the perceptions of the Court. No doubt, as Pope says,

There still remained to mortify a wit
The many-headed monster of the pit,

whose moral feeling necessarily counted for something in controlling the dramatist, but whose artistic judgment could not weigh for an instant against the sense of "the boxes." What was expected of the comic dramatist from an audience like this was a situation artfully, yet naturally, contrived to exhibit the play of well-distinguished characters in some case arising out of the prevailing code of morals and manners. In *She Stoops to Conquer*, just as in *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, or *Tartufe*, the essence of the comedy lay in an action directly imitating nature, as it appeared to the audience at large. Not so on the modern stage. The balance of power in the theatre has been completely redistributed. The sense of the boxes and stalls now operates chiefly for the purpose of control, that is to say, in preventing the dramatist and the actors from indulging in solecisms of manners for the sake of pleasing the circles, the pit and the gallery. But it is really to these parts of the house that the playwright addresses himself, his thought and invention being racked to contrive a piece agreeable to the domestic instincts of the pit, the melo-dramatic tastes of the gallery, and the appetite for novelty that animates the audience as a whole. The result is that every play that in our time ambitiously aspires to the name of comedy, is an imitation less of external action than of some private idea in the mind of the dramatist. In France the drama is often used, as by Sardou and Dumas, for the vehicle of political prejudices or moral theories; in England the democratic sympathies of the house are appealed to in such plays as the late Mr. Tom Taylor's *New Men and Old Acres*. When the dramatist does not construct his piece upon a single central idea, he often studies his situations with a view simply to find employment for the eccentricities of some favorite actor, or to touch the special sympathies of part of the audience. In one piece we may find a plot proper to farce, characters and dialogue proper to comedy, and an

infusion of pathos and sentiment alien to the essence of both comedy and farce. I remember, several years ago, witnessing a play so popular that it ran, I believe, for more than 1,000 nights.

The plot turned on the displeasure of a butlerman, who had made his fortune, with his son who had married against his will; and what chiefly delighted the audience was the climax of the play, in which the heart of the tradesman was touched by smelling the butter his unfortunate offspring and his wife were reduced to consume in their miserable garret. How different in its foundation this is from *The School for Scandal*! how local, how particular! When the tastes and fashions of this generation have passed away, how much will be left of it? What would Lord Dunsenry be apart from the late Mr. Sothorn's conception and rendering of the character? Will the next century find the same nature in *Our Boys* that we ourselves find in *She Stoops to Conquer*?

The gradual prevalence of ideas over the representation of external manners and action is quite as noticeable in the novels of this century as in its dramas. Fielding, Smollett, Miss Burney, and Miss Austen, all paint directly the life and character of their times. From a sentimental point of view, the actors in their stories are not particularly heroic, or even agreeable, but they are definite, life-like, and natural. The late Lord Lytton was the last master of the old school, the traditions of which began to be superseded in the generation that followed the first Reform Bill. No one can miss observing the change in this respect exhibited in those novelists of the most striking genius who have written since this period, Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot. Though all of them admirably represent nature and manners, yet there is in the work of each a strong element of *self-consciousness*. Dickens shows it in his habit of making his tales serve some purpose of social reform, and in his exaggerated sentimentalism: Thackeray, by treating his readers as if they were spectators at a puppet-show: George Eliot, by philosophizing on the causes of all human action. Not one of them is content to let the action of the story de-

velop the characters of the persons, or to allow the reader to draw his own inferences without some intervention on the part of the narrator. I am not making any comparison between the genius of the two sets of writers: I note the facts as they exist; and I think that, for the purposes of art at least, the facts show that the old school trusted more simply to the resources of nature than do their successors.

If we turn to painting, we find that here, too, in respect of the imitation of manners, the artist shrinks from a direct representation of the realities of things. Pictures of *genre* are, indeed, still common, but when the painter wishes to depict an incident of character and humor, in nine cases out of ten he will clothe it with the externals of a bygone age; we see some idea of his brain confronting us in the wig, knee-breeches, and buckled-shoes of the last century; the social conventions of modern society reappear with all the details of a Greek or Roman household. This is doubtless mainly the consequence of the disappearance from the world of all picturesqueness and character in costume; but now and then a painter aims at a moral effect, and in this case the exact contrary happens; you get a very exact imitation of the externals of life, but no rendering of its spiritual significance. I remember the exhibition a few seasons ago of a picture divided into compartments representing, after Hogarth's manner, the career of a fashionable gambler, and called "The Road to Ruin." The story told itself very plainly by showing the young man in one compartment playing loo at one of the Universities; in another, betting on a race-course; in a third, watching the bailiffs in his country-house; and, at last, on the point of committing suicide in a garret. I could not help admiring the skill with which the painter had hit the average taste of the spectators in a picture that was always surrounded by crowds of admirers. Pleased with the moral which lay on the surface, these were still more delighted with the *photography* of the details. They admired the painting of the cards upon the table, of the overcoats and binocular glasses on the race-course, and their feelings were touched by the interesting appearance of the young wife

and baby. Now had the same spectators been carried to look at the "Marriage à la Mode," in which series every line is instinct with moral and dramatic expression, it is scarcely possible that they would have admired it. Hogarth painted the realities of vice as they appeared to his feelings and imagination (Cruikshank has followed in the same direction, though at a long distance), and the aristocratic society for which he painted accepted with frankness the brutal rebuke of what was brutal in its own manners. Our motto is *Videri quam esse*; a public whose fluctuating opinion is reflected day by day in numberless journals, and which shrinks alike from the labor of thought and from the harsh representation of nature, finds its pleasure in the skilful imitation of the surface of things. This is not the view of painting which commended itself to Sir Joshua Reynolds; but, be it right or wrong, it is the prevailing taste of the democracy.

The disappearance of settled manners, which accompanies the decline of aristocracy, largely accounts for the loss of the sense of *form* which simultaneously manifests itself in all departments of art. Universal experience shows that though the arts always arise out of some instinct in the nation at large, yet their appreciation and refinement depend mainly on the taste of the educated classes. Thus the Provençal poetry which so powerfully influenced the imagination of Europe was the fanciful reflection of feudal manners, and took its form and color from the prevailing sentiments of the knightly households in which it was encouraged. The Italian Opera was gradually evolved from the pastoral plays popular in the courts of the Italian Princes. The English drama, growing out of the rude religious shows provided by the priesthood for the people, received its form and grandeur during the period while the players were the King's Servants. So, too, after the Restoration in England, under the *régime* of the aristocracy, the principles of architecture and painting began to be critically studied, and the art of landscape gardening was fully developed. All this is in the course of nature. Though an aristocracy does not comprise the most original and inventive

elements in a nation's genius, by the very law of its existence, it understands better than any other part of it the delicacies, the forms, and the conventions that constitute so much of the spiritual life of society. It excels in judgment; its bent is for law and order. The passion of democracy, on the other hand, is for individual liberty, and its tendency is to rebel against the traditions of order that confine this within prescribed limits. The same tide that sweeps away the embankments of political privilege, beats against dogma in religion, and universal principles in art, and, in obedience to its impulse, the artist everywhere seeks to gain credit rather for the originality of his matter than for the beauty of his forms. An aristocracy can understand the full meaning of Pope's couplet:

True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.

A democracy agitated by constant change, and believing firmly in the perpetual progress of society, is provoked to think of so large a part of the merit of art lying in expression. Nature, regarded (as the majority of men generally regard it) in details, seems to it boundless, nor will its pride allow it to recognize what experience nevertheless seems to show to be true, that in the late stages of society the most consummate art consists in giving a new face to old truths. Democratic taste prizes first what seems remote, unfamiliar, or, as the cant of the day goes, *precious*. Hence, while in the last century each art was studied in itself, and was bound round with rules which were often pedantic and lifeless, in our times the rage for novelty causes their fundamental distinctions to be lost sight of and their several ends to be confounded. Opera encroaches upon the province of the spoken drama; the dramatic monologue is regarded as a possible whole apart from dramatic action; poetry aims at the effects proper to painting and music. It may be, of course, that from this conflict will be evolved some form of true art which mankind has never yet witnessed; but, judging by experience, we rather seem to be losing our sense of the old than reconstituting the new, so

that, if chaos is to be followed by order, a fresh civilization must first supervene.

Just as the decline of social manners has dulled the sense of artistic form, so the weakening of the feeling for order in art increases the authority of the individual artist. No doubt in every stage of society there has always been some leading genius who has powerfully swayed the opinion of his contemporaries; a Dryden has reigned supreme at Will's, an Addison at Button's, a Johnson in Ivy Lane. But the supremacy of such minds has been the consequence of superiority in reasoning power, and the taste of the dictator is accepted, because it is the last word upon a subject thoroughly sifted in the keen encounter of numerous wits. In an aristocratic society the feeling for constitutional liberty will prevent an artist from having things too much his own way. We admire the pluck with which a man like Boswell, for instance, will stand up for his opinion, though he knows that he will only be knocked down for his pains by his "guide, philosopher, and friend." The pity is that independence of this old English kind seems to be disappearing from the sphere of art and literature. When censure is freely exercised in these days, it is generally on somebody who is not worth the powder and shot. But even good writers will at times produce "woful stuff," and, when they do, it is well for art, for society, and for themselves, that they should be roundly told so. But they are not told. On the contrary, experience shows that, let a man once make his name in painting or poetry, and he may sin with impunity as far as the critics are concerned. Why is this? I believe that part of the blame is to be attributed to anonymous writing, and especially to the bad name acquired by the critic in consequence of the "slashing" judgments delivered in the reviews of the early part of the century, which not only reproduced the style of Chief Justice Jeffreys in the insolence of their language, but in the unsoundness of their "law." Still there is something more than this: I fear the critics are afraid of the public. It can hardly be that there are not as many men now as in the last century who know what is wrong in art when they see it; but many of these are de-

pendent for their living upon the taste of a large and half-educated audience, which often takes faults of taste for beauties.* It is seldom, indeed, that the public imagination can be impressed without the exertion of real genius; but genius not uncommonly becomes popular through its excesses, and it is ill for art that its excesses should be raised into law. Popularity, however, being once acquired by the artist, if the critic shrinks from protesting against the sins to which his momentary success is due, these will be reproduced by crowds of imitators. This is the first stage on the road to despotism. Soon the artist, like the old tyrants, overawes opinion with a body-guard; a little band of flatterers and thick-and-thin adherents gather round the actor, painter, or poet, studying his mannerisms, finding subtle reasons to justify them, and never allowing him to appear in public without some noisy adulation. Thus bad taste spreads. Where the coterie is formed, good-bye to the fresh air of wholesome criticism. Can any good come out of all the "societies" that are being formed in our midst for the exaltation of particular poets,—Shakespeare Societies, Shelley Societies, Wordsworth Societies? To study a writer thoroughly by the light of reason is one thing; to worship him, to make him the measure of right and wrong, to exalt his defects into virtues, is quite another.

There are probably few men of impartial judgment who will deny the evils arising out of the existing anarchy of taste. Can any remedy be found for them? It may be that they are incurable. It may be that democratic soci-

ety is too vast and unwieldy for the application of any principle but that of *laissez faire* in the sphere of imagination; that men must struggle into popularity by catering for each whim of the moment, and pass into oblivion as soon as the appetite has ceased. But these things ought not to be assumed. We ought rather to believe that, as "each has the seeds of judgment in his mind," the nation at large is capable of arriving at a sound opinion as to what is just and noble in art and letters. Such a result, however, is not likely to be achieved without organized effort, and here as in politics, I cannot but think that a great part might still be played by the aristocracy. By "the aristocracy" I do not mean an exclusive caste, holding aloof in sullen disdain from the vulgarity of the multitude: the English aristocracy has never been a body of this kind. Nor do I mean anything like a Whiggish select circle of sacred families, or an intellectual "remnant" such as that contemplated by Mr. Matthew Arnold, which feeds its vanity by comparing itself with the "Philistinism" or "barbarism" of the majority. I mean the historic element in society which from generation to generation preserves the tradition of what is best in the national life, and adapts it to the changing circumstance of each age. A large body of English gentlemen who constantly have before them on their walls the best pictures, and whose libraries are filled with the best books, must possess—and can, if they choose, make this felt—the taste that ought to be diffused through the whole community. To diffuse it they must, however, condescend (as they have already done in politics, in the Primrose League) to the democratic principle of Association. Let us suppose that they did so—that each nobleman and gentleman who really cared for art and letters joined a league, not for the admiration of particular artists, not a Wordsworth Society or a Shelley Society, but a society for studying the best books and the best pictures. Is it not obvious that the instinctive taste which such an association would acquire and propagate would insensibly exert a vast influence on the mental atmosphere of the times, elevate the sentiment and

* It may be doubted whether in these days there is the same distinction to be drawn between the advantage enjoyed by the average reader of a book over the hearer of a speech as in the time of Quintilian. "In reading," says he, "we can exercise sounder judgment, for in listening to an orator our judgment is often extorted from us against our will, either by our own partiality for him, or by the clamorous applause of the audience. For we are ashamed to be in a minority, and a kind of tacit bashfulness prevents us from believing in ourselves rather than in the public, although we know that the majority are frequently pleased with what is bad, while those who are solicited, praise things which do not really please them at all."—Quintil., *Inst. Or.*, x. 1, 17, 18.

dialogue of the drama, refine manners, and cause the language to be written with elegance and correctness? As its origin would be quite different from that of the French Academy, it would be free from the solemn air of precision which is the weak point of that famous assembly, and would rather resemble in its action the old literary clubs like Will's and Button's, the quintessence of whose opinions is seen in Dryden's Prefaces, and the *Tatler* and *Spectator*.

A court of taste so constituted would not fall into the error of erecting a fixed standard of judgment, but would recognize that different methods of imitating nature are proper to different stages of society. It would perceive, for instance, that the direct methods of imitation employed by novelists like Fielding and Smollett are unfitted for modern social conditions, which make it almost inevitable that a really great novel should be founded on a central conception of the author. But it would insist at the same time that, though manners in themselves may no longer be a fit theme for treatment, yet the central idea on which the action of a story turns must be itself founded on a *general* conception of nature; that there is, for example, a radical difference in the value of the idea which underlies *Adam Bede* or *Silas Marner*, and that which underlies *Daniel Deronda*. It would form its judgments also from its knowledge of the uniform working of the mind, perceiving that as the same kind of defects, though exhibited in different forms, prevail in the literature of Seneca's age, of

Cowley's, and of our own, all alike spring from the same imaginative causes. History and philosophy would be consulted by it for the discovery of the spiritual secrets of art. These would help it to appreciate the fine and generous motives of painters like the Caracci; they would at the same time explain why painting then failed to recover the perfect balance of taste it enjoyed in the time of Raphael and his immediate predecessors; while the fortunes of the school of Bologna would suggest many reflections on tendencies in the art visible in our own times. This historical study of great works is, I venture to say, the only means of arriving at a full knowledge of the meaning of the vague word "Nature" in relation to art: we learn in this way to distinguish what is local and transitory in every production of genius from that which is permanent in it, and to know when other artists are being led astray by phantoms and caprices. On these lines alone a sound philosophy of criticism is possible; and nothing but philosophical criticism, intelligibly applied, can operate as a corrective of the thousand erroneous influences that act upon the taste of a democratic society in an advanced stage of civilization.—*National Review*.

[NOTE.—It is perhaps well to say that this paper was written before the able article in the *Quarterly Review* on "English Literature at the Universities," in which a portion of my subject is treated from a somewhat different point of view. With what the writer there says as to the relation between classical literature and our own I most heartily agree.]

EUROPE VERSUS ENGLAND.

BY DIPLOMATICUS.

THE maxim that each should mind his own, and which, while this country understood it and acted up to it, made England the first of European nations, ought to be insisted on at the present time, with the more force that the foreign policy pursued by successive Ministries within the last quarter of a century has placed it in the background, and by so doing has blinded the coun-

try generally to the national aspirations of Continental States, to the imperial requirements of Great Britain herself, and to the clear duties incumbent upon those who govern us, both in relation to our interests and to the position of the several countries with whom we are on terms of amity. It is a trite observation that national histories are but the extended histories of individual fami-

lies : still the fact remains that for being commonplace the observation is none the less a true one.

Concord in families is a benefit, to obtain which countless sacrifices are daily made. Applied to nationalities, the desire for unity has steeped itself in conflicts of every description and in wars of the most stupendous character, regardless of ruin and death and disaster, to effect its aim. To throw off the yoke of dependence is the prime lever which stimulates the energy of man in his relation to man ; and in the history of nations the love of independence has wrought prodigies of courage, perseverance, and sufferings. If we take this century alone, these remarks would apply to Belgium, Italy, and Germany, as much as to Servia, Bulgaria, Roumania, Montenegro, and generally the great Slav-speaking peoples of Eastern Europe.

It is true that Belgium enjoys but a limited and defined independence. Her people are allowed the blessings of peace and national unity at the price of their surrender of all patriotic aspirations for increased territory or exterior influence. So cheap a crown was well made to allure the first Leopold, who was not a Belgian ; but the present king, who has honestly taken up his position as the head of the Belgian nation, smarts under the restrictions imposed upon the liberty of his country, and is seeking to extend it upon the African continent. The day may come when the Powers that guarantee his country's independence may find fault with his natural and patriotic aspirations.

Italy has won her unity by the cleverness of her statesmen and the craft of her diplomatists, even more than by the valor of her soldiers ; but Italy has still her task unfinished, and though the world may yet live some years before the event takes place, Italians will not lose sight of Nice and Savoy, two of the fairest provinces which belong to her by right of geographical limits, language, race, and character, until she reunites them to her crown. *Suum cuique* : it is her rightful ambition at present, until it becomes her rightful possession in the future.

Germany has become one so far ; but not far enough. Alas for France ! Ger-

many is not Germany yet, nor will be complete till she holds out her hand to Italy in the south, at Trieste, and thus encircles France with an iron grip that will defy all her efforts at alliance with enemies of Germany or Italy to the detriment of either.

Chacun pour soi : it is but a natural desire to guard our house against the enemy, to strengthen it against attack, to minimize the sources of danger.

Strong with Teutonic blood and German language spoken from the Baltic to the Adriatic, proud of a country that will reach from sea to sea, and rich in a northern and southern outlet, Germany, while creating an effectual barrier against France, will then monopolize the commerce of Central Europe, and become the reserve-force of Austria against future Russian aggressions toward the west.

Much has to be done and much is being done toward the accomplishment of this task, worthy of a great empire like Germany.

Austria's fears have to be allayed, and Russian apprehensions have to be lulled to sleep. That is the secret of the triple alliance,—an alliance which prevents Russia and France uniting together for a common object ; an alliance which permits Austria to be quietly moulded into the willing instrument of Germany's plans, and still more quietly transformed into a Slav empire, and deprived of the last historical possessions of the house of Hapsburg.

None need much fear the triple alliance, unless it be Austria, who is befooled, and must lose something in the long-run ; while Russia, who is equally being befooled, but more active, may find compensation for the future in all she reaps at present under the patronage of Germany. It is clear that it cannot serve German interest at present to prevent this, even though the Imperial Chancellor Bismarck may dance with rage in his private apartments of Varzin at what is being done under that patronage, for the future is too important to be sacrificed to the present. The triple alliance itself has no present thought of England, though Russia, who forms part of it, may personally wish to annoy us ; but to that point we will apply ourselves presently.

The stakes are too heavy for secondary considerations ; and England, except for Egypt, would not even trouble the minds of Prince Bismarck, the Austro-Hungarian premier, or M. de Giers. The partition of the East is no small matter to settle, but it will be settled without England's participation in it : because it does not concern England, in the minds of the three Continental empires ; because it is well ascertained that England cannot and will not back her protests by open warfare ; and because the so-called common-sense of Lord Derby, the gentleman-like weak courtesy of Lord Granville—despite the spirited protestations made by Lord Salisbury last year—have reduced this country's foreign policy to *nil* in the active factors of the world's history and development.

No wonder, however, that France indulges in a "wild unrest;" for she apprehends the truth without realizing it. No wonder that Austria is troubled and anxious ; for she scents breakers ahead, and is conscious how little the future which she knows to be in store for her, will please the fancies of the Hungarian portion of her monarchy. No wonder, in fact, that the world experiences the heaviness of a coming storm, and little guessing the direction of its blast, is rather desirous of pooh-poohing the idea than of making preparations to meet it. With the instinct which children and drunkards possess, France sends to Germany England's bitterest foe in Egyptian matters—M. Herbette—so as to insure, if possible, Prince Bismarck's protection in her doings against us in Egypt, apprehending that some day, when she is shut out of the Continent by the great Teutonic and South Slav combinations, she may yet link herself with Russia at the mouth of the Nile. French Governments may be bad and ignorant, but the follies of youth and ignorance do not exclude the happy knack of children of falling on their feet ; and if France itself be an old country, its constitutions incessantly renewed, its political men forever changing, and its forms of government so constantly being modified, are sufficient proof that youth is the special characteristic of the present French republic. To that youth belongs the in-

stinctive fear of which we speak ; to that youth belongs the diplomatic tremor which marks her present foreign policy.

It may suit Germany to humor such plans one day or to discountenance them the next ; for what cares she about the naval fights of the future, when, having secured her populations against disastrous wars upon her own territory, she may by means of her own navy in the Adriatic encourage or discourage French ambition against England ? What matters it even if France and Russia ally themselves in the Mediterranean against herself, when having taken from Austria her German-speaking provinces, she becomes so powerful as to prevent these alliances as well ? German interests first ; the rest after. If France can show through M. Herbette that it is the Prince's interest, for the furtherance of his views, to favor French projects in Egypt, then M. Herbette will carry the day ; but if not, then M. Herbette will return to the dignified mediocrity from which a piece of ill-timed humor against us on the part of M. de Freycinet has at present drawn him.

Thus it is that France intuitively knows that Germany is her master, and timidly apprehends a single-handed conflict with us in Egypt.

In the case of Austria, matters are somewhat different. She has to lose, but also to gain ; and while her loss must be borne ungrudgingly, it is from her spoliator that she expects help to gain her compensating territory.

Her occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina—viz., her seizure of the heart of that South Slav country which embraces Servia and Bulgaria to the east, and Montenegro and Albania to the west—took place at the very time that the Berlin Congress was sitting in 1878, and constituted the first fruit of that Germano-Austrian alliance into which, soon after, the German Chancellor graciously permitted proud Russia to enter.

Il faut dorer la pilule, and the newly emancipated States from the mild though impossible yoke of Turkey were given short leases of existence, with permission to parade as many symbols of royalty as pleased the vanity of their respective heads ; but a year had not elapsed before the countries border-

ing on Bosnia were informed right and left that there must be an end to their gratitude to Russia for their emancipation; that the pan-Slavonic agitation in those countries must be arrested; and that close alliance with Austria meant salvation in the present and perhaps autonomy in the future. A strategic line to the south, in the direction of Adrianople, soon showed that business was intended; and that, should Russia in the future intend to press her claims on Bulgaria as her own particular property, an amicable arrangement might be arrived at in the neighborhood of old Servia, on the principle of give and take—that is to say, Eastern Roumelia might belong to Russia, but Macedonia down to Salonica would remain to Austria. If this could not be, then a fight must ensue.

In the first case, Germany would not move, as the arrangement would suit her interests; in the other, she would back Austria, as Salonica must never be Russian.

The problem is complicated by the presence of Hungary, as we have stated: but just as the Austrian empire now boasts of a dual character, that character would only become the more defined by the elimination of the German element from its councils. To wait with patience on the German Chancellor's notions of time and fitness is therefore the game of diplomacy to be played by Austria.

But what is Russia's aim? Intriguing and forever on the alert, Russia makes hay while the sun shines, knowing that the death of the Emperor William may reveal the truth that the German Chancellor, and still more Germany itself, is not her friend; and how could they be? How can ambitious nations care for one another when still their aims may clash? Russia knows that her late successful war against Turkey, by giving her Batoum and Bessarabia, has landed her at the gates of Constantinople, and that as no one can eject her from that position, she holds the key of that Eastern question which the triple alliance has been formed to solve in the interest of Germany and Austria and herself; but she is only just realizing that by having been per-

mitted to enter that alliance at the time when England's name had not yet fallen to so low an ebb in the esteem—that is to say, in the fears—of the Continent, as to exclude her from their reckonings, she has now practically subscribed by that alliance to a tripartite division of south-east Europe,—by which she is not, after all, to get the lion's share,—and given up the key she had won.

Constantinople was the dream of Peter the Great, just as Jerusalem was that of the Crusaders—indeed in holy Russia it may be so still; but in governing Russia, the Dardanelles, the Ægean Sea, a free board on the waters that mix with the Mediterranean, constitute the practical aim of patriotic aspirations. Holy Russia may possess itself of Constantinople, but plotting Russia will remain in St. Petersburg; and in the greater Russia that extends to the Dardanelles and encloses three seas, it is but fair that the religious care of centuries should find a rest in St. Sofia, and that Constantinople should become another Kieff.

Lulled as she had been by Germany, and serving that country's purpose by threatening us in the far East (for no trouble from France could be apprehended while Russia was thus engaged), our successful efforts at peace opened Russia's eyes to what was going on in the West; and waking from a pleasant dream of pleasant friends watching her interests when engaged elsewhere, she suddenly discovered that the Slavonic provinces wrested from Turkey by her arms, were slipping away from her into the arms of Austria.

What was the good of placing a nephew on the throne of Bulgaria, marrying a trusted friend in Montenegro to the daughter of Karageorgewic, late Prince of Servia, or fomenting discord in Eastern Roumelia for the aggrandisement of Bulgaria, and getting up a hostile faction in Roumania against a German ruler, if the nephew was to become the patriotic sovereign of a new hostile nation; the trusted friend, a dependant of Austria; the late Servian dynasty to be lost forever to the Austrian-protected Servia of the present day; and the King of Roumania to be upheld on his throne by German and Austrian arms?

Were Russian intrigues in the Balkans, on the Danube, on the shores of the Adriatic, to be as a dead thing? *E comè corpo morto cadde?* Impossible! Such proceedings must be taken in hand at once; the difficulties with England in respect to the Afghan frontier must remain *in statu quo*—leaving a loophole for further annoyances to that country, if necessary; but all Russia's energies must be concentrated in the West, and the Panslavonic Emperor informed his brethren of the triple alliance that the Slav nationalities of Southern Europe belonged to him and to him only. He suited his action to his words; and what does a wild nation and a still wilder Emperor care for honor and dignity in their proceedings?

The treacherous capture of that noble young prince, Alexander of Bulgaria, and Russia's protection of his dastardly would-be assassins, are a proof of it, if General Kaulbars's proceedings did not show that, coming from Austria to undo an Austrian game, he had been specially selected by Russia to mark her sense of the confidence she in future will place in the triple alliance of which Austria is a member.

Prince Bismarck is not a man to allow his cards to be seen before the game requires it; and to have betrayed anger with Russia's proceedings would have meant exposure of the original understanding between him and Austria before Russia entered the triple compact for the settlement of the East.

Therefore it was that from his official organ no note of disapproval came at first, but signs are already visible that his patience will not stand much more; and hence it is that, with an irate Russia at seeing her plots and intrigues frustrated, an expectant Austria resolved to keep the advantages obtained since 1878, and a powerful Germany waiting her opportunity, matters are in a state which justifies alarm.

But the triple alliance may come to a better understanding, and the necessity of war in the state of impoverished Europe may yet be averted. It depends not on Germany, who, having something, does not care to lose it—or on Austria, who, having less, is not anxious to become insolvent—so much as on

Russia, who, being bankrupt, cares not whether the money lent her by foreigners is lost, provided she adds to her territories.

These are the aims of the continent of Europe; and, as will be seen, their ultimate object is to have, each and all, a debouch in the Mediterranean—France at Marseilles, Italy wherever she likes, Germany at Trieste, Austria at Salonica, and Russia at the Ægean mouth of the Dardanelles. Lord Beaconsfield must have had a presentiment of this when he insisted on taking Cyprus under England's protectorate; while Providence marked for us the point where England's prestige will have to be maintained in the future, when by Arabi's rebellion our occupation of Egypt was brought about.

It is not our purpose to discuss the past, or the subtle arguments suggested by party politics in England. We have a higher aim.

Very little knowledge of foreign politics is necessary to discover at once the aims of each of the Continental Powers, whose diplomats are but mechanical instruments in the hands of their Governments, intrusted only with the mission of hiding behind well-turned phrases the real nature of those aims.

But when placed before an English public as they have been in these pages, two points become specially worthy of notice.

One is the ease with which the Continental policies of the last ten years suddenly appear susceptible of comprehension, even when apparently most contradictory of each other; and the other is the forcible conclusion that when these several objects are attained, it will not be difficult for Europe to make the Mediterranean a *mare clausum* to our ships of war, if Europe will it so.

Even Prince Bismarck's counsel (actual or supposed) to us to take possession of Egypt when we have the opportunity, does not in any way militate with his well-defined policy; for, while he will strive to obtain his immediate ends, he is not anxious to deprive his country of our possible aid in the future; nor, while utilizing Russia for his purpose, is he so friendly toward her as to encourage a naval link between her

and France when that purpose is an accomplished fact. Perhaps the most remarkable characteristic of the German Chancellor's policy is the exceptional unity of purpose which he steadily pursues, and the absence of any contradictory element in the advice he tenders or the opinions he expresses.

If in England we had attached a little more value to the appreciation of foreign politics, we would long ere this have allied ourselves closely to the country which owns as its Chancellor the only political genius of this latter half of the century. But time presses, and while the continent of Europe is in a ferment of expectation and development—while the end of it may see their combined fleets arrayed against us at the entrance of the Nile, our road to India threatened, foreign markets closed to our commerce, and our world-carrying trade stopped—let us not dismiss our clearly indicated interests by Gladstonian and Quixotic desires to retreat from the only place which gives us a ground of vantage, by paltry considerations of money spent to the detriment of better objects; but let us look matters in the face, take time by the forelock, and do

as Russia does—make hay while the sun shines.

Let us hear no more nonsense about retreating from Egypt. Let us on the contrary, if necessary, insist on our share in the partition of Turkey, which is as certain as the morrow treads on the day, and claim some of those islands which command the Dardanelles. Let us fortify what we have. Let Gibraltar, Malta, and Cyprus become yet stronger than they are. Let the capitulations in Egypt be put an end to, and British law command there from one end of Egypt to the other. Let no undecided voice be heard in Parliament in respect of it, and a stop be put on French calculations as to the advantage of supplanting us in those fertile regions of the Nile.

If there be pluck in our men, in our statesmen, let England rise and defend her own. The time has come, and more than come, when patriotism should assert itself; for there is no denying the fact, when their own purposes are served, the whole of the political questions of the future will be summed up in one phrase—Europe *versus* England. —*Blackwood's Magazine.*

HENRY D. THOREAU.

BY H. S. SALT.

"MR. THOREAU dined with us. He is a singular character—a young man with much of wild, original nature still remaining in him; and so far as he is sophisticated, it is in a way and method of his own. He is as ugly as sin, long-nosed, queer-mouthed, and with uncouth and somewhat rustic, though courteous, manners, corresponding very well with such an exterior. But his ugliness is of an honest and agreeable fashion, and becomes him much better than beauty."

This extract from Nathaniel Hawthorne's Diary in 1842 describes Thoreau as he appeared, three years before his retirement to Walden, to one who was scarcely likely to do full justice to a genius so widely dissimilar to his own. The gifted inhabitant of the Old Manse, whose recent experiences at Brook Farm had led him to look with suspicion on all that savored of enthusiasm for social reform, and to view every

thing from a purely literary and artistic standpoint, could scarcely be expected to appreciate very warmly the character of a young enthusiast who had declared open war against custom and society, and was preaching a crusade against every sort of luxury and self-indulgence. Still less could the ordinary American citizen understand that novel gospel which bid him dispense with most of those things which he had been brought up to regard as the necessary comforts of life. Accordingly we are not surprised to find that Thoreau's doctrines obtained but little recognition during his lifetime; he was regarded with profound respect by a few select friends, Emerson among the number; but to the many he appeared merely eccentric and quixotic, his sojourn at Walden gaining him the reputation of a

hermit and misanthrope. Even now, nearly a quarter of a century after his death, he is not known as he deserves to be either in America or this country; most readers ignore or misunderstand him; and it is left to a small but increasing number of admirers to do justice to one of the most remarkable and original characters that America has yet produced. Thoreau was pre-eminently the apostle of "plain living and high thinking;" and to those who are indifferent to this doctrine he must ever appeal in vain; on the other hand, those who have realized the blessings of a simple and healthful life can never feel sufficient gratitude or admiration for such a book as "Walden," which is rightly regarded as the masterpiece of Thoreau's genius.

One of the causes that have contributed to the general lack of interest in Thoreau's writings is the want of a good memoir of his life. Emerson's account of him* is excellent as far as it goes, but it is very short and cursory; while the other lives,† though each is not without some merit of its own, are hardly satisfactory enough to become really popular. As so little is known of Thoreau by most people, it may be well, before I proceed to an examination of his writings and philosophy, to enumerate very briefly the leading facts of his life. He was born in 1817 in Concord, Massachusetts, his father being a manufacturer of lead pencils in that place. He was educated at Harvard College, and after leaving the University taught for a short time in a private school, but soon becoming weary of the educational profession he devoted himself to his father's trade till he had completely mastered it in all its details. Then, finding that the true aim and object of his ambition was to live a simple, natural, open-air life, he became, as he himself has humorously recorded, "self-appointed inspector of snow-storms and rain-storms," and gave himself up to that intimate communion

with nature from which he seemed to derive all his intellectual strength. In 1845 he built himself a hut on the shores of Walden Pond, a short distance from Concord, and there lived for over two years. After this sojourn in the woods he returned to Concord, and the quiet tenor of his life was afterward only interrupted by occasional visits to the Maine Woods, Canada, Cape Cod, and other places of interest, of which journeys he has left an account in his books. He died in 1862 from a disease of the lungs, the result of a severe cold taken through unwise exposure in winter. His best known works are "Walden," the "Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," "Anti-Slavery and Reform Papers," and the Diaries.

It has been remarked by some critics, who take an unfavorable view of Thoreau's philosophy, that his life was strikingly devoid of those wide experiences and opportunities of studying mankind, which alone can justify an individual in arraigning, as Thoreau did, the whole system of modern society.* It should be remembered, however, that he possessed that keen native wisdom and practical insight, which, combined with fearless self-inspection, are often a better form of education than the more approved methods. Like all other enthusiasts, Thoreau sometimes taught a half-truth rather than a whole one; but that does not alter the fact that his teaching was true as far as it went. In his life-protest against the luxury and self-indulgence which he saw everywhere around him, he no doubt occasionally over-stated his own case, and ignored some objections which might reasonably have been raised against his doctrines; but in the main his conclusions are generally sound and unimpeachable. Self-taught, time-saving, and laconic, he struck by a sort of unerring instinct at the very root of the question which he chanced to be discussing, not pausing to weigh objections, or allowing any difficulties to divert him from his aim. We may now proceed to consider the chief features of his philosophy.

Thoreau has been called a Stoic; and

* Prefixed to Thoreau's "Excursions," Messrs. Ticknor & Fields: Boston.

† "Thoreau, His Life and Aims," by H. A. Page. Chatto & Windus. "Thoreau, the Poet-Naturalist," by W. Ellery Channing. Boston. "Life in America" (Men of Letters Series), by F. B. Sanborn.

* Vide Lowell's Essay on Thoreau in "My Study Windows."

there is undoubtedly much in his philosophy that is akin to the spirit of ancient Stoicism. With him, as with Epictetus, conformity to nature is the basis of his teaching, and he has been finely called by Emerson the "Bachelor of Nature," a term which might well have been applied to many of the old Greek and Roman Stoics. It is a remarkable fact that there is rarely any mention of love in his writings, but friendship, as with the Stoics, is a common theme, this subject being treated of at considerable length in the "Week."* His main point of similarity, however, to the Stoic philosophers is to be found in his ceaseless protest against all kinds of luxury and superfluous comforts. Like Socrates, he could truly say, on seeing the abundance of other people's possessions, "How many things are there that I do not desire!" and every page of "Walden" bears testimony to the sincerity of this feeling. The key-note of the book is the sentiment expressed in Goldsmith's words, "Man wants but little here below," with the difference that Thoreau did not merely *talk* of Arcadian simplicity, in the manner that was so common with literary men a century ago, but carried his theories into practical effect. His furniture at Walden consisted of a bed, a table, a desk, three chairs, a looking-glass, a pair of tongs, and a few plates, knives, forks, and cooking-utensils. He had three pieces of limestone on his desk, but finding they required to be dusted daily, he threw them out of the window, preferring to spend the time in dusting "the furniture of his mind." A lady once offered him a mat, but for the same reason this offer was declined. His dress, diet, and whole system of life were framed on similar principles. When asked at table what dish he preferred, he answered "the nearest," and he was surprised at the anxiety which people usually manifest to have new and unpatched clothes rather than a sound conscience. In short, his utterances on this subject of superfluous comforts were such as would have made Dr. Samuel Johnson's hair stand on end with amazement and indignation had they been

promulgated on one of the many occasions when the Doctor used to demonstrate to his audience the beneficial results of luxury, in the full confidence that he was teaching a great economic truth! Freedom from artificial wants, and a life in harmony with nature, are again and again insisted upon by Thoreau as the basis of all true happiness; and these he certainly pursued with unfaltering consistency through his own singular career. In this sense he was a true Stoic philosopher. But there are also important differences. Thoreau was free from that coldness of heart which was too often a characteristic of the Stoics of old, and was animated by a far wider and nobler spirit of humanity. It is true that there was a certain reserve in his manner which made his acquaintances a little afraid of him, and caused one of his friends to remark, "I love Henry, but I cannot like him." But this existed only in his manner; in heart he was at all times thoroughly kindly and sympathetic. There is a passage in his diary* where he regrets his own tendency to use more harsh and cynical expressions about mankind than he really intended, owing to the somewhat paradoxical style of conversation in which he indulged, and which his friends seemed to expect from him. But his enthusiastic admiration for the heroes of the anti-slavery agitation was a proof that he was quite free from the coldness of a merely theoretic Stoicism; indeed he has a just claim to be considered one of the leaders of the great humanitarian movement of this century, his sympathy with the lower animals being one of the most extraordinary features of his character. He had been influenced far too deeply by the teaching of Channing, Emerson, and the transcendental school, to permit of his being classed as a mere cynic or misanthrope.

"Simplify, simplify," was the cry that was forever on Thoreau's lips, in his life-protest against the increasing luxury and extravagance and hypocrisy of the age. The lesson taught us by "Walden" is that there are two ways of becoming rich; one—the method usually adopted—by conforming to the conventional laws of society, and amass-

* Pages 282-304.

* "Early Spring in Massachusetts," p. 124.

ing sufficient money to enable one to purchase all the "comforts" of which men think they have need; the other—a simpler and more expeditious process—by limiting one's desires to those things which are really necessary; in Thoreau's own words, "A man is rich in proportion to the number of things which he can afford to let alone." It is habit only which makes us regard as necessary a great part of the equipments of civilized life, and an experience such as that of Thoreau during his sojourn at Walden goes to prove that we might be healthier and happier if we could bring ourselves to dispense with many of our superfluous and artificial wants, and thus substitute a manly independence for our present childish dependence on the labor of others. Thoreau was not a foolish champion of savage and barbarous isolation against the appliances and improvements of civilized society; it is not denied by him that on the whole the civilized state is far preferable to the savage condition; but he shows that in some ways the increase of artificial wants, and of skill in supplying them, has proved a curse rather than a blessing to the human race, and he points out an easy and perfectly practicable way out of this difficulty. Every one may add to his own riches, and may lessen his own labor, and that of others, in the treadmill of competitive existence, by the simple expedient of living less artificially. There are few indeed who, if they go to the root of the matter, and cast aside the prejudices of custom and convention, will not discover that they could be equally happy—nay, far happier, without much of what is now most expensive in their houses, in the way of furniture, clothing, and diet. Thoreau discovered by his own experiment,* that by working about six weeks in the year, he could meet all the expenses of living, and have free for study the whole of his winters as well as most of his summers, a discovery which may throw considerable light on the solution of certain social problems in our own country. Even if we allow an ample margin for the peculiarity of his case, and the favorable conditions under which he made his

experiment, the conclusion seems to be unavoidable that the burden of labor which falls on the majority of the human race is not only very unfairly distributed, but in itself unnecessarily heavy.

Thoreau cannot be called a Socialist; he was rather an Individualist of the most uncompromising type. One of his most striking characteristics was his strong contempt for the orthodox social virtues of "charity" and "philanthropy," which lead men—so he thought—to attempt a cheap method of improving their fellow-creatures without any real sacrifice or reform on their own side. In no part of "Walden" is the writing more vigorous and trenchant than when Thoreau is, discussing the "philanthropic enterprises" in which some of his fellow-townsmen reproachfully invited him to join. "Doing good," he declares, is one of the professions that are full; and if he knew for a certainty that a man was coming to his house with the design of doing him good, he should run for his life, for he would rather suffer evil the natural way. So, too, with charity:

"It may be that he who bestows the largest amount of time and money on the needy, is doing the utmost by his mode of life to produce that misery which he strives in vain to relieve. Some show their kindness to the poor by employing them in their kitchens. Would they not be kinder if they employed themselves there?"

We are not surprised to find that Thoreau's favorite modern author was Carlyle, the philosophy of Work (not in the commercial sense) being one that would eminently commend itself to the very practical mind of the author of "Walden." With Ruskin he does not seem to have been familiar, though there is no writer to whom in many respects he was more akin; indeed, as a castigat of the faults of modern civilization and artificial society, he occupies in America a position very similar to that of Ruskin in England. There are many whole passages in "Walden" which are strikingly Ruskinian in their manner of thought and expression; as for instance the following:*

"Nature has no human inhabitant who ap-

* "Walden," pp. 75-77.

* Page 216.

preciates her. The birds with their plumage and their notes are in harmony with the flowers, but what youth or maiden conspires with the wild luxuriant beauty of Nature? She flourishes most alone, far from the towns where they reside. Talk of heaven! ye disgrace earth."

Again the resemblance is very striking when we find Thoreau inveighing against the luxury of the railroad car, with its divans and ottomans and velvet cushions and "a malaria all the way."

"That devilish Iron Horse," he exclaims,* "whose ear-rending neigh is heard throughout the town, he it is that has browsed off all the woods on Walden shore: that Trojan horse, with a thousand men in his belly, introduced by mercenary Greeks."

Many, too, are his strictures † on the monstrous ugliness of recent American architecture, and his meditations on the sacred delight of a man building his own dwelling, as he himself did at Walden, and lingering lovingly over foundation, doors, windows, hearth, and every other detail. When he considers how flimsily modern houses are in general built, paid for or not paid for, as the case may be, he expresses his wonder that "the floor does not give way under the visitor while he is admiring the gewgaws upon the mantelpiece, and let him through to the cellar, to some solid and honest, though earthy, foundation." Like Ruskin again, Thoreau declines to yield homage to the supremacy of the nineteenth century, even on the score of such boasted modern inventions as the Telegraph and Post Office, for he insists that he only received one or two letters in all his life that were worth the postage, and that the Telegraph cannot greatly benefit those who, it may be, have nothing important to communicate. For newspapers also, and all the trivialities of newspaper gossip, he had a profound contempt, caring nothing to read of men robbed or murdered, houses blown up, vessels wrecked, or cows run over on the railroad, because he could discover nothing memorable in this. Even books were not always found to be desirable; there being times when he "could not afford to sacrifice the bloom of the present moment to any work,"—a remark which reminds one

of Ruskin's statement that he never reads in spring-time. In like manner Thoreau was in no way interested in the ordinary conversation of "society;" for, as he characteristically observes, "a goose is a goose still, dress it as you will." The author of "*Fors Clavigera*" has there put it on record that he could never contemplate a visit to a country which has no castles; if, however, he had visited America during Thoreau's lifetime, I think he might have found a compensation even for this great disadvantage. At any rate, he might have met one kindred spirit across the Atlantic, one man who cared so little for party politics that he never voted, and who, amid all the hurry and fluster of his enterprising countrymen, preferred traveling on foot to being jerked along on a railroad.

Mr. Lowell, in an essay on Thoreau in "*My Study Windows*," finds fault with him for this hostility to the tendency of his age. He complains of his exaggerated idea of self-importance, which led him (according to the critic's view) to prize a lofty way of thinking, "not so much because it was good in itself as because he wished few to share it with him." I think this is very unfair to Thoreau, and due to a complete lack of sympathy with the spirit in which he wrote. Still more surprising is the assertion that Thoreau was the victim of a morbid self-consciousness, and that his didactic style was the outcome of an unhealthy mind! It is an unprofitable task for an admirer of a great man to combat charges such as these, which are only another proof, if proof were needed, of the fact that one man of genius is often lamentably and ludicrously unable to recognize and appreciate the merits of another, and that the best writers are often the most erroneous critics. It is impossible to estimate rightly any literary work, unless one is to some extent in sympathy with the aims and objects of the author; a qualification which Mr. Lowell certainly does not possess in the case of Thoreau. The culminating absurdity of his criticism is reached when he asserts that Thoreau "had no humor." The author of "*Walden*" destitute of humor! Even Mr. Matthew Arnold's recent *dictum*, that Shelley's literary immortality will be due to

* Page 208.

† Pages 42, 50, 52, 262.

his prose writings rather than his poems, must yield the place of honor among the curiosities of criticism to this amazing and unsurpassable utterance on the part of the author of the "Biglow Papers."

There is one aspect of Thoreau's teaching which is scarcely mentioned by his biographers, though it is of considerable importance in forming a just estimate of his character; I refer to his humanitarian views. His hatred of war is very strongly expressed in those passages where he condemns the iniquitous attack which the United States were then making on Mexico; war, he says, is "a damnable business;" since those concerned in it, "soldiers, colonel, captain, corporal, powder-monkeys, and all," are in reality peaceably inclined, and are forced to fight against their common sense and consciences.*

Of his detestation of the system of slavery I shall have occasion to speak farther on. But Thoreau went much further than this; his humanity was shown not only in his relations to men, but also in his dealings with the lower animals. Emerson tells us that, though a naturalist, Thoreau used neither trap nor gun—a fact which must have been independently noticed by all readers of "Walden" or the diaries. It was his habit to eat no flesh; though with characteristic frankness he confesses to having once slaughtered and devoured a woodchuck which ravaged his bean-field. He laughs at the farmer who tells him that it is not possible to live on vegetable food alone, walking at that very time behind the oxen, "which, with vegetable-made bones, jerk him and his lumbering plough along in spite of every obstacle." Yet at the same time, it must be admitted that he was not a consistent vegetarian, for we find constant mention of his fishing in Walden Pond, and his dinner was sometimes composed of "a mess of fish." This apparent contradiction in Thoreau's dietetic philosophy is explained in that chapter of "Walden" which is headed "Higher Laws," where we find the fullest statement of his views on the humanitarian question. He begins by remarking that he finds in himself two instincts—one

toward a higher and more spiritual life; the other, the hunting-instinct, toward a primitive and savage state. He reverences both of these instincts, being of opinion that there is "a period in the history of individuals, as of the race, when the hunters are the best men." It is natural, he thinks, that boys and youths should wish to shoulder a fowling-piece and betake themselves to the woods; but (and here is the essence of Thoreau's teaching on this subject) "at last, if he has the seeds of a better life in him, he distinguishes his proper objects, as a poet or naturalist it may be, and leaves the gun and fish-pole behind." Thoreau himself had sold his gun long before his sojourn at Walden, and though he did not feel the same scruple about fishing, he nevertheless confesses that he could not fish "without falling off a little in self-respect." This leads him to dwell on the whole question of food, and he states his own opinion as being very strongly in favor of a purely vegetarian diet as being at once more cleanly, more economical, and more moral than the usual system of flesh-food.* "Whatever my own practice may be," he adds, "I have no doubt that it is a part of the destiny of the human race, in its gradual improvement, to leave off eating animals, as surely as the savage tribes have left off eating each other when they came in contact with the more civilized." This is Thoreau's testimony to that particular brand of the humanitarian movement which claims that without it no other can in itself be logical or consistent; and it is perhaps the more valuable testimony as coming from a perfectly unprejudiced witness, one who, as he himself says, could at times "eat a fried rat with good relish."

The last point connected with Thoreau's teaching on which it will be necessary to enter, is the subject of politics. And here one might be tempted to state briefly, and once for all, that Thoreau had nothing to do with politics; and thus follow the example of that writer on natural history, mentioned by De Quincey, who, after heading a chapter with the words "Concerning the Snakes of Iceland," proceeded

* Essay on "Civil Disobedience."

* *Vide* especially pp. 230-235.

to remark, "There are *no* snakes in Iceland." But though Thoreau was no politician in the ordinary use of the word, and never voted in his life, yet, in another sense, he took a good deal of interest in American state-affairs, especially during the latter years of his life, and left several pamphlets and lectures of the highest possible merit. In his essay on "Civil Disobedience," he gives expression to that strong feeling of individualism which caused him to resent the meddling and muddling propensities, as they seemed to him, of American government, as seen in the Mexican war abroad, and slavery at home. "Must the citizen," he asks, "resign his conscience to the legislator?" In one way he felt he could make a vigorous protest, and that was on the occasion when he confronted the Government in the person of its tax-collector. He refused to pay the poll-tax, and was on this account once put into prison, the true place, as he says, for a just man, "under a Government that imprisons any unjustly." His own account of his incarceration, and the night spent in prison, may be found, told in his best and most incisive style, in this same essay on "Civil Disobedience." The two main causes of this withdrawal of his allegiance to the State were, as I have already said, the aggressive war waged on Mexico and the maintenance of slavery in Massachusetts; he did not care "to trace the course of his dollar," paid in taxes to the State, "till it buys a man, or a musket to shoot one with." On the subject of slavery he was strongly and profoundly moved. No more powerful and eloquent indictment of the iniquities of that unholy traffic was ever published than in his three papers on "Slavery in Massachusetts," "A Plea for Captain John Brown," and "The Last Days of John Brown." Those who have hitherto imagined Thoreau to have been a mere recluse, interesting only as a hermit in an age when hermits are somewhat out of date, will be obliged to reconsider their opinion, if they take into consideration these splendid essays, so full of sound common-sense, trenchant satire, and noble enthusiasm for humanity.

But it is time now to bid farewell to

Thoreau in his character of philosopher and moralist, and to view him awhile in another light. He has been well called by Ellery Channing the "Poet-Naturalist;" for to the ordinary qualifications of the naturalist—patience, watchfulness, and precision—he added in a rare degree the genius and inspiration of the poet. He may be described as standing midway between old Gilbert White of Selborne, the naturalist *par excellence*, and Michelet, the impassioned writer of that wonderful book "L'Oiseau." He had all that amazing knowledge of the country, its Fauna and Flora, which characterized Gilbert White, his familiarity with every bird, beast, insect, fish, reptile, and plant, being something little less than miraculous to the ordinary unobservant townsman. Very suggestive of Selborne, too, was that pocket-diary of Thoreau's, in which were entered the names of all the native Concord plants, and the date of the day on which each would bloom. "His power of observation," Emerson tells us, "seemed to indicate additional senses." On the other hand, he equalled Michelet—and it is scarcely possible to give him greater praise than this—in that still higher creative power, which can draw from a scientific fact of natural history a poetical thought or image to be applied to the life of man. As Michelet could see in the heron the type of fallen grandeur, the dispossessed monarch still haunting the scenes of his former glory; or in the woodpecker the sturdy solitary workman of the forest, neither gay nor sad in mood, but happy in the performance of his ceaseless task; so Thoreau delighted in idealizing and moralizing on the facts which he noted in his daily rambles by forest, river, or pond. He sees the pincushion galls on the young white oaks in early summer, the most beautiful object of the woods, though but a disease and excrescence, "beautiful scarlet sins, they may be." "Through our temptations," he adds, "ay, and our falls, our virtues appear." Countless instances of this kind of thought could be picked out from his diaries and the pages of "Walden;" in fact, Thoreau has been blamed, and not altogether without reason, for carrying this moralizing tendency to excess—a fault which he perhaps acquired through

the influence of the Transcendental movement. In love of birds he certainly yielded no whit to Michelet himself; and he is never weary of recording his encounters with the bob-o'-links, cat-birds, whip-poor-wills, chickadees, and numerous other species. His paper on the "Natural History of Massachusetts" gives a short and pithy summary of his experiences in this subject; but he had usually a strange dislike of writing detached memoirs, preferring to let the whole subject rest undivided in his mind. His studies as naturalist were too much a part of his whole character to be kept separate from the rest, and must therefore be sought for throughout the whole body of his works. This intense love of woodcraft, together with his taste for all Indian lore, and all hunting adventure, give a wild and racy charm to Thoreau's books which often reminds one of Defoe and other early writers. On the subject of fishing not even Izaak Walton himself could write as Thoreau has done, though one is somewhat reminded of the father of the "gentle craft" in reading passages such as the following:† "Who knows what admirable virtue of fishes may be below low-water mark, bearing up against a hard destiny? Thou shalt ere long have thy way up all the rivers, if I am not mistaken. Yea, even thy dull watery dream shall be more than realized. Keep a stiff fin then, and stem all the tides thou mayst meet." Still more wonderful are the descriptions of the weird and mysterious characteristics of fishing—the cork that goes dancing down the stream when suddenly "emerges this fabulous inhabitant of another element, a thing heard of but not seen, as if it were the creation of an eddy, a true product of the running stream," or, still more memorable, the midnight fishing on Walden Pond when the angler, anchored in forty feet of water, "communicated with a long flaxen line with mysterious nocturnal fishes" below, now and then feeling a vibration along the line "indicative of some life prowling about its extremity, some dull uncertain blundering purpose."

If Thoreau could thus sympathize

with the mysteries of fish-life, we are the better able to believe what his biographers more than once tell us, that fishes often swam into his hand and would allow him to lift them out of the water, to the unspeakable amazement of his companions in the boat. His influence over animals seems indeed to have been little less than miraculous, and recalls many of the legends of the anchorites in the Middle Ages and of St. Francis d'Assisi. As Kingsley has pointed out in his "Hermits," the power of attracting wild animals was doubtless in large measure due to the hermits' habit of sitting motionless for hours, and their perfect freedom from anger or excitement, so that there is nothing absurd or improbable in such stories as those of the swallows sitting and singing on the knees of St. Guthlac, or the robin building its nest in St. Karilef's hood. Much the same is recorded of Thoreau's habitual patience and immobility. Emerson tells us that "he knew how to sit immovable, a part of the rock he rested on, until the bird, the reptile, the fish, which had retired from him, should come back and resume its habits, nay, moved by curiosity, should come to him and watch him." Of all such stories of strange sympathy between men and the lower animals none are so beautiful as those recorded in the life of St. Francis; but certainly Thoreau may claim the honor of having approached nearest in modern times to that sense of perfect brotherhood and sympathy with all innocent creatures. There is a singular resemblance between the legend of the tench which followed the boat in which St. Francis was praying and some of the anecdotes told about Thoreau.

Thoreau's retirement to Walden has naturally led many people to consider him as a sort of modern hermit, and the attraction he exercised over the inhabitants of the woods and waters was only one of many points of resemblance. There was the same recognition of the universal brotherhood of men, the same scorn of the selfish luxury and childish amusements of society, and the same impatience of the farce which men call "politics," the same desire of self-concentration and undisturbed thought. Thoreau also possessed, in a marked

* "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," p. 44.

degree, that power of suddenly and strongly influencing those who conversed with him, which was so characteristic of the hermits. Young men who visited him were often converted in a moment to the belief "that this was the man they were in search of, the man of men, who could tell them all they should do."* But it would be a grievous wrong to Thoreau to allow this comparison, a just one up to a certain point, to be drawn out beyond its fair limits. He was something more than a solitary. He had higher aims than the anchorites of old. He went to the woods, as he himself has told us, because he wished "to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life." So far he was like the hermits of the East. But it was only a two-years' sojourn, not a life-visit that he made to Walden; his object was not merely to retire, but to fit himself for a more perfect life. He left the woods "for as good reason as he went there," feeling that he had several more lives to live, and could not spare more time for that one. Even while he lived at Walden he visited his family and friends at Concord every two or three days; indeed, one of his biographers† asserts that he "bivouacked" at Walden rather than actually lived there, though this is hardly the impression conveyed by Thoreau himself or other authorities. Very different also was Thoreau in his complete freedom from the morbid asceticism and unhealthy habit of body which too often distinguished the hermits. His frugality was deliberate and rational, based on the belief that the truest health and happiness must be sought in wise and unvarying moderation; but there was no trace of any unreasoning asceticism; his object being to vivify, not mortify, the flesh. His nature was essentially simple and vigorous; he records in his diary‡ that he thought bathing one of the necessities of life, and wonders what kind of religion could be that of a certain New England farmer, who told him he had not had a bath for fifteen years. Now we read of St. Antony—and the same is told of most other hermits—that he never washed his

body with water, and could not endure even to wet his feet; dirtiness therefore must be considered a *sine quâ non* in the character of a true hermit, and this would entirely disqualify Thoreau for being ranked in that class. It is at once pleasanter and more correct, if we must make any comparisons at all, to compare him to the philosopher Epictetus, who lived in the vicinity of Rome in a little hut which had not so much as a door, his only attendant being an old servant-maid, and his property consisting of little more than an earthen lamp. Thoreau had the advantage over the Stoic in having no servant-maid at Walden; but as he indulged himself in a door, we may fairly set one luxury against the other, and the two philosophers may be classed on the whole as equally praiseworthy examples of a consistent simplicity and hardihood.

Thoreau's diaries afford much delightful reading, and give us a good insight into his character and mode of life. They abound in notes of his observations on Natural History, with here and there some poetical thought or moral reflection attached; sometimes there is an account of a voyage up the Assabet River, or a walking tour to Monadnock, or some other neighboring mountain. These diaries have lately been edited by Mr. H. G. O. Blake, a friend of Thoreau, who has arranged them according to seasons,* not years, various passages written in different years being grouped together under the same day of the month, thus giving a more connected picture of the climate under which Thoreau lived, and the scenes in which he took such delight.

Thoreau's poems are certainly the least successful part of his work. They were published in various American magazines, and he is fond of interpolating parts of them in his books. Some selections from them may be found in Page's "Life of Thoreau."† But it must be confessed that though Thoreau had a truly poetical mind, and though he may justly be styled the "Poet-Naturalist," he had not that power of expression in verse which is a necessary attribute of the true poet. Prose-poet

* Emerson's "Memoir of Thoreau," p. 18.

† Ellery Channing's "Memoir," p. 18.

‡ "Summer," pp. 352, 353.

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* "Early Spring in Massachusetts," "Summer," &c.

† Pages 188-194.

let us call him, as we call De Quincey or Ruskin, or Hawthorne; but poet in the ordinary sense he was not. He was a clear-headed, fearless thinker, whose force of native shrewdness and penetration led him to test the value of all that is regarded as indispensable in artificial life, and to reject much of it as unsound; he was gifted also with an enthusiastic love of nature, and with literary powers, which, if not of a wide and extensive range, were peculiarly appropriate—in an almost unrivalled degree—to the performance of that life-duty which he set before him as his ideal. He was in the truest sense an original writer; his work is absolutely unique. "Walden" alone is sufficient to win him a place among the immortals, for it is incomparable alike in matter and in style, and deserves to be a sacred book in the library of every cultured and thoughtful man. Never was there written a book more simple, more manly, more beautiful, more pure; it is, as Thoreau himself describes the pond from which it derives its name, "a gem of the first water which Concord wears in her coronet." * Concord is indeed rich in literary associations and reminiscences of great men. Emerson—Hawthorne—Thoreau; these are mighty names, a trinity of illustrious writers, almost sufficient in themselves to represent a national literature. It is not the least of Thoreau's honors that he has won a place in this literary brotherhood; but perhaps his greatest claim to immortality will be found in the fact that there is a natural affinity and fellowship between his genius and that of Walt Whitman, the great poet-prophet of the large-hearted democracy that is to be.

* A friend who has lately visited Concord informs me that there is now a railway-station at Walden, boats are let out for hire on the pond, and the place is in process of becoming a fashionable resort. Thoreau's hut is no longer in existence, but its site is marked by a cairn.

We see in Walt Whitman the very incarnation of all that is free, healthy, natural, sincere. A leviathan among modern writers, he proclaims with titanic and oceanic strength the advent of the golden age of Liberty and Nature. He proclaims; but he will not pause to teach or rebuke; he leaves it to others to explain by what means this glorious democracy, this "love of comrades," may be realized, and contents himself with a mighty and irresistible expression of the fact. Thoreau, though less catholic and sanguine in tone, but rather an iconoclast, a prophet of warning and remonstrance, and, as such, narrower and intenser in scope, nevertheless shares to the full all Walt Whitman's enthusiasm for hardihood and sincerity. He sets himself to apply this same new doctrine of simplicity to the facts of every-day life, and by his practice and example teaches *how* the individual may realize that freedom of which the poet sings. While America produces such writers as these, there seems nothing exaggerated or improbable in the most sanguine forecast of the great future that awaits American literature, a future to which Thoreau, himself American to the backbone, looked forward with earnest and trustful anticipation.

"If the heavens of America," he says, "appear infinitely higher, and the stars brighter, I trust that these facts are symbolical of the height to which the philosophy, and poetry and religion of her inhabitants may one day soar. At length, perchance, the immaterial heaven will appear as much higher to the American mind, and the intimations that star it as much brighter." *

Certain it is that of all philosophers, whether in the old world or the new, few have read the mysteries of this immaterial heaven and its starry intimations more truthfully and faithfully than Thoreau.—*Temple Bar*.

* "Excursions," p. 182.

THE EVE OF VENUS. .

A PARAPHRASE IN ENGLISH VERSE OF THE "PERVIGILUM VENERIS."

BY THE EARL OF LYTTON.

THESE verses have no pretension to be a literal translation (and, perhaps, I should rather call them an imitation than a paraphrase) of the *Pervigilium Veneris*. All that I have attempted in them is to reproduce the general spirit of a poem which (owing, perhaps, not a little of its charm to the mixture of modern sentiment with antique imagery) obviously belongs to a period of literary taste advanced to the very verge, though not yet beyond the verge, of decadence.

Lovers become, and begin to-morrow,
 You that not ever have loved before !
 Ay, and to-morrow again be lovers,
 You that have loved and who love no more ! *

New is all the time I sing,
 For now comes the natal morn
 Of the newness of the Spring,
 And 'tis then the world was born.
 In the Spring the Loves assemble,
 And the birds in nuptial bowers,
 And the rain-kist leaflets tremble
 Loose from lightly-clasping showers.
 Here in bowery shades, to-morrow,
 She that links the new-born Loves
 For their cradles boughs shall borrow,
 Blent with blooms, from myrtle groves.
 For to-morrow, enthroned in rightful
 State supreme, Dionè sits,
 And to her commands delightful
 The delighted world submits. †

Lovers become, and begin to-morrow,
 You that not ever have loved before !
 Ay, and to-morrow again be lovers,
 You that have loved and who love no more ! †

* Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit ;
 Quisque amavit, cras amet.

† Ver novum, ver jam canendum :
 Vere natus est orbis.
 Vere concordant Amores
 Vere nubunt alites,
 Et nemus comam resolvit
 Ex maritis imbribus.
 Cras Amorum copulatrix,
 Inter umbras arborum,
 Implicat casas virentes,
 Et flagella myrtea ;
 Cras Dione jura dicit,
 Fulta sublimi toro.

‡ Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit ;
 Quisque amavit, cras amet.

Blue the Spring had breathed the brine,
 And suffused the puffed sea-foam,
 With an effluence all divine,
 Where two-hooved horses roam
 In cerulean herds, whose mirth
 Plunging cleaves the billowed water,
 When Oceanus gave birth
 To his wave-limbed foam-white daughter.*

Lovers become, and begin to-morrow,
 You that not ever have loved before !
 Ay, and to-morrow again be lovers,
 You that have loved and who love no more ! †

Who but She, with gemmy blossoms,
 Paints the purpling season ? She,
 When Favonius fills the bosoms
 Of the budded Spring, sets free
 All their swollen sweets, and dowers
 The dim earth with beauty bright.
 She, at morning, decks the flowers
 With the lucid dews of night ;
 Balmy tears, whose tremulous brightness,
 Pausing in suspended fall,
 Hovers, held by its own lightness
 Safe about their petals small.
 For She bids it there embolden
 The shy blush that faintly shows
 What deep fervors dwell enfolden
 In the shut heart of the rose.
 She, when heavens are husht and tender,
 Doth by night from stars distil
 All that lingering liquid splendor
 Dawn endows with silent skill
 To unclasp from blossoms, tumid
 With exuberant loveliness,
 Those green girdles clinging humid
 To the beauty they repress.
 She, too, from the wet rose-bushes,
 By the beams of morning wooed,
 Bridal veils of dewy blushes
 Weaves for virgin maidenhood.
 With the blood of Cypris mingling
 Cupid's kisses, and in one
 Fusing gems and flames, and tingling
 Ardors sweeter than the sun,
 Yesterday, reluctant maid,
 That red light of love was dwelling
 Under virgin snows, afraid
 Of the tale it now is telling :

* Tum cruore de superno, ac
 Spumeo pontus globo
 Cœrules inter catervas,
 Inter et bipedes equos
 Fudit undantem Dionem
 In paternis fluctibus.

† Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit ;
 Quisque amavit, eras ætænet.

Yesterday thy fluttered zone
 Hid love's frightened joy behind it ;
 Love, to-morrow, one by one,
 Shall undo the strings that bind it.*

Lovers become, and begin to-morrow,
 You that not ever have loved before !
 Ay, and to-morrow again be lovers,
 You that have loved and who love no more ! †

She, the Nymphs' gay Goddess, speeds them
 Tripping thro' the myrtle grove :
 But what boy is he that leads them,
 If he be not armèd Love ?
 No, to-day is holiday,
 Love hath laid his arms aside.
 Naked doth he sport and play,
 All the amorous Spring-tide,
 Lest his bow and arrows trim,
 Or his torch, should do some ill.
 Yet, O Nymphs, beware of him ;
 Naked Love is weaponed still. ‡

* Ipsa gemmeis purpurantem
 Pinget annum floribus ;
 Ipsa turgentes mamillas
 E Favoni spiritu
 Mulget in toros tepentes ;
 Ipsa roris lucidi,
 Noctis aura quem relinquit,
 Sparget humentes aquas.
 Lachrymæ micant trementes
 A caduco pondere :
 Gutta præceps orbe parvo
 Sustinet casus suos.
 Hinc pudorem florulentæ
 Prodiderunt purpuræ.
 Humor ille, quem serenis
 Astra rorant noctibus,
 Mane virgines papillas
 Solvit hærenti peplo.
 Ipsa jussit, mane ut ude
 Virgines nubant rosæ.
 Facta Cypridis cruore,
 Atque Amoris osculo,
 Facta gemmis, atque flammis,
 Atque solis purpura,
 Cras ruborem, qui latebat
 Veste tectus, igneum
 Invido, marita, nodo
 Non pudebit solvere.

† Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit ;
 Quisque amavit, cras amet.

‡ Ipsa nymphas Diva luco
 Jussit ire myrteo.
 It puer comes puellis :
 Nec tamen credi potest
 Esse Amorem feriatum,
 Si sagittas gesserit :
 Ite, Nymphæ ; ponit arma,
 Feriatus est Amor.

Lovers become, and begin to-morrow,
 You that not ever have loved before !
 Ay, and to-morrow again be lovers,
 You that have loved and who love no more ! *

" Maidens, chosen chaste as thou,
 Virgin Delia, to thee
 Venus sends us. Prithee now
 To our prayer propitious be.
 These blest haunts forbear to stain
 With the blood of savage beast :
 And, if thou wouldst, further, deign
 To attend Dionè's feast,
 She who, lest her warmth offend
 Thine austerity severe,
 Doth by us the message send,
 Would, herself, entreat thee here.
 Nights of revel three, shalt thou
 See our festal chorus, crowned
 Blithe with rose and myrtle bough,
 Dancing these, thy woods, around.
 Ceres will not be away,
 Bacchus to the feast is bent,
 With the God that bards obey ;
 And, if thou but smile assent,
 All night long shall last our lay.
 Deign, then, Delia, to relent,
 Nor dispute Dionè's sway,
 For 'tis here omnipotent." †

Jussus est inermis ire,
 Nudus ire jussus est,
 Ne quid arcu, neu sagitta,
 Ne quid igne læderet.
 Sed tamen, Nymphae cavete,
 Quod Cupido pulcher est:
 Totus est, inermis, idem,
 Quando nudus est Amor.

* Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit ;
 Quisque amavit, cras amet.

† Compari Venus pudore
 Mittit ad te virgines ;
 Una res est, quam rogamus :
 Cede, Virgo Delia,
 Ut nemus sit incruentum
 A ferinis stragibus,
 Ipsa vellet te rogare,
 Si pudicam flecteret ;
 Ipsa vellet ut venires,
 Si deceret virginem.
 Jam tribus choras videres
 Feriatas noctibus
 Congreges inter catervas
 Ire per saltus tuos,
 Floreas inter coronas
 Myrteas inter casas.
 Nec Ceres, nec Bacchus absunt,
 Nec poetarum Deus.
 Te sinente, tota nox est
 Pervigilanda canticis.
 Regnet in sylvis Dione,
 Cede, Virgo Delia.

Lovers become, and begin to-morrow,
 You that not ever have loved before !
 Ay, and to-morrow again be lovers,
 You that have loved and who love no more ! *

Here among Hyblæan blooms
 She her mild tribunal places,
 And in state the throne assumes,
 Girt by her attendant Graces.
 Hybla, send thy fairest flowers !
 Rifle all the rosy year,
 And, as broad as Enna's bowers,
 Spread the florid tribute here !
 For the Nymphs of vale and mountain.
 And the Nymphs of grove and spring,
 Fast from hill, and dell, and fountain,
 Emulously hurrying
 Each to be before the other,
 Here their maiden homage bear
 To the wingèd Boy God's Mother.
 But She bids you, Nymphs, beware.
 Naked tho' her darling be,
 He can wound whene'er he will.
 Trust him not, for sly is he.
 Naked Love is weaponed still. †

Lovers become, and begin to-morrow,
 You that not ever have loved before !
 Ay, and to-morrow again be lovers,
 You that have loved and who love no more ! †

Flowers, to-morrow, freshly blown,
 Beauty's beaming self shall gather ;
 And to-morrow, fain to own
 Beauty's influence, Father Æther,
 Earth's first wooer, whose paternal
 Vapors from her bounteous womb
 Did of yore beget the vernal
 Offspring of her primal bloom,

* Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit ;
 Quisque amavit, cras amet.

† Jussit Hyblæis tribunal
 Stare Diva floribus,
 Præses ipsa jura dicet,
 Adsidebunt Gratiæ.
 Hybla cunctos mitte flores,
 Quidquid annus attulit ;
 Hybla florum rumpe vestem,
 Quantus Enna campus est.
 Ruris hic erunt puellæ
 Et puellæ montium
 Quæque sylvas, quæque lucos,
 Quæque fontes incolunt.
 Jussit omnes adsidere
 Mater alitis Dei,
 Jussit et nudo puellas
 Nil Amori credere.

‡ Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit ;
 Quisque amavit, cras amet.

Shall again to ripe redundancy
 Kindle all the latent bliss
 Of her bosom's vast abundance,
 Panting to his procreant kiss.
 For benign Dione's power,
 Over earth and heaven presiding,
 Consecrates their bridal hour ;
 On its secret progress guiding
 Safe the subtle Spirit of Life,
 Whose all-permeating motion
 Doth, with pregnant raptures rife,
 Satisfy earth, and heaven, and ocean
 From the abysses of Birth and Feeling
 Setting pent-up wonders free,
 And to nascent worlds revealing
 Their capacity to be.*

Lovers become, and begin to-morrow,
 You that not ever have loved before !
 Ay, and to-morrow again be lovers,
 You that have loved and who love no more ! †

She the Household Gods of Troy
 Into royal Latium led ;
 She to her illustrious boy
 The Laurentian virgin wed ;
 Gave to Mars the robbed embrace
 Of a Vestal from the shrine,
 And the Romulean Race
 Married to the Sabine line.
 Hence the lordly Roman springs,
 Hence the Conscript Fathers were,
 Knights, Quirites, king-born Kings,
 Cæsar's self, and Cæsar's Heir. ‡

* *Cras recentibus Venustas
 Ridet ipsa floribus ;
 Cras et is qui primus Æther
 Copulavit nuptias,
 Ut paternis recrearet
 Vernus annum nubibus,
 In sinum maritus imber,
 Fusus almae conjugis,
 Inde vitam mixtus ardet
 Ferre magno corpore.
 Ipsa venas atque mentem
 Permeante spiritu
 Intus occultis gubernat
 Procreatrix viribus ;
 Perque cælum, perque terras,
 Perque pontum subditum,
 Pervium sibi tenorem
 Seminali tramite
 Imbuit, jussitque mundum
 Nosse nascendi vias.*

† *Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit ;
 Quisque amavit, cras amet.*

‡ *Ipsa Trojanos penates
 In Latinas transtulit,
 Ipsa Laurentem puellam
 Conjugem nato dedit,
 Moxque Marti dat pudicam
 E sacello virginem.*

Lovers become, and begin to-morrow,
 You that not ever have loved before !
 Ay, and to-morrow again be lovers,
 You that have loved and who love no more ! *

Far i' the fields doth Pleasure stray ;
 Far i' the fields is Venus found ;
 Love himself was born, they say,
 Far i' the fields on flowery ground.
 Him the grassy lawns did guard
 From his happy hour of birth ;
 He was born on thymy sward,
 He was nurst by rural mirth. †

Lovers become, and begin to-morrow,
 You that not ever have loved before !
 Ay, and to-morrow again be lovers,
 You that have loved and who love no more ! ‡

Teeming pairs, together tied,
 Now Love's yoke subservient pull.
 Where the broom-flower blossoms wide
 Amorous lows the lusty bull :
 Bleating flocks and wanton herds
 All the rivered meadows fill :
 And aloft the lyric birds
 Love allows not to be still.
 Hoarse the wild swan's marriage hymn
 Down the reedy marish rings ;
 And in poplar shadows dim
 All night Philomela sings.
 Who that hears her happy song
 Could believe that voice laments
 A loved sister's bitter wrong ?
 No, she sings, and, singing, vents
 Pain, if pain it be, made such
 By love's too importunate gladness,
 Joy that were not joy so much
 If it found no sweets in sadness.

Romuleas ipsa fecit
 Cum Sabinis nuptias ;
 Unde Rhamnes et Quirites,
 Proque gente postera
 Romuli, patres crearet,
 Ac nepotem Cæsarem.

* Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit ;
 Quisque amavit, cras amet.

† Rura fecundat voluptas ;
 Rura venerem sentiunt ;
 Ipse Amor, puer Diones.
 Rure natus dicitur.
 Hunc ager, quum parturiret,
 Illa, suscipit sinu,
 Atque florum delicatis,
 Educavit osculis.

‡ Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit ;
 Quisque amavit, cras amet.

In my heart I hear her sing :
 And shall I be still and dumb,
 When the swallow is on the wing,
 And to me my Spring is come ?
 Nay, if I were silent now,
 Would not my dishonored Muse
 Name, and fame, and laurel bough
 Evermore to me refuse ?
 Which were, then, deserved the most,
 Mine, or weak Amyclæ's fate,
 Whom her coward silence lost
 When the foe was at the gate ? * †

Lovers become, and begin to-morrow,
 You that not ever have loved before !
 Ay, and to-morrow again be lovers,
 You that have loved and who love no more ! ‡

—*National Review.*

* Quisque cœtus continetur,
 Conjugali fœdere :
 Ecce jam super genistas
 Explicant tauri latus ;
 Propter undas cum maritis,
 Ecce balantum gregem,
 Et canoras non tacere
 Diva jussit alites :
 Jam loquaces ore rauce
 Stagna cyni perstrepunt.
 Adsonat Terei puella
 Subter umbram populi,
 Ut putes motus amoris
 Voce dici musica,
 Et neges queri sororem
 De marito babaro.
 Illa cantat : nec tacerem
 Quando ver venit meum,
 Quando feci et ut Chelidon,
 Meque Phœbus respicit.
 Perderem Musam tacendo,
 Ni tacere desinam :
 Sic Amyclas, dum silebant,
 Perdidit silentium.

† The citizens of Amyclæ are said to have enjoyed all the advantages of popular Government —with the usual result. Their horror of alarmists, and their faith in the efficacy of legislation, would appear to have been of the soundest radical type. They passed a law forbidding credence to be given to a report that the enemy was coming to storm their city. That law did not stop the advance of the enemy, but it effectually silenced the alarmists ; and, when the city was surrounded, its citizens offered no resistance to a danger, of which the recognition had been rendered treasonable by the verdict of the popular vote. So, says the story, Amyclæ fell without a struggle.

‡ Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit ;
 Quisque amavit, cras amet.

THE DENSCHMAN'S HAD.

A LEGEND OF SHETLAND.

FROM Widwick to Hermaness the cliffs rise steep and high from a deep ocean, so deep that a large ship might float alongside of the crags without danger of scraping her keel. What would be the fate of such a vessel, if she were carried by the might of that sea against that iron wall, I leave you to imagine. The rocks are broken all along their range by fissures and caves, inaccessible from the land, and scarcely approachable from the sea. He is a bold voyager who brings even a boat to thread the "baas" and "stacks"—submerged rocks and needle-crags—which guard the way to those haunts of sea-fowl and seals. One of the caves is named the Denschman's Had. I ought to explain that a "had" means the den of a wild beast, his stronghold; and "Denschman" is "Dane."

In old days, Shetland (or Hialtland) was nothing more than a "had" of viking, those pirates of the North who have so often been confounded with the noble sea-kings of Scandinavia; but while the islands belonged to Norway, their inhabitants were under powerful protection, and suffered little inconvenience from the uses to which the searovers turned the sheltered voes and secluded islets. It was only when Scottish rule came in that the vikings of Norway and Denmark turned their weapons against their brother-Norsemen of the Shetland Isles. During the times of the Stuarts, Scotland had enough to do to look after itself, far less to extend protection to an outlying dependency that was more plague than profit. Indeed, the Scottish kings and nobles seem to have regarded Hialtland as fair game, and robbed and oppressed the people after as cruel a method as that of the northern pirates. Between the two, those islands had a hot time of it; and the islanders, once a prosperous community, sank into poverty and hopeless serfdom.

About the time of Mary Stuart, the isle of Unst was harassed by a noted viking whose name and lineage were unknown. He and his daring crew

were believed to be Danes, and his swift bark—appropriately named the *Erne*—and his stalwart person were familiar to the affrighted eyes of the islanders. When the Denschman swooped upon the isle, its inhabitants fled to the hills and rocks, leaving their homes as spoil for the lawless rover. What else could they do? The enemy were strong, reckless, brave, well armed and well disciplined. The islanders, groaning and disheartened under the yoke of an alien power, were at the mercy of might, and could neither resist nor make treaty; so the Denschman came and went like the fierce bird of prey whose name his vessel bore, and no man dared oppose him.

One midsummer evening, a westerly squall arose which sent the fishing-boats flying to the shelter of their voes and vicks. Those storms rise and fall with tropical rapidity and violence. Six hours after it was at its height, the wind had fallen to an ordinary fresh breeze, the sky was smiling as before, and only the wrathful surf, rolling white and broken under the influence of a changing tide, remained to tell of the tempest. All the boats had returned in safety, and there should have been rejoicing in Unst; but instead, men frowned and women trembled, for the fishers had brought news that the Denschman was on the coast: his well-known sail had been seen hovering beyond the holms of Gloup; he was coming upon the wings of the westerly wind; he would be on the Westing Bicht ere long. There was no landing-place available—with such a heavy sea—on that side of the island; but the Denschman knew what he was about, doubtless. He would scud to the nor'ard, fly round the Flugga skerries and Skau, would lay-to, and bide his time till dusk drew down; then he would alight on the eastern shore, and work his wild will upon the defenceless isle. Such had been his tactics aforetime. The people ran to the high lands of Vaalafiel and Patester to mark the Denschman's

course, for where he meant to land, *there* they must not be.

Soon the *Erne* was descried emerging from a mist of spindrift, and bearing swiftly toward Unst, heading straight for the isle, and not—as the folk had supposed—skirting the coast. Did the viking mean to bring their vessel to harbor among those crags, where the sea was in such a turmoil? Was the *Erne* a demon-ship that could dare everything and perform such a feat? On he came right before the wind with a following tide; but when well in the Westing Bight, some experienced seamen affirmed that there must be something wrong aboard, for the *Erne* did not rise on the waves with its usual buoyancy; he seemed to plunge madly forward, as if in fierce conflict with the ocean he had ruled so long. By-and-by it was seen that the vessel labored more and more, yet carried full sail, as if on speed depended salvation.

"I would not say but he's sprung a leak, or the like," said an old udaller among the onlookers. "Who but a madman would bring a ship in-shore like yon, if all was taut aboard!"

"That is so," remarked a seaman. "Without doubt, he's in straits; and he's going to try to beach on the Aire of Widwick. It's his only chance, and a poor one."

"Pray the powers he may not make the Aire," replied the old man; "and I'm thinking," he added, "that the powers will hear us. There is something fatal amiss with that evil one. See yon! He's not obeying his helm; he's just driving with wind and tide. He's in a mighty strait, praise the Lord!"

"If he misses the Aire, he'll go in *shallmillens* [the fragments of eggshell] upon the baas of Flübersgerdie," said a fisherman, with a grim smile; and all cried out: "Pray the powers it may be so!"

As if the powers thus invoked were ready to prove their immediate willingness to answer the cry of the oppressed, the wind veered more to the west, and carried the disabled ship against the holm of Widwick, a small islet which lies off the creek, and wards from it the full force of the North Atlantic. If the *Erne* had stranded on the holm, some of his crew might have effected a landing

there; but that was not the end of the viking's bark; she reeled back from the holm with a gash in her side that was a death-wound indeed, and drifted onward once more. Now, would she gain the creek? No! In a few moments the *Erne* was carried past the little harbor, where lay the sole chance of deliverance, and then crashed among the rocks of Flübersgerdie.

"Praise to the powers that are above all!" cried the men of Unst, and even gentle-hearted women rejoiced as the Denschman, bark and crew, disappeared among the breakers.

The people returned to their homes, happy in the thought that the rocks of Fatherland had proved able protectors, and that Unst was forever rid of its most dreaded foe.

Two days and two nights passed. No trace of the storm was left. A boat put off from Widwick with the intention of saving such portions of the *Erne* as would certainly be drifting among the skerries near Flübersgerdie. The men could tell by the state of the tides and the wind exactly where the wreckage was to be found, and they made for the spot, never doubting that some spoil would be there to reward them. As they approached the submerged reef where the *Erne* finished her career, the skipper, alluding to the dreaded Denschman, said: "Well did he deserve what he met here! Think our isle would give him foothold!—our isle, that he has harried this ten year and more! No, no!"

Scarcely were the words spoken, when one of the fishermen called out excitedly: "Lord be about us, men, what's yon?"—and he pointed to a cave situated in the cliff opposite the reef.

All gazed, and were struck dumb, for, on a ledge within the mouth of the helyer (cave) stood a man—the man! the Denschman, alive, stalwart, terrible as ever, and brandishing his sword, as if defying mortal to molest him.

The boat was instantly backed, and when the islanders had put what they considered a safe distance between themselves and their dreaded foeman, the men consulted together. Should they make a bold attack? The Denschman was alone; they were six in number. Surely, they could overpower him,

tired and despairing as he must be. Yes. But one, or even two of their number were likely to fall before his sword ere he could be conquered. Who was patriot enough "to lead such dire attack"? No one of that crew! Then should they leave him to die of exhaustion, as he must ere long? There was no way of escape. The lofty precipice overhung the cave, precluding any scheme of climbing upward; on either side, the *caiguille* crags rose from a seething depth of sea; in front, a reef of sunken rocks covered with fretful surf, dared the bravest swimmer that ever breasted waves to pass alive.

The Denschman had evidently reached his present refuge by aid of a large plank belonging to the *Erne*, which still floated near the cave. When they had recovered every vestige of the wreck which floated, he could not escape. It was beyond the power of man to leave that cave unaided from without. Help must come from ropes lowered from the land above, or boats brought to the cave. And who was there in Unst would bring rope or boat to aid the Denschman? None!

"Let him die the death!" said the men whose homes the viking had devastated. So they ventured nearer, and removed every floating spar or plank, then returned to Widwick; and it was told in the isle that the Denschman had survived his bark and crew only to meet a more terrible death. No man pitied him; no man dreamt of giving him succor. Those were days when the gentler feelings had little part in men's warfare, and no red cross of healing followed battle ensigns to the field of fight.

Next day, a number of boats put off, that men might feast their eyes on the dead or dying viking; and many saw him. That day, he was seated on the ledge of rock glowering at them; but he made no sign of either submission or defiance. "He grows weak," they said, and wondered that even the Denschman's tough and giant frame had so long withstood the exposure and starvation.

A third time the islands sought the rocks of Flübersgerdie and saw the pirate chief as before. Then they began to fear, and to say that he must be allied to potent powers of evil; for how,

otherwise, could he have survived there so long? The interior of the helyer could be seen from a little distance: no food or clothing had been saved from the wreck to be secreted there. The prisoner was always seen sitting on the cold bare ledge where he had been first discovered, and the people were satisfied that the cave held no means of sustenance.

Day by day for a whole fortnight boats were guided to Flübersgerdie, and men gazed in awe, but did not venture to molest the Denschman, who merely returned their stare with haughty glances, and never deigned to bespeak their compassion. Dread of the supernatural added its paralyzing effects to the terror which the viking's fame had implanted, and there was not a man found brave enough to attack the Denschman in his "had."

Then heaviness fell on the men's spirits, for wives and mothers upbraided them as cowards; their little ones shrieked and hid their faces when it was told that the bugbear of their dreams was making his "had" in an Unst helyer; and at last, driven by shame and a remnant of manly courage, the islanders determined on attacking their enemy. They would discover if he were immortal; they would prove if the powers of evil were above those of good.

A fleet of boats was got ready, laden with sharp stones, which were to be cast at the foe—a safe mode of onslaught! The islanders armed themselves with staves and axes. Nets were prepared, in whose toils the Denschman should fall if he, by any strange chance, came to close quarters. The oldest udaller in the isle ordered his best boat to be launched and consecrated, to lead the attack. A day was fixed upon. It had been ascertained on the previous evening that the Denschman was still in his "had," alive and strong. No one doubted by that time that there he would remain while the island remained, if not ousted by force and the help of holy powers; or if not aided by demons to rise and blight the isle.

"Pray," said the old udaller to his three fair daughters, who stood to see him embark in the consecrated boat—"pray that I bring the Denschman's dishonored corpse back with me."

"We will pray," said the golden-haired maidens.

But what consternation there was on the Aire of Widwick, a few minutes later, when it was found that the old man's boat—the largest and best in the isle, the skiff that was to have led the attack—had disappeared! She had not sunk into the pellucid water, else she had been easily recovered; she had not floated out to sea, for the tide was running landward; yet she had gone as completely as if she had owned feet to carry her over earth, or wings to fly through air. To be sure, the boat had both feet and wings of a kind, but these were of use on the ocean alone. And she was gone—oars and sails too! Doubtless, her flight had been on her native element; but some man's hand must have spread her wings or moved her feet. Then who had stolen the udaller's boat? No Hailtlander, be sure! Robbery was never the vice of those islanders; moreover, such a theft could have been brought home to a native easily.

One fisherman, more acute than his neighbors, whispered: "None but the Denschman has done this;" and with common assent, all echoed: "The Denschman has done this."

Boats instantly put off and sped to Flübersgerdie, where confirmation of those suspicions was not wanting. The Denschman was no longer in the cave. He had been there, hale and terrible, on the previous evening; he had vanished that morning, and left no trace behind. "It must have been the Evil One himself," said the folk; and there was gloom in the isle, trembling, and much fear, for all expected that ere-long the Denschman would descend upon Unst, and, fired by revenge, deal worse havoc than even that of former days.

But days and weeks went past, and nothing farther was known of the Denschman or the udaller's boat, and still the people feared their ancient foe and looked for his return. None doubted that he survived. The man who could live in unabated vigor through a fortnight without food or fire in a dark ocean cave, who could find means

of leaving his prison, and could spirit away a large boat—such a one was not likely to have perished on the sea. Yes, without doubt, the Denschman would return to Unst; "and heaven help us when he comes!" said the islanders.

Then it happened one autumn afternoon that a stranger vessel was seen, on the Westing Bicht, making tacks for the isle. The people had always cause to suspect an unknown sail, and they watched the stranger's approach with some fear. As he drew nearer, it was observed that he closely resembled the *Erne* of old, but carried the white flag of peace. The Norland pirates ever scorned to conceal their true character, which was never a treacherous one, but flaunted their ruthless blood-red colors in the face of day. If a viking hoisted the white banner, he meant peace; and so well was this known, and so thoroughly could all men trust in the good faith of a viking, that the islanders instantly sent off a boat to the vessel, though they suspected it was a pirate ship. The stranger had a boat in tow, and when the islanders came near, he lay-to and allowed them to come alongside of his convoy. What was the fishermen's astonishment to find that the boat was no other than that of the Unst udaller!

Then a stern voice spoke from the ship. "Come not nearer," it said, in a patois half-Danish, half-English, which the Hailtlanders could interpret well enough. "Come not nearer; but undo the tow-line, and take that boat to its owner. It is freighted with goodly gifts for the udaller's three fair daughters, who will know whence those tokens come.—And know, ye hinds of Unst, that ye owe your lives and all that makes life precious to the golden-haired maidens.—Begone!" Then the speaker—easily recognized as the Denschman—made imperious sign to his mariners, who speedily put the vessel on another tack, and before many minutes he was running out to sea again.

The islanders towed the laden boat ashore, where a throng was waiting their return. Numerous questions were asked, numerous conjectures made. The udaller and his daughters were sum-

moned and the precious cargo displayed. Table utensils of silver, personal ornaments of gold, silken stuffs and snowy linens, rich wines and fruits, and precious grain, whatever could please feminine taste, were spread before the wondering people, while the three sisters stood mute and blushing, now cowering with strange shame, anon glancing with curious pride at all around.

Presently, their old father addressed them in grave and troubled tones: "Tell us the meaning of this strange *güdic* [riddle]."

At that, the two younger girls fell on their knees and clasped his hands entreatingly, while the eldest sister cried: "O father, do not be angered, and I will tell ye all. We heard you speak of the Denschman in his sore strait with nobody to pity him. It's true he had dealt cruelly by our isle; but—but, O father, it lay heavy on our hearts that a man—and such a man, with such a goodly presence and such a bold spirit—should die like an otter trapped in a snare; and so we—we went to the rock in the dark hour of nicht, and we lowered a *keschie* [basket] to him with food and cordials and clothes—everything to keep in life. And then—when we knew that our men meant to stone the poor

defenceless captive to death, our souls were melted with pity; so we took the boat and helped him to escape. *We* were not afraid of the Denschman; and, truth to tell, he can be kind and gentle like other men. Or ere he left the isle—all in the mirk hour—he promised that, because of what we had done, he would never harry Unst again. No doubt, it was wrong of us, father; but then, oh, be mindful that the plight he was in could not fail to touch lasses' hearts. And if good instead of harm come of it—nay, *has* come of it—ye need not trouble yourself more, but forgive us, and trust the Denschman to keep his word. He will do so. We all know that a viking stands to his promise, what-e'er betide."

"The lass has spoken words of wisdom," said a prudent matron, eying the viking's royal gifts; and a laughing seaman added: "Ay, and what would come of us poor men if lasses were not pitiful, and not just altogether wise at times!"

So the old udaller forgave his daughters, and—as legend says—"after that Unst was often benefited, and never more harried, by the Denschman," whose "had" is still pointed out to the inquiring stranger.—*Chambers's Journal*.

THE BREWER OF GHENT.

BY JAMES HUTTON.

A FEW last words on the subject of James van Artevelde, the Jacques d'Artevelle of French, and the Jacob or Jacoppe van Artevelde of Flemish writers. So far back as the year 1848 the present writer contributed two successive papers to the *Gentleman's Magazine* in the hope of drawing the attention of English historians to the flagrant injustice from which the memory of the great Flemish patriot had suffered for upward of five centuries. That end was very imperfectly attained, though the article in question was written in Bruges and Ghent, and was largely founded upon the authority of such distinguished men of letters as M. N. Cornelissen, M. Auguste Voisin, and M. Kervyn van Lettenhove. With the

exception of a few clerical errors attributable to the author's absence from England, and consequent inability to correct the proofs, there is little to be added to or struck out of that sketch even in the light of the fuller information that has since been obtained through the intelligent and indefatigable researches of the last-named historian. In some respects it is more trustworthy than my more ambitious attempt to rouse literary sympathy through the broad pages of the *Edinburgh Review* (January 1881) for a great statesman so long cruelly misrepresented. Several mistakes found their way into this paper. For reasons that would be tedious to detail, and which I am not now prepared to justify, I had come to entertain

a bias toward the vulgar belief that James van Artevelde on his return to Flanders from the French Court married the proprietress of a brewery—whether of beer or of mead is quite immaterial. A more serious misconception was manifested in fathering upon him the alleged project to "convert the county of Flanders into a dukedom with the Prince of Wales as its liege lord." In the following year I returned to the rescue and published, by the aid of Mr. John Murray, a Memoir of James and Philip van Artevelde—"two episodes in the history of the fourteenth century." Here again, I weakly hesitated to demolish the popular fable which represents the former of those two remarkable men as actually a brewer, by marriage, although I did venture to express considerable doubts as to the truthfulness of the report. On other points there is little, if anything, to alter so far as facts are concerned, but to prevent any possible misunderstanding through inadequacy of style and expression, it may not be time thrown away to sketch a clear outline of the social position and political career of the so-called Brewer of Ghent. A very few words will suffice for that purpose.

The name presents itself for the first time in the Flemish annals in 1298, when Philip the Fair confiscated the lands of William van Artevelde to bestow them upon Philip de Mosschere, the traitor who guided the French army to the fatal plain of Courtrai. There is good reason, however, to believe that the family were descended from the ancient châtelains of Ghent, and derived their name from the spacious domain of Artevelde, now Ertvelde, which included the fiefs of Triest and Mendouck. They did not, however, belong, strictly speaking, to the landed aristocracy. They were members, rather, of the commercial aristocracy, *milites burgenses*, similar to the merchant princes of the great Italian republics. John van Artevelde, the father of James, was an opulent cloth merchant, held in high estimation by his fellow-citizens, by whom in the course of a single year he was despatched on an embassy to the Duke of Brabant, and then to Bruges to preside over the liberation of Louis de Nevers after eight months' captivity.

From Bruges he proceeded to Arques to negotiate peace with the envoys of the King of France, and a little later he stood in the royal presence to swear to the due observance of the new treaty. By his wife, Livine van Groote, who was nearly related to the leading commercial families of Flanders, John van Artevelde had three sons and two daughters—James, John, Francis, Mary, and Catherine. James and John married two sisters, Catherine and Christine, daughters of Zheger or Sohier of Courtrai, the most distinguished knight in all Flanders, and almost an object of veneration among his fellow-countrymen. Though described by Meyer as *eques Flandrus nobilissimus et baro precipuus Flandriae*, he prided himself still more on his connection with the principal families of Ghent and on his privilege of citizenship. Previous, however, to his marriage, James van Artevelde is supposed to have resided at the Court of Louis le Hutin for the space of two years, discharging the honorary function of *varlet de la fruiterie*, which implied the possession of gentle if not actually of noble blood. He is also reported to have accompanied Charles of Valois on his passage through Tuscany, and his expedition into Sicily, and perhaps to Rhodes. After his return to Ghent there is a blank of more than twenty years, during which he appears to have cultivated his *polders*, or lands reclaimed from the sea, situated at Basserode, while he assisted his father in the management of his extensive business. John van Artevelde died in 1328, the year in which the disastrous battle of Cassel was fought, at which time his son James was probably about 43 years of age. Positively no evidence whatever can be found of his marriage to a "brewster" or to the widow of a brewer, or of any sort of connection with a brewery. It is true that the precise date of his union with Catherine of Courtrai is equally unnoticed in the public records, though she is frequently mentioned as his wife, by her proper designation of Catherine of Tronchiennes, and it is also stated that after his death she took for her second husband Sohier de Baronaige, in 1348. In short, until the memorable year 1337, James van Artevelde led an uneventful life, tilling

his lands, trading in woollen fabrics, and dwelling in the family mansion in the Padden-heck, or Toads' Corner, off the Calanderberg. According to M. de Lettenhove it was a spacious building, with a tower for the purpose of security in troublous times, while at the back extended a suite of magazines, store-houses, and offices, one of which was afterward converted into a chancellerie for the deposit of public documents and the conduct of public correspondence. It is at least probable that James van Artevelde was married some time toward the close of this peaceful period, for his son Philip was born in 1340, and was held at the font by Queen Philippa, after whom he was named. Had his marriage taken place subsequent to the great meeting at the Biloke Monastery it would certainly have been noted in the Jaer-Boek, for he had become too remarkable a personage for his actions to escape publicity. From this date, however, it is plain sailing. He lived henceforth in a fierce light, though so grievously has he been misrepresented that he could not have been more unjustly handled had thick darkness descended upon the land and left free play to every historian's imagination.

In compliance with the wishes of Philip of Valois the Count Louis de Nevers, without provocation or warning, caused all Englishmen who happened to be in Flanders to be thrown into prison. This unjustifiable proceeding was borne by the English monarch with singular patience, in the hope that the Flemish Communes would take steps to obtain the release of his subjects, and it was only when redress appeared clearly unattainable by other means that, by way of reprisal, he arrested the Flemings who chanced to be within his kingdom, and prohibited the exportation of wool. The looms of Flanders were thus brought to a standstill, for no precautions had been taken to provide against sudden emergencies. The misery that consequently overtook the artisans of Ghent is described as having been excessively acute, nor was that turbulent population at any time patient of adversity. Edward III. recognized his opportunity, and made conciliatory overtures, which were eagerly accepted by the Communes though re-

fused by the Count. An alliance, however, was concluded between the semi-independent States of Flanders, Brabant, and Hainault, to which Louis de Nevers was compelled to accede, and also to sanction the renewal of friendly relations with England. Ambassadors were accordingly despatched by the King, and were well received by the Count of Hainault, the Duke of Brabant, the Count of Guelders, the Marquis of Juliers, and other princes of the Empire, though it was evident that, beyond ambiguous phrases, nothing was to be expected from these fair-weather friends. A more practically favorable reception awaited the Bishop of Lincoln at Bruges, Ypres, and Ghent. In the last-named city the English prelate was treated as an honored guest by Zhegher or Sohier of Courtrai, who warmly advocated closer relations with the wool-producing people of England. Shortly afterward the Lord of Tronchiennes was invited by the Count to attend a meeting of the representatives of the Communes about to be held at Bruges, and on his arrival was arrested and hastily conveyed to the castle of Rupelmonde. Great exertions were made to accomplish his release, to which the Count responded by the immediate decapitation of his illustrious and venerable captive. It was altogether an ill-advised measure, and brought about consequences that affected alike the internal and external policy of Flanders for many a year. In the first place, the citizens of Ghent were rather exasperated than terrified by this cold-blooded murder, but above all it drew forth James van Artevelde from obscurity and the pursuit of wealth, and opened a field for the exercise of his administrative and statesmanlike genius. Unmoved by the sufferings of the working men of Ghent, and unsoftened by their supplications, Louis de Nevers imposed upon the city a heavy fine as a mark of his extreme displeasure. Driven to desperation, the starving artisans took counsel with James van Artevelde, known to them not only as a thriving burgher, but as a discreet and clear-headed man. His advice was simple and straightforward. He strongly urged the conclusion of a mutually offensive and defensive alliance between Flanders, Brabant, Hainault, Holland,

and Zealand, and the maintenance of a strict but benevolent neutrality toward the Kings of France and England. By this means all entanglement in the quarrels of those ambitious monarchs would be avoided, while from the one country corn and wine would be obtained, without let or hindrance, and from the other a regular supply of wool would be permanently secured.

A few days later, or on the 3d of January, 1338, an important meeting was held of the magistrates of the Commune, who not only adopted the policy recommended by James van Artevelde, but also resolved to recur to the customs and usages of their predecessors. The civic machinery of former times was again brought into play. A captain, or *hoofman*, was appointed to each parish, under the presidency of the captain of St. John's parish, who was regarded *ex officio* as the chief magistrate of the city and commander of the local militia. It is not surprising that the choice of his fellow-citizens should have selected as the first occupant of this honorable post the man who had roused them to action and pointed out the road to prosperity. To him and his four colleagues were assigned, in conformity with ancient usage, a certain number of *enaepen*, or lictors, to execute the orders of the magistrates. As senior captain, Artevelde had twenty-one of these armed attendants, Vaernewyck twenty, and the three others fifteen each. Various police regulations were introduced or revived, and due forethought was shown to guard against destitution and famine in the future. Edward III. met the overtures of the Commune half way, and by the middle of February English wool had again set in motion the looms of Ghent, too long idle. Neither Philip of France nor Louis de Nevers, however, was to be mollified, and the latter finding his position disagreeable, if not actually dangerous, escaped from the city and fled to his château at Mael in the immediate neighborhood of Bruges. The French king was only anxious to gain time to complete his preparations for an invasion, and assured the two envoys who waited upon him that the welfare and happiness of the citizens of Ghent were objects of his constant solicitude. The Count also ratified the convention made

with Edward III., through the agency of the Count of Guelders. The true worth of the most solemn promises made by King or Count was illustrated, as already mentioned, by the decapitation of Sobier of Courtrai, while confined to his bed by age and bodily ailments. On the following day, March 25th, 1338, a sentence of excommunication was pronounced by Philip's orders—in virtue of discretionary powers intrusted to him by the Pope—and early in April a French army was assembled at Tournai. This expedition was frustrated by the vigor and promptitude of the President of Ghent, while Louis de Nevers only succeeded in alienating and exasperating the tumultuous community of Bruges. A better understanding was shortly afterward arranged. The Count agreed to transfer the administration of Flanders to a Board, consisting of three representatives of each of the good towns of Bruges, Ypres, and Ghent. The King of England signed a commercial treaty, by which he pledged himself to respect the neutrality of Flanders; to authorize Flemish merchants to frequent the different wool-staples, and to sanction the free importation of the fabrics of Ghent into England, if stamped with the seal of the Commune. On his part, the King of France raised the sentence of interdict, cancelled the fines he had imposed upon the chief cities, and protested his compassion for the sufferings brought upon Ghent in particular.

Such was the position of affairs at the close of 1338. The peace was merely a cessation of hostile operations, which would, in any case, have been suspended during the winter months. It gave breathing time for the elaboration of projects on a large scale, and deceived none of the contracting parties. In the hope of obtaining greater influence over the States of Flanders dependent upon the Emperor, Edward III. wrung from his brother-in-law, Louis of Bavaria, the somewhat illusory dignity of Vicar of the Empire, and in that capacity summoned the Emperor's vassals to co-operate with him in recovering from France the imperial city of Cambrai. Two large armies remained in the field for months, avoiding a collision, and drawing their supplies from the adjacent

country, which was ruthlessly devastated. At the approach of winter the siege was raised, Philip returned to Paris, and the German princes to their respective States, while the English monarch withdrew to Brussels. He was there waited upon by a deputation from the Ghent Commune, by whom he was urged to quarter the arms of France with those of England, and proclaim himself King of France, for otherwise no substantial aid could be afforded by the people of Flanders, who were bound over in the sum of 2,000,000 florins, payable to the Apostolical Chamber, besides incurring a sentence of excommunication, to keep the peace toward the rightful King of France, their acknowledged over-lord. This startling proposition, commonly credited to the subtle brain of Van Artevelde, was accepted by Edward III. after some natural hesitation, and from that date the kings of England assumed the *fleurs de lys* and the vain title of King of France, the source of woes innumerable to both countries.

The year 1340 will be forever memorable in the naval annals of England. A great sea-fight was fought in the harbor of Sluys, which, for the first time, established the supremacy of the English flag on the waters of the Channel, and heralded the long series of glorious achievements that culminated, without terminating, at Trafalgar. During Edward's absence in England throughout the previous winter months, Queen Philippa had given birth to a son, known from the place of his nativity as John of Gaunt, "time-honored Lancaster;" and during the same season a son was born to James and Catherine van Artevelde, named Philip, in memory of the Queen who held him at the baptismal font. Forty-two years later Philip van Artevelde perished at Roosebeke. No evil forebodings, however, were entertained by the victor at Sluys or by his "gossip," the President of the Commune of Ghent. Edward III. had been slightly wounded by an arrow, but was soon well enough to repair to Ardenberg, to offer up a thanksgiving for his brilliant victory. There he was met by Van Artevelde, in whose company he travelled to Bruges. In that ancient Flemish city he received a deputation from the Communes of the chief towns, who

persuaded him to undertake the siege of Tournai, and the recovery of the county of Artois, promising on their part to furnish an auxiliary force of 150,000 men to co-operate for the double purpose. So faithfully did they fulfil their promise, that in the brief space of five days 140,000 volunteers were on their march toward the French frontier. Their nominal commander was Simon de Mirabel, lord of Beveren, Halle, and Perwez, who at that time held the office of *Ruwaert*, or Protector, of Flanders. It was Van Artevelde, however, who commanded the Ghent levies, and rendered essential service during the seventy-four days' leaguer. Peace, or at least a truce, was then arranged through the good offices of Joan of Valois, aided by two Cardinals despatched by the Pope in the hope of putting an end to purposeless bloodshed and the still more cruel spoliation of the rural population in those parts. Van Artevelde thereupon led home the Ghent contingent in triumph, while Edward secretly took ship at Sluys and arrived in London barely in time to baffle a formidable conspiracy.

The truce of Esplechin expired in June 1342, but Edward III. was at that time involved in the war of succession raging in Brittany, and was consequently unable to fulfil his engagement to co-operate with the Flemish militia in their futile attempt to recover the county of Artois. In order to remind him of his promises and to stimulate him to prompt action, Catherine van Artevelde proceeded to London, but the King had already landed in Brittany, whither he was followed by the Flemish ambassadress. The ship in which Van Artevelde's wife embarked was, however, shipwrecked off Brest, though apparently without personal injury to the courageous envoy, who, through the assistance of the Countess of Montfort, eventually found her way to the English camp, and is reported to have taken part in the negotiations which resulted in the truce of Malestroit. In the mean while Van Artevelde himself had experienced one of the inconveniences incidental to his exceptional position. At the head of a body of militia he had marched to Ardenberg to enforce certain exclusive privileges conferred by the Count upon his three "good towns." The story is

not clearly told by the old chroniclers, but it can hardly be denied that Van Artevelde acted with unjustifiable violence in slaying with his own hand one Peter Lammens, who, it is said, was quietly standing at the door of his own house. To silence the murmurs of his own men, Van Artevelde bade them search the dead man's house, where they would find proofs of his guilt. A banner was presently brought out, but it only proved, what was already known, that Lammens was a *leliard*, or partisan of the Count and the King of France. In any case it was no part of a Chief Magistrate's duties to cut down his political opponents without alleged provocation. Somewhat later, he was accused by John de Steenbeke, a citizen of good position, of aiming at a military dictatorship over the entire county. When the charge was denied, the accuser appealed to arms, and a collision was only averted by the prudence and vigor of the magistrates, who arrested both disputants and confined them in separate prisons. An impartial inquiry into the circumstances showed John de Steenbeke to have been the aggressor, and he and his chief associates were accordingly banished for fifty years, while Van Artevelde was set at liberty. This incident demolishes Froissart's statement—borrowed from Jehan le Bel, a copyist of Gilles li Muisis—that the brewer and demagogue went about with a body-guard of cut-throats who summarily disposed of his enemies. Now, it is as well to bear in mind that Gilles li Muisis was Abbot of St. Martin's at Tournai, and had a personal grievance to complain of. During the siege of Tournai, the Flemish soldiery pillaged and burnt upward of seventy farms belonging to his abbey, and the plunderers were more or less under the command of the Captain General of Ghent. At the same time it was probably ignorance rather than malevolence which caused the aggrieved Abbot to misrepresent the Communal system by which the Flemish towns were governed, and to depict the virtual commander of their militia as a man of blood and violence, the mere creature of passion and impulse. As it is ever easier to copy than to criticise, subsequent historians, each in his turn, adopted and embellished the untrust-

worthy record of Gilles li Muisis, enormously exaggerated by Froissart. Surprise has been sometimes expressed that Froissart, generally so partial to the English, and above all to his royal patrons, Edward III. and Queen Philippa, should have gone out of his way to vilify the character of their staunch supporter and "gossip." The explanation is simple enough. In the first place, we may appeal to Froissart, author of the Valenciennes manuscript, where he designates himself as a priest and nothing more, to correct the different versions subsequently put forth by Froissart when parish-priest of Lessines, Canon of Chimay and Lille, historiographer to Robert of Namur, Lord of Beaufort, secretary and favorite poet of Wenceslaus, Duke of Brabant, and clerk of the chapel to Guy, Count of Blois. Van Artevelde was murdered in 1345, but it was not until 1356 that Froissart, then only twenty years of age, began the first edition of his picturesque narrative, which he brought down to 1342. In this—the manuscript of Valenciennes—the brewer, Jacquemon d'Artevelle, appears in a much more favorable light than in the various revised copies which have since been accepted as trustworthy versions.

Be that as it may, there is no lack of evidence to prove that the civil administration of James van Artevelde was constructed on the lines of the Communal institutions of earlier times, previous to the undue augmentation of the power of the Counts. In this spirit he divided Flanders into three military circles, the headquarters of which were respectively Bruges, Ypres, and Ghent. It was also in conformity with ancient usage that he sought to develop the fifty-two minor crafts, or guilds, perhaps to restrain the arrogance of the weavers, who were then about 40,000 in number, and possessed of excessive wealth and independence. One of the humblest of the guilds was that of the brewers, among whom he caused himself to be enrolled, and was immediately elected their *deken* or *doyen*. The other minor crafts followed the example of the brewers, and thus he became the *souverginen deken*, a distinction which entitled him to the services of a body-guard of *sweerd draegers*, who, as commonly happens,

were absent at the hour of need. To ingratiate themselves with the people, not a few of the leading *poorters*, or wealthy merchants, had their names inscribed on the registers of such guilds as took their fancy, without incurring the misfortune which befell Van Artevelde, of having a purely honorary distinction confounded with their true social position. It is to be regretted that as an hereditary member of the weavers' guild, the Chief Magistrate should have suffered himself to be drawn into the terrible civic commotion which left 1,500 fullers dead on the Friday Market-place on the 2d May, 1345—a day long afterward mentioned with horror as *den quaden maendag*, or Bad Monday. The only fault committed by the fullers was that of demanding higher wages and of protesting against the oppressive treatment they experienced at the hands of the weavers, their employers. In all probability, Van Artevelde owed, in a great measure, the disfavor into which he fell about that time to the conspicuous part he played on that fatal day under the leadership of Gerard Denys, the *deken* of the weavers' guild. The common version of the cause of his death is different, but it is also erroneous, as M. de Lettenhove has abundantly proved from a document preserved in the Record Office. It is not the case that Van Artevelde proposed to transfer the allegiance of the Flemings from their Count to the Prince of Wales—a proposition odious even to those who were in chronic rebellion against their liege lord. On the contrary, the rights of the Count were strictly respected both by Edward III. and the representative

of the Communes. In all probability, the sole object of the English monarch in visiting Flanders at that time was to promote the betrothal of his daughter to Louis de Maele, son and heir to Louis de Nevers. Disappointed in that direction, Edward set sail on the 24th July for France, but was assailed by a fierce tempest, which drove him back to the English coast. It was on the day of his departure from Sluys that James van Artevelde rode into Ghent and passed through an excited mob to his own house, or rather to the chancellerie attached to it. Here he was attacked by a band of ruffians, who put him to death in cold blood, together with nine or ten of his closest friends and fellow-workers, completing their outrage by demolishing the public offices and destroying the papers pertaining to his administration. His wife Catherine was fortunately absent in England, whither she had been sent by the Communes to press for the repayment of the money they had more than once advanced to the King. As for Van Artevelde, he died a comparatively poor man, having expended his handsome fortune in furthering the interests of his native city.

His policy, however, survived him. The Communes lost no time in despatching a deputation to England to solicit the King's forgiveness for the murder of his faithful friend and supporter. Absorbed in his preparations for the conquest of France, Edward III. condoned what was irremediable; and thus, in the pitiful words of Froissart, "little by little was forgotten the death of Jacquemart d'Artevelle."—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DANCING.

THE incongruity of this title will doubtless strike many as laughable, or even absurd. To most people dancing and philosophy will probably seem as far asunder as the Poles. As a justification, I might plead that such incongruities are fashionable nowadays; that even "shilling dreadfuls" won't sell without striking titles; and indeed, if I laid claim to any wit, I might call in Isaac

Barrow to be my champion, who says that wit consists "in a startling metaphor, in a plausible reconciling of contradictions, or in acute nonsense."

But my case shall rest on no such unsatisfactory basis. No! I entirely deny any incongruity or absurdity in the phrase, philosophy of dancing. On the contrary, I maintain that dancing can be philosophically treated, and that

the importance of such treatment can hardly be overrated. Dr. Tanner has proved that man can exist without food. Has it been proved that he can exist without dancing? Our age has seen a philosophy of clothes, and surely men are as much dancing as clothes-wearing animals.

All may not agree with the dancing-master in "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," that the destinies of the nations depend on the science of dancing; all may not acknowledge that the mistakes in the Soudan would not have occurred if the Cabinet had been chosen after the manner of the land of Lilliput; but still, when we remember how Hippoclides, the son of Tisander, lost a kingdom and a wife, by dancing a Greek *can-can* (*ἀπορχήσας γὰρ μὴν τὸν γάμον*, as Herodotus has it); and how, on the other hand, "daughters of men," meaning ballet-girls, have won kingdoms and husbands by marrying "sons of God," to wit, peers of England; when we think of these things, we cannot but own that in our day dancing does not receive the attention it merits.

In this, as in certain other arts (I use the word in its broadest sense), far from advancing, our age has receded. The history of an art has been likened to the history of a man—his childhood, his manhood, his dotage. The illustration has met with approval. Yet to me there seems no reason why, on attaining its maturity, an art should begin to fade, to dwindle, to decay. In this year of grace, eighteen hundred and eighty-six, we do not look for originality, but may we not expect the excellence of a ripe maturity? After all, dotage is subjective. In the political world what may seem to some the waverings of a driveller and an idiot, are to others the natural issue of a grand old age.

In dancing, however, our retrogression is certain. In the youth of the world—I do not refer to the Glacial Period, nor yet to the Men of the Cave—in the days of the earlier civilizations of Asia, and later among the peoples of India, of China, of Japan, dancing was a religion. The Greeks, whose civilization our own with all its boasting has hardly surpassed even materially (it is said that the inscriptions in Antioch talk of the artificial lighting of the streets,

and the existence of a Press), acted very differently from us. With them dancing was a necessary part of education; to them a great dancer was a great man; Socrates thought it not unworthy of his philosophy to learn the art in his old age; and

"The wise Thessalians ever gave
The name of leader in their country's dance
To him that had their country's governance."

Yet even among the Greeks we find sure signs of a decadence; Lucian's dialogue is a defence of dancing, not a panegyric. It is true that he proves dancing to be superior to tragedy, asserts that it is coeval with the world, that Troy was taken, that Zeus was saved, that Ariadne was ruined by a dance.

No more surely is needed to show the importance of my subject to those who, judging from the state of dancing at the present day, deem it a mere amusement. To those who object to it from moral or religious reasons, I say in the words of Lucian: "Come, tell me, my dear sir, with regard to dancing in the ball-room or at the theatre, do you censure it as one who has often seen it, or as one who knows nothing of such sights? You say you deem them disgraceful and to be spat upon. If indeed you have seen them, you have a right to your opinion (such as it is) as well as I; if not, beware, my orthodox friend, lest your censure may seem, in the eyes of worldlings, rash and unreasoning, as coming from one who prates about that of which he knows nothing." Go, my friends, go and be converted like Longfellow's Cardinal.

Let me not be thought to claim to be the first to call attention to the importance of dancing and its culpable neglect among us. Of those who have recognized this, I may mention Noverre and Davies. My sole title to originality lies in my method.

To those who are not very deeply read in the earlier English poets, the existence of a poem entitled "Orchestra," by Sir John Davies, one time Chief Justice of Ireland, may be unknown. His "Nosce Teipsum" is familiar to most students, by name at all events. His less known work, though not mentioned by Hallam, is in many ways most interesting. Written in a peculiar but easy

flowing stanza of seven lines, it illustrates by many ingenious analogies the origin and importance of dancing, establishing its existence and effects, and tracing in it all the motions of Nature.

"For what are Breath, Speech, Echoes, Music,
Winds,
But Dancings of the Ayre in Sundry
Kinds?"

Noverre displays none of the mysticism which pervades this very ingenious and imaginative poem. His treatment is less ethereal and more practical. He argues that dancing is the one important thing in life; that to be a successful dancer, a man must be everything and know everything; that, in a word, dancing connotes everything. The converse, that to know anything or be anything one must be a dancer, or, to put it in a logical form, "Everything denotes dancing," Noverre does not seem to have recognized.

An exhaustive treatment of so wide a subject as that of dancing will not here be attempted. It will content me to briefly indicate the methods, historical and scientific, by which future seekers after truth must proceed. Those who still believe that there is some historical reality at the bottom of every myth, however altered by tradition or embellished by poetic fancy, will be interested in the different claims to the invention of dancing which appear in different mythologies. It has, by the way, been suggested to me that in this context resuscitation were a better word than invention: for dancing, some hold, was in the world before man, and was carried by our ancestors the apes to a higher elevation than it has ever reached since. The other day, while in a mythological mood hesitating between Greek nymphs and Gothic fairies, balancing the rights of Terpsichore and Fin McCoul, a lucky and providential accident—the discovery of an old book, entitled "A treatise against Dauncing made Dialoguewise by John Northbrooke"—turned my uncertainty into a blissful feeling of relief.

The author, after duly examining all the evidence, thus sums up: "But whatsoever these saye, St. Chrysostom, an ancient father, sayth that it came first from the devill."

This was satisfactory. His Satanic Majesty (it is well in these days to be punctilious about titles) is undoubtedly older than Fin, and most probably older than Terpsichore. For to put it syllogistically:

Medusa lived before Terpsichore;
The Devil was coeval with Medusa;

(As Lamb says:

"The feast being ended, to dancing they went,

To a music that did produce a
Most dissonant sound, while a hellish glee
Was sung in parts by the Furies Three,
And the Devil took out Medusa.")

. . . The Devil lived (and danced) before Terpsichore.

The only doubtful part of the syllogism is whether the first proposition is true or not. However, I have gone with the consensus of opinion.

After paying due respect to the inventor of dancing, it seemed suitable to investigate the time when and the reasons why. Here again I am indebted to a predecessor who traces "the origin and invention of this dissolute and lascivious exercise to the devils in hell, what time the Israelites, after feasting and gorging themselves with wine, fell to dancing around the molten calf in the desert."

The classification of dances is a much more difficult task. The following is purely tentative: comprehensiveness is perhaps all it can boast of.

There are three classes or kinds of dances. The first class includes all dances in which the dancers are of the same sex, and dance in bands. Mr. Northbrooke recognizes this class, but seems to restrict it to those solemn exercises through which school-girls stalk—calisthenics, as the prospectuses call them nowadays. In this class, however (which my predecessor puts first, as the most innocent, I, through gallantry, we must include the choric parts of ballets. The second class is that of mixed dances. The dancers still dance in bands, but there is no limitation of sex. My reverend friend rather unkindly speaks of this class as "instituted only for pleasure and wantonnesse sake." The *animus* which he displays all through his treatise might be put down

to physical inability, had he not foreseen that such an accusation might arise, and written, "My age is not the cause nor my inability the reason thereof." Lord Byron's reason for writing his diatribe is only too obvious. Before proceeding to the third class, I venture to suggest that this, the second class, might be subdivided into square and round dances. By the way, Mr. Northbroke's opinion as to the invention of round dances is rather amusing. Women, he says, invented them that "holding upon men's arms they may hop the higher." The third class consists of those dances in which one individual dances alone. In the near future I purpose to enlarge upon and exemplify these classes, by enumerating, age by age, country by country, race by race, all the dances that have been in vogue, that are still in vogue, and, by a process of induction, all the dances that are likely to be in vogue, among men. It will be a subject of infinite interest, and of infinite length. A friend of mine, indeed, a learned doctor, has left me a work in manuscript in which he labors to show that national character is to be best seen in the national dances; that, as the Irishman (my friend was a Celt) faces his partner in the national jig, so is he straightforward in love and war. However, I must for the present leave this, the more strictly historical part of my subject, and proceed to the more purely scientific.

It seems to me that there is something subtler, something more real in dancing than these rather superficial distinctions—interesting as they may be to the ordinary observer, useful as they must be to one who is treating dancing from a merely historical standpoint. All human knowledge, we are told, is relative; so is all dancing. In dancing, as in everything else, there is an ideal, an ideal ever unattainable, but toward which all dancing should tend. As the ideal poet is one who writes poetry purely for poetry's sake, so the ideal dancer is one who dances purely for dancing's sake. As all motives of gain, nay, all moral and ethical tendencies, while they may magnify and popularize a poem, lessen its value as pure poetry, so all extraneous motives detract from the purity of dancing. It is true that

this ideal is never reached, but some dancing approaches it much more nearly than others.

The dances included in the first class, "*Pyrrhica saltatio*," were in ancient times entirely religious. The gambols of the Salvationists form the only parallel among us. The secular element has invaded the other representatives of this class—calisthenics, and the choruses in the ballets; in the former the end is health, in the latter the earning of money, or something else, which ought to be equally subsidiary. Plainly it is not in this class that we are to look for dancing for dancing's sake.

There is more difficulty in dealing with the claims of the second class—that of mixed dancing. It will be said that many people waltz for waltzing's sake; waltz and dance are almost synonymous terms nowadays. If, after the manner of Socrates, I ask, as one ignorant of such things, What is meant by "for waltzing's sake"? the answer will in all probability be, "Oh, for the pleasure merely." We will not go into the question as to whether the attainment of pleasure is the ideal end of dancing. That shall be left quite open. Indeed, one must perforce acknowledge that, if a person dances purely for the pleasure he gets in dancing, and is entirely regardless of the person with whom he dances, and all other externals, such a person is much nearer to the ideal than other less ascetic individuals. But is such a course of conduct practicable? That it was not usual in Mr. Northbroke's day, some two hundred years ago, is clear. "Why are men desirous more to daunce rather with this woman, than with that woman? And why are women so desirous rather to choose this man than that man to daunce withall?" Our spelling may have changed since then—we spell daunce without a *u*—but our ways are very much the same. For, consider how such a dancer would act in a ball-room. Recognizing the unseemliness of dancing alone, he would find it necessary to get a partner. This may seem easy in his case, as it will not matter whether she be plain or pretty, young or old, silent or talkative, provided she can dance. But looking into it more closely we find that all these adjuncts do exert

a certain influence, an influence that would injure ideal purity of dancing. Beauty would attract, ugliness disgust. Youth is untrained, age is over-trained. With a silent partner one must talk, with a loquacious partner one must (still worse) listen. However, supposing our dancer overcomes these distractions; supposing he chooses his partner (or should it be rather *opponent* in these days of fast waltzes and faster flirtations?) after the advice of Jenyns:

"But let not outward charms your judgment
away,

Your reason rather than your eyes obey,
And in the dance, as in the marriage noose,
Rather for merit than for beauty choose:

Be her your choice, who knows with perfect
skill,

When she should move, and when she should
be still,

Who uninstructed can perform her share
And kindly half the pleasing burden bear:"

supposing that the rooms are large, and the crush mild; supposing the music is perfect, supposing the floor is smooth—a goodly lot of suppositions truly—nay, supposing he passes through a dance in reverential silence; how is our ideal friend to conduct himself in the intervals? He is expected to talk, in many instances to flirt, or—but may the gods avert it—to spoon, as the youth in Mr. Northbroke's dialogue, evidently prompted by the *chaperons* of that time, says: "It is well known that by dauncings and leaping very many honest marriages are brought to passe, and therefore, if for that onely, it is good and tolerable." All this cannot be done without descending from the atmosphere of almost spiritual ecstasy which ought to envelop the ideal dancer in the ball-room. Again, supper must be regarded as a wearisome necessity, not an agreeable variation. All those pleasant little interludes in the conservatories must be rigorously avoided—no ices, no champagne, no whispered nothings in a corner.

Mr. Sinnett tells us that a candidate for the Great Brotherhood can pass his probation in the full swing of London Society: he has a much easier time, then, than a dancer who aspires to ideal purity in a London ball-room.

We must turn finally to the third class in our search after the ideal. Here, at

all events, we have no distraction of sex; but other agents, perhaps still more powerful, come into play—love of money and love of admiration. All dancing on the stage is done for money, and, to earn money, must excite admiration. But all work that is done for money, be it physical work or mental work, loses in imagination what it gains in condensation. Listen to the pregnant words of a wise man. Mr. Ruskin says: "It would appear therefore that those pursuits which are altogether theoretic, whose results are desirable or admirable in themselves and for their own sake, . . . ought to take rank above all pursuits which have any taint in them of subserviency to life, in so far as all such tendency is the sign of less eternal and less holy function." (Mr. Ruskin's books are attainable by every one.)

Were it not for these drawbacks, our professional dancers would be second Pelagias, as Pelagia was on one memorable occasion; ideal dancing would exist; we might bow down and worship Miss Kate Vaughan or Miss Adelaide Wilson. In one case, and in one only, both love of money and love of admiration are absent, and but for a touch of religion—fanaticism—what you will—we should have the ideal dancer incarnate. I mean the dancing dervish, who has been thus glorified by Carlyle: "Are not spinning-dervishes an eloquent emblem, significant of much? Hast thou noticed him, that solemn-visaged Turk, the eyes shut; dingy wool mantle circularly hiding his figure;—bell shaped; like a dingy bell set spinning on the tongue of it? By centrifugal force the dingy wool mantle heaves itself, spreads more and more, like upturned cup widening into upturned saucer: thus spins he to the praise of Allah and advantage of mankind, faster and faster, till collapse ensue, and sometimes death."

It is at a further development of this class that we must aim in our yearnings after the ideal development that cannot be far distant in these days of evolution; a development, that may be artificially hastened when our dancing-masters are paid as State officials, when there is a Minister of Dancing, when the heads of the Dancing Office are graduates of Dervish Colleges—then indeed

as a nation may we aspire to the spiritual
ecstasy of the dances of the Orient ;
then will all mockery of the divine
science cease ; then will men forgive
Mephistopheles his many failings for the
sake of his one invention ; then will

Herodias' daughter be a patron saint ;
then men will wonder that so wise a
man as Cicero should have asked so
foolish a question as, *Did ever man dance
who was neither drunk nor mad ?—Mac-
millan's Magazine.*

PHILLIPS OF PELHAMVILLE.

BY ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

SHORT is the story I say, if you will
Hear it, of Phillips at Pelhamville.

Driver was he for many a day
Over miles and miles of the double way.

Day and night, in all kinds of weather,
He and the engine he drave together.

I can fancy this Phillips as one in my mind
With little of speech to waste on his kind,

Always sharp and abrupt of tone,
Whether off duty or standing on,

With this firm belief in himself that he reckon'd
His duty first ; all the rest was second.

Short is the story I say, if you will
Hear it, of Phillips at Pelhamville.

He was out that day, running sharp, for he knew
He must shunt ahead for a train overdue,

The South Express coming on behind
With the swing and rush of a mighty wind.

No need to say in this verse of mine
How accidents happen upon the line.

A rail lying wide to the gauge ahead,
A signal clear when it should be red ;

An axle breaking, the tire of a wheel
Snapping off at a hidden flaw in the steel.

Enough. There were wagons piled up in the air
As if some giant had tossed them there.

Rails broken and bent like a willow wand,
And sleepers torn up through the ballast and sand.

The hiss of the steam was heard, as it rush'd
Through the safety-valves of the engine crush'd

Deep into the slope, like a monster driven
To hide itself from the eye of heaven.

But where was Phillips? From underneath
The tender wheels with their grip of death

They drew him, scalded by steam and burn'd
By the engine fires as it overturn'd.

They laid him gently upon the slope,
Then knelt beside him with little of hope.

Though dying, he was the only one
Of them all that knew what ought to be done;

For his fading eye grew quick with a fear,
As if of some danger approaching near.

And it sought—not the wreck of his train that lay
Over the six and the four-foot way—

But down the track, for there hung on his mind
The South Express coming up behind.

And he half arose with a stifled groan,
While his voice had the same old ring in its tone;

"Signal the South Express!" he said,
Then fell back in the arms of his stoker, dead.

Short, as you see, is this story of mine,
And of one more hero of the line.

For hero he was, though before his name
Goes forth no trumpet blast of fame,

Yet true to his duty, as steel to steel,
Was Phillips the driver of Pelhamville.

—Good Words.

CHAUCER AND BOCCACCIO.

BY E. M. CLERKE.

WHILE mediocrity strives vainly after originality, genius fails to imitate even when imitation is its aim. Full of delightful surprises, it outdoes its aspirations, creates in seeking to copy, and transforms in striving to reproduce; asserts its individuality in its despite, and reshapes in its own image the mould that was to have suppressed it. Often content with a well-worn theme, it hands it on to posterity with a fresh stamp of immortality, and while adopting the cast-off raiment of an inferior, unconsciously proclaims its loftier nature athwart the humbler disguise of its choice.

Thus self-thwarted in glorious failure
was the English

Morning star of song

in his attempt to model himself on his Italian contemporary. Later ages, having almost forgotten Boccaccio's claim to wear the crown of bays, may well wonder at this homage rendered by the greater to the less, since the verse which, in his own day, earned him the supreme honors of the Capitol, would scarcely suffice in ours to win him a passing memory, were it not for its share in directing and guiding the inspiration of Chaucer.

Boccaccio's place as a poet must, indeed, be determined less by the intrinsic value of his work than by his function as a precursor, essaying a new development of his art, and forecasting its course in the future. Immeasurably below the other component members of the great Triad of the earlier Renaissance, he was, in a truer sense than either, the pioneer of subsequent Italian song. The unapproachable loftiness of Dante's theme forbade imitation, the narrow limitation of Petrarch's condemned it to inane reiteration. But Boccaccio, in giving the metrical romance an established place in literature, supplied the poetry of the future with its favorite outlet of expression, and opened up to it a new and inexhaustible field of subjects in harmony with modern taste.

The form moreover of the later Italian epic was that first adopted by him as the best calculated for versified narrative. The octave stanza, though not of his absolute invention, since it already existed in popular song, owes to him its introduction to that higher sphere of cultivated letters where it later came to occupy so large a place. The *Teseide* thus forms a landmark in Italian literature as the earliest attempt to set a heroic subject to that plebeian phrase of melody destined to form the structural basis of all the verse-music of the Renaissance. The poem, written in 1341, has all the elaborate awkwardness of a first struggle for utterance in an unfamiliar form of diction, while the ideas are still clogged by mechanical difficulties of expression. These difficulties are aggravated, too, by the effort to reproduce classical models while using, in the Italian vernacular, an idiom as yet untried in such subjects.

For Boccaccio, a diligent and ardent student of the newly-recovered literature of antiquity, was a much more servile copyist of its forms than were his successors. Those earlier stores, in their time thoroughly assimilated by the Italian mind, had furnished it with materials for fresh growths, and were no longer reproduced in crude incongruity. The Middle Ages are, in this sense, more strictly classical than the later hybrid epoch of the Renaissance, when the complete fusion of antique fa-

ble with popular tradition had taken place.

The Italian epic of that date closely followed the ballad-singers and itinerant story-tellers of the streets, not only in its choice of subjects, but also in the episodic character of its narrative, diverging into an inextricable mesh of collateral channels. Boccaccio on the contrary, like his classical prototypes, preserves the unity of his design, following throughout a single thread of fable unencumbered by any secondary issues. The difference in tendency between the antique and mediæval mind, producing this divergence, is highly characteristic of the two epochs, and is still more strongly exemplified in their architecture. The structural simplicity of the Greek temple, with its severe subordination of ornament to design, on the one hand, and the complex developments of intersecting arches and ramified pillars in the Gothic cathedral on the other, form two opposite ideals, striven after in all branches of art alike, and typifying respectively the law of rest and the law of growth.

The fable on which the *Teseide* was founded is described by Boccaccio, in his dedicatory letter to Fiammetta, as "a very ancient story, found by him and unknown to the generality." Of this original, if it ever existed, no trace has been discovered, nor does he give any other clew to it. On intrinsic evidence, however, it may be pronounced one of the popular chivalric romances, in which epochs, characters, and manners were jumbled together, with the utter recklessness of an age innocent of archaeology. It is this tale of the two Theban knights, Palamon and Arcite, both prisoners in the hands of Theseus, and rivals for the love of the fair Emilia, which Chaucer has familiarized to English readers under the title of the *Knights Tale*. In substance almost a reproduction of Boccaccio's romance, his version differs from it so widely in diction, style of expression, and metrical form, as to constitute an independent and original poem.

The First Book of the *Teseide*, narrating the expedition of Theseus against the Amazons, his marriage to Hippolyta, their queen, and his return to Athens, accompanied by Emilia, the

young sister of the latter, is of the nature of a prologue, and, as such, is omitted by Chaucer altogether.

The siege of Thebes follows, where Palamon and Arcite, friends and kinsmen, are made captive, to undergo a long imprisonment at Athens in a cell overlooking a garden of the palace. Here they first catch a glimpse of the heroine, whose appearance is heralded as follows, by one of those descriptions of spring-tide so common among later Italian poets:—

From this glad aspect of the stars on high,
The earth a sweet and gracious influence
drew,

And robed her form, so beauteous to the eye,
In vesture of fresh green and blossoms new;
Each sapling tree reclothed its branches dry

With verdant leaves, while Spring's sweet
stress did sue

The trees to bloom and fruit in rich redundancy,
And crown the earth with beauty and abundance.

The little birds, in carol blithe and gay,

Began to chant their amorous joys renewed,
Sporting on leafy bough and flowery spray,
While every living thing its servitude

To the same power did equally display,

And lusty youths, inclined to amorous mood,
Felt, in their hearts, love grow in strength and ardor,

And his enchanted yoke press ever harder.

Teseide, book iii, stanzas 6, etc.

This passage affords an illustration of the verbosity of Boccaccio in contrast with the quaint succinctness of his English disciples, who compresses the most essential portion of the two stanzas into the three following lines:—

The season priketh every gentil herte,
And maketh him out of his sleepe sterte,
And seith, "Arys, and do thin observance."

In the description of the maiden he follows his predecessor more closely, but with similar condensation of his ideas. Boccaccio is at his best when writing of Emilia, as his sympathy with feminine character enables him to give her a more distinct individuality than he confers on the male personages of his tale. Even through the stilted conventionalities of the pseudo-classical style a penetrating touch of caustic humor here and there reveals his insight into the cold and narrow nature he is describing. Emilia is a type of woman common enough in real life, but seldom figuring as a heroine of romance; with

affections strictly subordinated to self-interest, and a heart thoroughly under the control of discretion, but adapting herself, with all her superficial graces of mind and person, to inspire a love she is incapable of returning. She is, withal, redeemed from total insipidity by a childish *naïveté* even in the exercise of her small arts of fascination, and by a maidenly innocence and freshness that may be taken to excuse her want of emotional sensibility. The poet's first picture of her is not devoid of grace and sweetness, despite his clumsy redundancy of language:—

Then fair Emilia, scarce to girlhood grown,
Guided and led by youthful fancy's play,
But not by love, yet to her heart unknown,

At the same hour each morning took her
way

Unto a garden trode by her alone,
Which close beside her chamber-window lay.
And barefooted, in morning-gown, went trill-

ing
Her songs of love, the air with gladness filling;

And this, her use and habit, did pursue

The maiden sweet and simple, day by day;
Now plucking with white hand the rose that
blew

In new-born beauty on its thorny spray,
Then, twining with it other flowers that grew,
She wreathed her golden head with garlands
gay,

Till on a morn fell out, as fate directed,
A novel chance, by the maid's charms effected.

One beauteous morn, when she had risen from
sleep,

And with her tresses blond her head had
crowned,

Down to the garden fair, her tryst to keep,

She singing went, and gaily sported round,
Of blossoms on the sward piled in a heap

She swift and merrily her garlands wound,
And still her lays of love she went on singing,
With child-like mirth and angel voice sweet
ringing.

At sound of that clear voice, that softly flowed,
Arcite rose, who in his prison lay,

Beside the garden that was love's abode,
But naught to Palamon his friend did say.

He oped a window that the garden showed,
In haste, to better hear that roundelay,

And thrust his head athwart the iron grating
To see who such sweet music was creating.

(Teseide, stanzas 8, etc.)

The reader will doubtless remember Chaucer's description of Emelie, but we insert it to facilitate comparison:—

This passeth yeer by yeer, and day by day,
Till it fel oones in a morne of May
That Emelie, that fairer was to scene
Than is the lillie on hire stalke grene,

And fresher than the May with floures,
newe—

For with the rose-colour strof hire hewe,
I not which was the fayrer of hem two—
Er it were day, as was hire wone to do,
Sche was arisen, and al redy dight,
For May wole hau no sloggardy e anight.

Hire yelwe heer was browded in a tresse,
Byhynde hire bak, a yerde long I gesse,
And in the garden, as the sonne upriste,
Sche walked up and down, and as hire liste
Sche gadereth floures, party whyte and reede,
To make a sotil garland for hire heede,
And as an angel hevenly sche song.

Of the two prisoners who become enamoured of this fair vision, one, as the poet tells Fiammetta in his dedication, is intended to represent himself, adding that she will have no difficulty in knowing which. The course of his own love, he says, is told, as far as the exigencies of the story and necessary reserve permit, with sufficient plainness to bring it to her mind. Palamon, whose suit finally achieves success, is presumably the one indicated; but his courtship is of so very shadowy a character, not including the exchange of a word with its object, that a great deal must have been left to the imagination if it were intended to portray a less visionary attachment. Not Palamon, but Arcite, is first to become conscious of Emilia's presence, and he thus calls his friend to gaze on her:—

And, turning inward, in low voice he said
Unto his friend, "Oh, Palamon, look here,
'Tis Venus' self from heaven here downward
sped.

Hear'st thou her song? Ah, if thou hold'st
me dear,

Come hither quick, and see ere she be fled.
'Twill give thee pleasure to regard so near
The queen of beauty in her charms eternal,
To us descended from the realms supernal."

Uprose then Palamon, who heard his call,
So softly, of his step he scarce was ware,
And went with him unto the window small,
Where both stood still to see the goddess
fair,

Whom when he saw, in voice of lively fall,
He said, "'Tis Cytherea's self is there,
On thing so fair my gaze hath never lighted,
Or looked on aught that vision so delighted."
(*Teseide*, stanzas 13, etc.).

In this scene Chaucer departs from his original by making the captives engage in a hot dispute as to the priority of their claims to secure the affections of the lady; while Boccaccio has been condemned by some modern critics for

his failure to indicate any sense of jealousy between them, so long as both were in confinement. He gives us here, instead, a keen analysis, omitted by Chaucer, of the demeanor of Emilia when an involuntary exclamation from Palamon betrays the presence of the two spectators.

At that "Ah me!" the maiden fair to see
O'er her left shoulder turned with sudden
grace,
And to the window straight her eyes raised
she,

Whereon the lovely pallor of her face
Flushed o'er with rosy shame. Who those
might be
She knew not; but, uprising from her place,
With all the blossoms fair she had collected,
Her parting steps elselwhither she directed.

But yet not all unmindful did she go
Of that "Ah me!" and though too young
in age
Of love's entire perfection aught to know,
Yet something of its feelings she could
gauge,
And deemed herself admired, and felt a glow
Of pride to think her charms could hearts
engage,
And prized them more, and strove for their
adorning,
When to the garden she repaired each morning.
(*Teseide*, stanzas 18 and 19.)

And while the fair continued still to stray,
At times in company, at times alone,
For pastime in the garden bright and gay,
With furtive looks her eyes were ever thrown
Up to the window whence, first heard that day,
Came Palamon's "Ah me!" in piteous tone,
Not urged by love, but rather love desiring,
To see if others gazed on her admiring.

And if she knew that others watched to see,
A mien of frank unconsciousness would
feign,
And warble to herself, as though in glee,
With sweetest voice, of keen and subtle
strain,
And on the grass, midst bush and shrub and
tree,
With mincing step and guileless air amain,
Would mimic woman's gait in the endeavor
To charm the eyes of gazers dreamed of ever.
(*Ibid*, stanzas 28 and 29.)

The subsequent course of the story is nearly identical in both versions, and follows the fortunes of Arcite, who is released from his captivity through the intercession of Perithous. As his liberation is accompanied by a decree of banishment from Athens, it is, in the state of his feelings, a boon of little value; and, after protracted wanderings in exile, he risks all to return and be near the object of his affections. In a

menial capacity, and under a feigned name he reappears at the Court of Theseus, where Emilia's eyes alone are keen enough to penetrate his disguise. The admirable discretion of the young lady, however, prevents her from betraying her recognition either to him or others, but it may be presumed that she was not all unconscious of the distant homage, the opportunity of rendering which was all her admirer gained by his proximity. But in Palamon, who accidentally hears of his rival's appearance on the scene, the mere fact of his presence suffices to excite transports of jealous madness.

Succeeding by stratagem in escaping from prison, he comes on his kinsman in a wood, to whose solitude he had resorted for his amorous meditations, and compels him, though reluctantly, to engage in single combat on the spot. The knights, absorbed in their duel, are unconscious of the approach of a royal hunting party, until Emilia herself interposes between them, and her appearance is followed by that of Theseus, Hippolyta, and all their train. An explanation ensues; the knights confess their identity, and declare their rivalry in love of the fair Amazon. Theseus, a chivalrous monarch, not only condones their breach of prison and parole, but promises Emilia's hand as the prize of a tournament, in which they are to do battle at the end of a year, each attended by a hundred knights of his choosing.

The preparations and preliminaries of the combat offer a congenial field for the descriptive faculty of both poets, and Boccaccio devotes whole pages to the enumeration of the champions, presented by Chaucer with more vigorous brevity. The most celebrated heroes of antiquity are ranged on both sides, and classical personages freely introduced among mediæval pageantry. The English bard's picture of Lygurge, King of Thrace, may be cited as a specimen of those passages in which he closely adheres to his original:—

Ful heye upon a char of gold stood he,
With four white boles in the trays,
Insteede of cote armure over his harnays,
With nayles yelwe, and bright as eny gold;
He had a beres skyn col-blak for-old,
His long heer was kembd byhynde his bak,
As eny ravens fether it schon for-blak.

The same description, as usual at greater length, does duty for Agamemnon in the original. The striking picture of the rugged warrior is heightened by contrast with that of the youthful Menelaus, who comes next in the train.

High on a car, with four stout bulls for team,
Great Agamemnon of Inachia rode,
A numerous train around, 'mid whom supreme,
In armor of a baron bold he showed;
And well the lofty honors did beseem,
By Greeks in front of 'leaguered Troy bestowed,
Keen-eyed, stout-limbed, with beard like wing
Of raven,
His piercing look and mien bespoke no craven.
Nor burnished arms, or mantle fluttering wide,
Locks combed and scented, gold or gems he wore,
But flung around his neck a bear's rough hide,
Clasped by the shining claws, so dread of yore,
In shaggy fold hung down at either side,
The bruised and rusted armor cov'ring o'er,
And to the gazers was the truth notorious,
That o'er all comers he must be victorious.

Behind him following, but in garb and mien
Unlike, the youthful Menelaus came,
Clad in rich stuffs all precious to be seen,
Graceful and fair, unarmed his comely frame;
And with his locks of gold that glittered sheen
The zephyrs toyed, while like a golden flame,
His amber beard upon his breast descended,
And all who gazed admired its beauty splendid.
He rode a mighty charger iron-gray,
And held a rein clogged thick with massy gold,
Around his neck the fluttering mantle gay
Made music to the breeze that swelled its fold.
Had Venus' heart been vacant, all did say
To gain her love he well might have made bold,
Thus lookers-on his manly grace applauded,
And to the skies his strength and beauty lauded.

(*Teseide*, book vi. stanzas 21, etc.)

Each of the interested parties repairs, on the eve of the tournament, to the shrine of a patron divinity, in order to implore a successful issue. Arcite has recourse to Mars, to whom he appeals for victory in the fight; Palamon invokes Venus, declaring himself indifferent to success in arms so his love prosper; and Emilia betakes her to the temple of Diana, to entreat counsel and aid from the maiden goddess. Each receives a favorable response despite their conflicting wishes, but it is the votary

of Venus who in the end obtains the most substantial boon from his patroness. By a curious and overstrained figure of rhetoric, the prayers of Arcite and Palamon are personified, that they may find their way to the abodes of the divinities invoked. It is thus that the description of the palace or temple of Mars is introduced, of which, as it is the original of a celebrated passage in Chaucer, we subjoin a portion for comparison :—

In the wide Thracian fields, 'neath Northern
skies,
Where never-ceasing storms convulse the
air,
And the dark host of clouds for ever flies
Before the winds that chase them here and
there,
Through reeking wintry climes where summer
dies,
And by the curdling cold flung everywhere
Are watery globules and chill snows congeal-
ing
To hard and creaking ice o'er nature stealing.

Deep in a barren wood uncouth and drear,
Where sturdy oaks grew close and thick and
high,
All gnarled and rugged, harsh and old and
sere,
Which with eternal shade the light deny
To earth's sad face, by growths of many a year
Hid from a thousand storms that raved on
high,
Strange sounds came thence and noises wild
and eery,
Nor beast or shepherd sought its shelter dreary.

Of the great god armipotent was seen
The palace built of steel that glistened bright,
And from its surface of resplendent sheen
Sent flashing back the sun's reflected light,
Abhorrent of that dismal place, I ween.
Strait was the iron door and scant in height,
The gates were all of adamant immortal,
And metal-plated was each massy portal.

The ideas here are undoubtedly striking, and the unwieldy awkwardness of the style alone prevents the passage from being an eloquent one, as it becomes under the compression of Chaucer's nervous diction. Arcite's prayer personified reaches this abode of the war-god, and penetrates to its inmost sanctuary peopled by metaphorical abstractions like herself.

There Fury she beheld enthroned in glee,
And with a visage all ensanguined o'er,
Death fully armed, and Stupor did she see,
And every altar reeked with floods of gore,
Which shed on fields of battle running free
From human veins in crimson floods did
pour,

Their fires were lit with brands from smoking
cities,
And wrecks of war which nothing spares or
pities.

With storied tales the temple walls were lined,
Above, around, by cunning hand made plain,
And first was all the booty there designed
By night and day from plundered cities ta'en,
Victims of brutal force in bonds confined,
And captives in sad garb, a piteous train,
Whole peoples bound in chains, strong places
battered,
And iron gates and forts all rent and shat-
tered.

And ships of war were seen equipped for fight,
And hollow cars and faces marred with
blows,
And doleful plaints were heard of grief and
fright,
And Force was there triumphant in repose.
All wounds and hurts were sanctioned there
by right,
And earth oozed red with blood of slaugh-
tered foes.
On all sides round, in every phase atrocious,
Dread Mars was seen, o'erbearing and fero-
cious.

(*Teseide*, book vii. stanzas 30, etc.)

Chaucer's rendering of this passage is a masterpiece of vigorous condensation, in which everything striking in the original is conveyed with added swiftness and energy of expression. Boccaccio's conception is undoubtedly fine, but is almost swamped under the accumulation of detail with which it is loaded. Moreover, as he deals out even-handed justice to the other divinities invoked, in dwelling with equal minuteness on the aspects of their respective abodes, the triple multiplication of the idea becomes monotonous. The three following stanzas, however, from Emilia's invocation of Diana, deserve to be quoted as a specimen of the heroine's naïve simplicity in addressing her protectress :—

And if the gods already have disposed,
In their eternal and august decree,
That all shall happen as hath been proposed,
Then bring unto my arms him who shall be
Most welcome to my heart and unopposed,
And who with firmest will desireth me.
To speak his name my lips I cannot tutor,
So lovable to me seems either suitor.

And let the other, wounded with the shame,
Of losing me, be hurt by this alone,
And if this word to utter I may claim,
To me, oh goddess! in these flames make
known
Whose incense to thy godhead flies—what
name

Shall his be, who my future faith shall own,
So this pyre of Arcite then be reckoned
The emblem, and of Palamon the second.

At least my troubled soul shall feel less pain,
Less sadly for the vanquished party sigh,
And with a lighter heart the sight sustain,
When from the lists I shall behold him fly.
My will, now so divided, then must fain
Take sides with one of those in arms who
vie,
And see the other fly, with heart made steady
By knowledge of the future fixed already.

(*Teseide*, stanzas 86-87.)

The omen that follows is ambiguous, like most revelations of futurity, the flame first quenched being subsequently rekindled, and Emilia, interpreting the prophecy according to her desires, fails to discern its true significance. The tournament takes its course, giving a large field for the poet's imagination in detailing heroic incidents of battle, wearisome to modern, as they were interesting to contemporary readers. Arcite triumphs over his rival, but Venus, mindful of Palamon's invocation, sends a Fury to frighten the horse of the victor, who is thrown, and receives a fatal injury from the accident. He lingers long enough to celebrate his nuptials with Emilia, but subsequently languishes and dies, leaving her as a legacy to Palamon. Only in his description of the death of Arcite does the poet strike a chord of genuine human feeling, and the two following stanzas, in which the dying hero commits the fair creature they had both contended for to the keeping of his rival are full of tender grace and pathos:—

If she perchance, touched by my early fate,
In tender grief let fall one pitying tear,
Oh, haste to soothe, and bid her woe abate.
For that sweet face, so lovely and so dear,
Hath filled my heart with love for her so great
That me her smile more than herself doth
cheer,
I, more than she, am saddened by her sadness,
And change with her loved face from grief to
gladness.

Thus, if the parted soul beyond the tomb
Aught of what passes in the world can know,
Amid the dismal throng 'mid realms of gloom
Less sad and more courageous mine will go.
This said, he ceased, nor speech did more re-
sume;

While, with a voice of tender grief and woe,
And voice whose broken tones with anguish
quivered,
His soul as follows Palamon delivered.

(*Teseide*, book iii. stanzas 46 and 47.)

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The poem concludes with the funeral rites of Arcite and the nuptials of Palamon, to whom the favor of Venus has thus secured the final fruition of his hopes.

From this brief sketch of the *Teseide*, it will be seen how closely Chaucer has adhered to his text, not only in the general outline of the work, but even in its imagery and illustrations. Yet his version is rather a paraphrase than a translation, and, according to Mr. Furnivall's analysis, out of 2,250 lines only 270 are direct transcriptions, while 374 bear a general likeness, and 132 a more distant one, to those of the original. The superior brevity of the English rendering, in which some 10,000 lines are represented by little more than a fifth of that number, is sheer artistic gain, attained by judicious compression and superior concentration of idea.

The *Teseide*, the earliest versified love-tale of the Middle Ages, forms a connecting link between modern and mediæval literature, and is memorable as the first attempt to give permanent form to a class of fable extensively circulated among the unlettered vulgar by oral tradition. The popular imagination, fed by the recitations of vagrant jongleurs and singers, already ran riot in similar subjects, and the names of Lancelot and Guinevere, of Tristram and Iseult, of Fiordiligi and Brandimarte, with endless variations on their loves and sorrows, were thus handed down from lip to lip, and from generation to generation. It was on this legendary store that Boccaccio, Sacchetti, and Bandello, nay, Shakespeare himself, drew for the raw material of their narratives; it was here that Boiardo, Pulci, and Ariosto found the endless supply of marvel and adventure that enliven their brilliant verse.

Chaucer, too, appropriated to his own uses some of this common stock of early romance, borrowing it at second hand from the pages of Boccaccio with a frank license which was not, in those days, dubbed plagiarism. The influence of foreign writers over his mind is explained by the absence of any literature worthy to be so called in his own country until created by him on the basis of general European culture. The break in the continuity of language effected by the

Norman Conquest had cut the country off from its earlier history and traditions, and the Anglo-Saxon tongue, surviving only as the barbarous dialect of the rude vulgar, lost all power of developing to any more advanced use. Hence the new English language, slowly evolved from the fusion of the two elements of population, and perfected in the fourteenth century almost to its present form, found itself without a past of its own on which to found the superstructure of its future growth. It had reached a stage of maturity in which the French *fabliau* and the Teutonic myth were alike alien to it, and required a new starting-point and a fresh fulcrum of thought from which to work out the latent capabilities of its compound nature. This Chaucer, a man of wide sympathy and many-sided intelligence, gave it, by linking it to the awakening intellectual life of Continental Europe.

The rapid extension of international trade relations helped in the same direction, and their influence on literature is strikingly illustrated by the poet's mission to Italy. Sent thither as an envoy to establish a closer commercial connection between England and Genoa, he spent the year 1372-73 in the northern Italian cities, and was thus brought into familiar contact with the poetry and letters of that country. His visit to "the worthy clerk, Fraunces Petrarch, the laureate poet," is matter of tradition, and, if there is no record of his having been brought into personal relations with Boccaccio, he at least came within the sphere of his artistic influence.

Nor is his debt to him exhausted by his loan of a subject from the *Teseide*. The *Decameron* also supplied him with the tale of "the patient Griselda," and probably suggested by its general plan, of a group of narratives linked to a central situation, the similarly-connected series of the *Canterbury Tales*. The tale of Troilus and Criseide, again, is an adaptation of Boccaccio's *Filostrato*,

still closer than that of his Theban lovers in the *Knights Tale*. The edition of this work by Rossetti, in which the English text is collated with a literal prose rendering of the Italian original, supplies all the materials for a comparative study of the two. Of the *Teseide*, on the contrary, no English version seems to exist, although it was considered worthy of appearing in a Greek translation as early as 1529.

Boccaccio had the rare fortune, shared with the two modern novelists, Manzoni and Walter Scott, of eclipsing by his fame as a prose-writer that which he had previously acquired as a poet. Crowned as such in the Capitol in 1342, six years previous to that Plague of Florence which supplied the tragic setting of his *Decameron*, he shone among his contemporaries as the second luminary of Italian song with a lustre surpassed only by that of Petrarch. The founder of modern Romantic poetry, who set the key to the master singers of the Renaissance, and exercised through Chaucer so potent an influence on the germination of English literature, we may well ask why his verse is now unread and his very existence as a poet almost forgotten.

The answer is to be found in his want of all dramatic power of expression, and in his vague diffuseness of language and lengthy dilution of thought, swamping the interest of the subject under a flood of wearisome verbosity. Every sentence is a circumlocution, every epithet an irrelevance, every phrase an ambiguity. Nowhere lucid, the style is often obscure, and, in some passages, corruption of text seems to have supervened on inherent defect of construction. Hence it is not wonderful that almost complete oblivion should have overtaken Boccaccio's poetry, and that, while in his own country it is never read and little remembered, English students are satisfied to know it in the more vigorous verse of their own chancicleer of song, the clear-voiced herald of their dawning prime of letters.—*National Review*.

WILL CULTURE OUTGROW CHRISTIANITY?

THIS is the question asked by Professor Upton in his thoughtful address to the students of a Theological College

which has just entered on its second century of existence,—Manchester New College. It is certainly a very funda-

mental question for theology to propose, for if it is answered in the affirmative, a Theological College will be concerned with explaining a creed which it can only offer, and of course with more and more of diffidence, to the acceptance of those who appear to be unfitted to survive in the conflict for existence. There may be men who can teach with energy and eloquence a doctrine which they fully expect to find less and less acceptable to the majority of mankind; but if there be such men, they must combine to a very singular degree personal energy with despair of the victory of truth. As a rule, the teacher who believes that the permanent current of men's thoughts is against him, will either distrust his own teaching, or despair of the learning capacity of ordinary men,—and either condition of mind will be fatal to his power as a teacher.

Professor Upton, however, does not think that culture is destined to outgrow Christianity. He thinks that the tide of naturalism is beginning to ebb, that the belief in a being who, to use Mr. Spencer's phrase, is *above* personality rather than below it (whatever that may mean), is returning even to the high priests of evolution,—nay, that, in Professor Upton's own happy phrase, it is simply absurd to expect "the sublime process of evolution to end in the melancholy fiasco of the generation, as its highest product, of a being utterly unsuited to his surroundings; a being who hungers and thirsts for satisfactions which Nature is powerless to provide, and who in pessimistic despair longs at length to shuffle off the hated burden of existence."

But while Professor Upton chooses strong ground when he uses the very conception of evolution to refute the view that this process should have produced a religious being only to disappoint cruelly all the religious instincts it had fostered, he seems to us to ignore in some degree the strength of the evidence that for some time back culture has been so far outgrowing Christianity as to deprive a much larger portion of the cultivated world of its Christian faith than ever was deprived of that faith by culture, at least since the revival of learning. Bishop Butler, indeed, testi-

world in the time of George II. when it was not so much as considered worth while to regard the truth of the Christian revelation as even deserving investigation,—and some of the divines even of Butler's day were probably rationalists of the Deistic type. But even then it was not culture which had produced this decay of belief half so much as general torpor of conscience and worldliness of habit. Where life and thought were most vivid, belief revived. It was not then as it is now,—the abundance of thought, the rush of fastidious criticism, the perplexity of the intellect among the multitude of counsels, the giddiness of speculative earnestness, the bewilderment engendered in the throng of competing opinion, which paralyzed men's faith. It was less culture than cynicism which paralyzed Christian feeling. But now it may be said in a very real sense that it is culture which endangers Christianity—the consciousness of the wideness of the field of knowledge, of the number and minuteness of the difficulties in the way of conviction, the daunting certainty that not even the most learned of men can survey, much less grapple with, the multitude of the considerations which may be fairly and honestly said to bear directly on the truth or falsehood of the Christian creed.

Libraries may be collected on but one aspect of the question; philology, scholarship, critical learning ask to be heard on one great class of questions; philosophy, psychology, physiology put in their claims to a hearing on another; then comes science with its claim to establish the *à priori* improbability, or if it be very rash it will say, impossibility, of the Christian story; and then, finally, the student of mythologies and of the various superstitions of the different savage tribes, claims to have his account of the matter heard, in order that the believer may learn from it a legitimate self-distrust. Amid this wilderness of evidence of all kinds, the man of culture not unnaturally gets dazed and paralyzed by all these cross-claims on his judgment, and so it happens that in his mind culture tends to outgrow Christianity. In relation to all aspects of it he finds in himself a number of half-matured thoughts and half-finished trains of reasoning, and his mind be-

comes a mass of suspended judgments and postponed investigations. Is it or is it not likely that, in this sense, culture will outgrow Christianity? It can hardly be denied that in our own age culture has frequently outgrown the *political* doctrines of all ages, the *economical* doctrines of the last age, and the *social* convictions on which the cohesion of society rested; and that in many cultivated minds, nihilism, socialism, anarchism, have been the result, while, in a very much larger number of cultivated minds, a deep despair of ever attaining to certainty solid enough to convince the multitude, has superseded all the old and firmly established convictions. Will not the same process unsettle still more effectually religious conviction? Will any clear guiding belief grow out of the crowd of suspended beliefs in which the tournament of controversialists has ended?

We should be disposed to think that culture would very quickly outgrow Christianity, if Christianity did not positively prevent men from sitting still only to imbibe culture. If life were limited to the study of theology, the study of theology would soon become impossible. But as Christianity was from the very first mainly a gospel for the poor and for those who were not poor only so far as they found themselves unable to separate themselves from their fellow-men, so Christianity now will outgrow culture, because it supplies the one kind of food requisite to turn culture from a solvent of all action into the light and safeguard of wise action. Just as the great German thinker to whom Professor Upton alludes at the end of his lecture, found in the imperative demands of the *practical* reason the real key to the insoluble riddles of the speculative reason, so we may say that all great thinkers have found in the needs and urgencies of the practical life the solution of the insoluble difficulties of religious thought. Professor Upton himself contends that it is the witness in us to the force and urgency

of something deeper and higher than ourselves in the act of resisting sin or straining after duty, which proves to us the reality of God, and renders impossible the view of the idealist that we are merely following the beckoning of our own spiritual fancies. Well, that is very true; but it would hold, we think, of the claim of Christianity on us in a sense which Professor Upton appears to ignore, when he makes light of the claim of Christianity to reveal to us not only the love of a spiritual father, but the grace of an atoning sufferer who died a "ransom for many." It is in the practical power which Christianity applies to stir us to combat with overwhelming evils, and to assuage the sufferings of penitent guilt and self-aborring contrition, that it brings certitude to the suspended judgment of pure culture, and reveals the force which even the impotent paralytic of the intellect may share. Christianity reveals its meaning not to the thinker, as such, but to the man who is overwhelmed by the sense of the needs and miseries of his race, and who grasps at that power, as a power from on high, which will enable him to grapple with these. Its language is not, "Sit and be convinced," but, "Rise and walk." And already we seem to see evidence that in this age, as in other ages, we shall find our Christianity again in the strenuous effort to meet the violence, the impurity, the wretchedness, the poverty, the squalor, the despair of the most miserable of our people. As Christianity wanes at the West End of London, it revives at the East. It flickers and goes out in the breast of the student, while it flames up in the heart of the man who is really attacking evil in its worst strongholds. Culture is a wet-blanket for Christian faith only so long as the attitude of the mind toward evil is passive. It becomes subservient to Christian faith in the heart of the man who is really following in the footsteps of his Master.—*Spectator*.

SPOOKICAL RESEARCH.

"YER I come a bilin'," said one of the young Tarrypins during the famous race in which Brer Rabbit's colors were lowered, and "Yer I come a bulgin'," said another of them. Yer comes the Society for Spookical Research a bilin' and a bulgin'. A word of apology may seem to be due to the worthy persons of whom the society is composed for the apparent liberty here taken with its name. But a moment's reflection will show them that the metathesis whereby the Greek root $\psi\chi$ is altered into the Teutonic substantive spook is as natural and indeed obvious an instance of the working of a celebrated law as it is possible to imagine. The Society, then, for Spookical Research biles in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century* magazine, where Mr. Frederick Myers proves with much learning that the Mr. Hyde which is in all of us, and which most of us generally are, may be made to give way permanently to Dr. Jekyll by the judicious application of a toasting-fork to one side of the person. It bulges in two volumes, about the size of haystacks, entitled *Phantasms of the Living* (London: Trübner & Co. 1886), and constructed with infinite labor by Mr. Edmund Gurney, Mr. Frederick Myers, and Mr. Frank Podmore. The division of labor was thus. All three authors, particularly Mr. Podmore, collected the necessary material in the shape of several hundreds—for aught we know thousands—of ghost stories, good, bad, and indifferent. Moreover, they "cross-examined" their informants, and explained to some of them how silly their scruples about publishing the telepathical adventures of their grandmothers, daughters, cousins, uncles, and lovers, defunct or otherwise, really were. Having collected the stories, they classified them, each after his kind. Then Mr. Myers wrote an introduction, bristling with metaphor and gorgeous with rhetorical imagery, and also a "Note on a Suggested Method of Psychical Interaction," of which more anon. And last of all Mr. Gurney wrote the book.

The article expounding the existence, manifest principally in the mad, of Jekyll, Hyde & Co., is full of interest,

and deserves comment; but if a Society will both bulge and bile at the same time, it must take the consequences, and the present observations will be devoted to the bulgin', no further notice being accorded to the bilin' than the respectful acknowledgment of its existence which has already been made. Mr. Gurney's book—as it may, for brevity, be not unfairly called—is very long. It is not only that it has considerably over a thousand pages, or that it contains 702 separate ghost stories, each furnished with an "evidential number," as well as a great many more ghost stories in foot-notes which for one reason or another have been held not to deserve evidential numbers. It is long in the sense that Mr. Gurney's style of making comments and suggesting explanations is cumbrous and involved, and that his notion of clearly expounding ideas not very easy to realize at all is to say the same things more than once in different but circuitous forms. Whatever the merits of his subject, his book is not lucid enough to be popular even among cultivated readers, and the great majority of those who accept his arguments will do so, not because they have been convinced by them, but because they agreed with him beforehand.

Mr. Gurney's argument, reduced to its simplest expression, comes to something like this. Experiments, conducted chiefly under the auspices of members of the S. P. R., prove that certain persons have the faculty of conveying to certain other persons the substance of their thoughts upon certain subjects of limited interest otherwise than by the ordinary channels of the bodily senses. This process is called experimental telepathy. The 357 comparatively well-attested ghost stories (a vulgar expression, which is here used for convenience, without prejudice to Mr. Gurney's more specific phrases) hereinafter contained prove that certain persons have displayed the faculty of causing certain other persons to think thoughts which they would not otherwise think, or to see, hear, or feel what may be compendiously styled ghosts on certain occasions. This process is called spontaneous telepathy.

Hence we may conclude that, whatever experimental telepathy may be, spontaneous telepathy is another development of the same thing; and from the admitted proof of experimental telepathy we may fairly infer that spontaneous telepathy really exists; or, in other words, that such ghost stories, if any, as are satisfactorily proved to be true are not accidental and inexplicable events, but instances of a fairly frequent and partly comprehensible natural phenomenon. This phenomenon the S. P. R. proposes to elucidate as much as possible. It will be seen that in this argument there are three principal steps. The first is to prove the existence of experimental telepathy. The second is to prove the existence of spontaneous telepathy—that is, that a certain number of ghost stories are true, and that the alleged ghosts were not flukes, but spooks. The third is to prove the connection between the two. The proof of the first of these points is as follows. The Society discovered a good number of people who used to perform what the vulgar would call tricks, of a trivial but surprising nature. One person, called the agent, would pull a card out of a pack and gaze fixedly at it, or think vehemently of a number consisting of two digits, or put a strongly-tasting substance into his mouth. Another person, called the percipient, would be blindfolded, put in another room, or otherwise prevented from discovering the answer to the conundrum in the ordinary way, and would forthwith say what he believed the card, thought, or article of food to be. This trick, in one form or another, was successful in a surprisingly large number of instances. Another favorite experiment was for the agent to concentrate his mind on a rude picture designed by himself—and they all seem to have been singularly poor draughtsmen—of a circle, a donkey, or the like, and for the percipient, who could not see the picture, to draw a "reproduction" of it. On this part of the book it is necessary to make only two observations. The first is, that it is a pity that all the experiments were so purely experimental. If they had ever produced any result of more importance than somebody "spotting" peppermint or the two of hearts—if there was any

money in them, for instance—they would appeal much more strongly to the general imagination. Secondly, it is asking too much to expect a casual reader to accept as conclusive the opinion of the members of the S. P. R. who happen to be present that the performers were absolutely incapable of deceit. All men are liars, more or less, and it is common knowledge that the resources of trickery are boundless. It is one thing not to be able to point out, on the written description of a particular feat of telepathy, where trickery may possibly have come in. It is quite another thing to accept the assurance of three enthusiastic discoverers of telepathy that it could not have come in anywhere.

For the sake of argument let us suppose the existence of experimental telepathy to be established. The next point our authors make is substantially the most important in the present work. It is that the "that very moment" ghost, spook, wraith, or whatever he may be illiterately called, is a real phenomenon which actually does occur. The book is called *Phantasms of the Living*, and takes no account of apparitions of persons unquestionably dead at the time. The suggestion is that in the cases narrated the spooks were communicated to the percipients before the agents (or spook-owners) were dead, when they were only dying, or nearly dying, which condition is suggested to be peculiarly favorable to telepathic or spook-raising activity. The fact that some of the spooks certainly came, if at all, when their proprietors were no more, is accounted for by the suggestion that it does not follow when a spook is telepathed into your mind that you see him directly. As infectious illnesses are contracted some time before they become apparent, so a telepathed spook sometimes lies dormant in the soul of the percipient until "favorable circumstances"—among which are enumerated solitude, sleep, darkness, etc., etc.—bring him out. The proof which is offered of the genuineness of "that very moment" spooks consists of 357 stories, supplied by persons whom the officers of the S. P. R. on consideration believe to be honest and trustworthy, and such corroboration as it has been found possible

to supply is specified with the stories. The authors say that the weight of this testimony is irresistible. We say that it takes the case no further than it had previously been taken by random anecdotes known to everybody. In an inquiry of this sort no one person's testimony ought to be accepted. Almost everybody can lie, and hardly any one can tell a story, especially after the lapse of a year or two, with complete accuracy. There ought to be corroboration, and it ought, if possible, to consist in part of documentary statements plausibly asserted to have been made at the time. In such a matter as this no wise man would rely in any degree on hearsay, and even memory after the lapse of a not very long time becomes highly untrustworthy. Such corroboration as "I well remember my husband mentioning to me before we heard of dear Arthur's death in 1862 that he was sure he was dead, because he had seen him on the stairs," is worth just nothing at all. When the evidence collected is tried by such tests as these, the only possible judgment is that the spooks have failed to establish their case. Most of the events narrated are alleged to have happened a long time ago, and there is an immense deal of hearsay. The authors have so little understanding of what corroboration is that they think that it corroborates the story of a man who says his father died in 1871 to point out that the *Times* records his death in that year. There are a very few well-attested stories; but they are so few that they are not sufficient to overcome the necessary discount for what Mr. Gurney calls chance-coincidence, and for the practical certainty that some of the informants of the S. P. R. have wilfully sought to deceive them. The edifice of inconclusiveness is crowned by the omission of the famous story of Chief Justice Hornby and the spook of the reporter. On the point of "chance-coincidence," Mr. Gurney makes free use of an entirely inadmissible argument. A dies, and at that very moment B sees his spook. With the aid of Mr. F. Y. Edgeworth and the calculus of probabilities, Mr. Gurney makes a calculation of this sort:—A lives so many half-hours and sees only one spook. Therefore the chances

against his seeing a spook in any given half-hour are so many to one. A knows so many people, and therefore the chances against the one spook he sees being B's are so many to one. Therefore the chances against A's seeing B's spook at that very moment are something extravagant. By this process one may prove that nothing will ever happen. The chances against Mr. Gurney giving a particular shilling to a particular cabman in a particular street at a particular minute would probably require a column or so of this journal for their expression in Arabic numerals. Yet he may do it to-morrow, and there will be nothing surprising about it. In order to illustrate the method whereby our conclusion touching the value of the evidence of spooks has been arrived at, we will give examples of a good and a bad piece of evidence. Miss Bevan and Miss Elliott were sleeping in the same house. Miss Bevan dreamt that she heard Miss Elliott was dead, that she went to her room, saw that her eyes were staring at the ceiling, "dropped at the foot of her bed and knew no more" until she found herself in her own room "half out of bed." Miss Elliott tells how she was lying awake looking at the ceiling, and Miss Bevan came in and bent over her, "but not far enough to come between my eyes and the ceiling," and then went and crouched down at the foot of the bed; that she was surprised at Miss Bevan's strange behavior, and, when the latter touched her foot was so much startled that she "knew no more" until she found herself searching in vain for Miss Bevan in the room, and discovered that one door was locked and the other, through which Miss Bevan had left the room the evening before was shut, the handle on the outside having fallen to the floor when Miss Bevan closed it in the evening. The natural explanation is that Miss Bevan walked in her sleep, opened the door by fitting the fallen handle on to the lock, and left the room by the same door, the handle again falling off as such handles do. When Miss Bevan expressly says "I have not walked in my sleep more than three times in my life; the last time was about a year ago; on no occasion have I left my room," there can be no reasonable doubt about the

matter. Yet Mr. Gurney insists on considering this a striking instance of a dream telepathically communicated from one lady to the other. He thinks it "seems almost incredible" that Miss Bevan can have left by the door with the broken handle, putting the handle on the floor when she had shut the door, and lightly disposes of the probability that it might have fallen out of her hand by saying that if it had some one would have heard it. It is very clear that a person who has a theory to support, and who supports it by utterly rejecting a perfectly natural explanation in favor of so far-fetched a one as the telepathically transferred dream, is of no use as a witness on matters of opinion, and in particular, which is the important point for his readers, as to the truthfulness or good faith of his informants. The good piece of evidence is that Mr. Sladen, resident at Melbourne, dreamt on a certain day that his father's kitchen in London was on fire. He made an entry under the date of the dream in his diary, and subsequently received a letter from his father which said that on that day at about the time of the dream the kitchen was on fire. Mr. Gurney has seen the entry in the diary, and the letter, which presumably has a postmark. This may be explained in one of three ways. The dream may have been truly telepathic, or it may have been a very odd fluke, or Mr. Sladen may have thought that a spook-hunting author was fair game for a hoax. It is obvious that no one who does not know Mr. Sladen well is in a position to form any opinion of weight as to which of the three explanations is the true one.

Holding for the reasons briefly indicated the view that, in spite of the herculean industry of Mr. Gurney and his friends, spooks are not proven, we need not say more on the question whether, given spooks, and given experimental telepathy, they have anything to do with each other, than that the connection would be by no means so indisputable as Mr. Gurney seems to think. As to exactly how it is done, especially in cases where two or more people see (or

hear) the spook at once, there is a slight difference of opinion. Mr. Gurney thinks spooks may be catching—that is, that he who is in company with a person seeing a spook is not unlikely to see it himself. Mr. Myers, in the note already mentioned, suggests that perhaps all or most spooks are mutual—that is, that the agent whose ghost is seen sees the percipient with the eyes of his ghost, and he is, therefore, also a percipient, and the percipient also an agent. Unfortunately it is difficult to prove this from the experience of the so-called agent, because he so often dies immediately after the telepathic crisis. But if the agent by his spook can see the percipient, he can also see whoever is where the percipient is, and so, if the third person happen to be telepathically sympathetic, the agent can put himself or his spook in telepathic communication with that person and make him see the spook. Mr. Myers does not put it quite so shortly, prosaically, or plainly as that, but that is about what it comes to.

In conclusion, it appears that persons with time on their hands might do better than take up telepathy. Experimental telepathy, in particular, seems to be a rather dubious amusement. There is no positive harm in guessing cards or drawing rhomboids of dissipated aspect, but it does not always stop there. There is a certain person, it seems, who is able, by going thoughtfully to sleep, to make his spook appear to certain young ladies of his acquaintance after they have retired to rest. Not only so, but it has been known, on more occasions than one, to go the length of pulling their hair. But if any spook can be so indiscreet as this, it seems to follow that experimental telepathy might produce compromising results. On the whole it is, perhaps, just as well that the vast mass of "evidence" hitherto collected by the Society for Psychical Research does not, when impartially considered, prove anything more than that the drawing-room tricks described as "thought-transference" may be played with rather startling results—which most people knew before.—*Saturday Review*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE SILENCE OF DEAN MAITLAND. A Novel.

By Maxwell Grey. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This book has something in it which distinguishes it in a very noticeable degree from the great herd of current novels. It has excited controversy among literary authorities in England, and evoked the most varied opinions. Let us, for example, cite those of the *Athenæum* and the *Academy*. The first-named great weekly says: "In 'The Silence of Dean Maitland' the faults are length and superabundance of detail. Such interest as the story contains is centred on four or five persons at most, though it is made to do duty for forty-five at least. Among these are elaborate, but quite superfluous studies of villagers à la Mr. Hardy, who have whole pages of Hampshire, full of s's, devoted to them. A very 'trying' character, and one extremely prominent, is Mark Antony, the family cat. As he lives the whole time, and his 'ways' are constantly described, even a lover of cats might be excused for hating him. The kernel, disengaged from all this husk, is not entirely remote from feeling and observation. A young curate, with an irresistible power of fascination for man and beast—having, in fact, the 'golden mouth' of the ancients (though we can quote no speech to prove it)—is also happy in a twin sister of no common type. The twins are marvellously *en rapport*, and the fastidious family cat rejects every other affection; and in time they all become the wonder and delight of the county. The sister's spells are greatly sought after by distressed villagers. With her exquisite 'spirit-like' hands she can break in vicious horses, violent husbands, refractory schoolboys. This peculiar virtue, which the curate shares, deserts him after he has charmed and deserted the beautiful Alma Lee. His tangled web does not finish here; for he slays the young woman's father in a wood, and allows his best friend to suffer twenty years' penal servitude in his stead. All this is dreadful enough, and would seem worse, were it not for an unfortunate something (probably incompetence) that ruins the best situations even in the act. An exception is when the curate, after long years, and on the eve of becoming a bishop, denounces himself in the pulpit. But the scene falls flat and comes to naught for want of brevity and vigor, qualities over which the author has no command. For the rest, the book

is not one to be taken seriously, except as a patchwork of plagiarisms—unconscious, perhaps, but none the less obvious. Lockhart, Hawthorne, Charles Reade, all appear to have been laid under contribution. We prefer them in their original guise."

Per contra, the critic of the *Academy* finds a power in this book near to that displayed by George Eliot. He tells us "we have that sanity of judgment, of thought, of expression which we are pleased to consider peculiarly Anglican, together with that subtle manifestation of reserve power, that delight in the common things of nature and human life, that kindly sympathy and generous insight which we rightly associate with the best work of the author of 'Adam Bede.' . . . There is incident enough in the story; but the interest, which is keenly excited throughout, is called forth more by the author's dexterous skill in rendering the fears and hopes, the loves and despairs, of his various characters. Before taking leave of what is distinctly the novel of the year, the present writer would draw attention to the delightful 'color-passages' introduced now and again, and particularly to the description of Long's wagon and its accompanying team, in the opening chapter; and, again, to the highly artistic use made throughout the story of 'the clashing cadences' of the horse-bells. If in 'The Silence of Dean Maitland' we seem constantly to be aware of the *Parcæ* at their mystic task and of *Atropos* hovering overhead, we are also constantly being charmed into the bright happy world of sunlight and music, of waving boughs and windsweet air."

The average intelligent reader of this novel will probably not agree either with the extreme praise or the extreme blame. It is entitled to the distinction of being called a distinctively intellectual novel, and it deals with passions that swing in grander orbits than those which enter into the ordinary material even of the better fiction of the time. The book is full of artistic strokes and touches, and there is no "let down" to the insistent level to which the author pitches his key-note, the terrible remorse which haunts the Dean to his doom, as it haunted Arthur Dymmesdale in the "Scarlet Letter." Yet there are few students of English fiction who will not recognize that the author is unconsciously the bondsman of great masters in his conceptions of character and plan of story. Of the faults of great diffuseness and

verbosity, lack of keenly-cut, dramatic point, it is not necessary to speak, as they are strikingly palpable. Yet with all the faults of this novel, we believe it to be one which will command the attention of intellectual men and women.

REMINISCENCES AND OPINIONS OF SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE, 1813-1885. New York : D. Appleton & Co.

Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, recently Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and for half a century or more associated on terms of intimacy or acquaintance with the leading men of his age, may be well supposed to have something in his reminiscences worth writing about. But he is very despondent about himself, and persists in believing that his memories are but "inferior stuff." Indeed, we know of no one who really has so much to say worth saying and reading who takes such gloomy views of his own career. His whole life he looks on as a dire failure. As for example, he says in one passage, "I might have devoted myself to literature, and perhaps created something worth the world's notice; or, on the other hand, I might have given up my mind to political philosophy, practical work, and effected some good in that direction. As it is, from want of a certain fixity of purpose I have fallen between two stools, and now at the age of seventy-six consider myself rather a poor creature." Other passages reflect the same feeling, such as the following :

"My marriage, as I was a very poor man, made it necessary for me to look out for some more remunerative occupation than the periodical donning of a wig and gown by a briefless barrister. and shortly afterward, Sir Robert Peel offered me the Assistant-Solicitorship of the Excise, and in a year the Receiver-Generalship of Customs, partly as a tribute to the services of my father as the Chairman of the Excise, but mainly in order to discharge a debt (this he said in so many words) to my father-in-law, Charles Wynn. That Mr. Gladstone did not consider himself so far Sir Robert Peel's representative afterward, as to own that this particular responsibility devolved upon him, I had to learn all in good time. These offers I was kind enough to accept. I need hardly say that by so doing I gave up all hopes of legal or parliamentary distinction, resting content with a safe and respectable mediocrity. Nobody but myself can exactly say what this sacrifice amounted to; still, as I have already confessed that I was not meant by nature to become either a great lawyer or a great orator, I cannot blow my own trumpet effectively here. What I do complain of is that such a mediocrity, however respectable, is no longer safe, and that your most intimate friend, if he happen to be a Minister bent upon economy, may find it his duty to fling you down into practical ruin at a time of life when it is hopeless to think of returning to the Bar, or of looking out for a new employment. Whereas, if I had stuck to my original profession. I think I may say, without vanity, that I was at least good enough to

have reached, after a certain amount of hard work, a County Court, or, perhaps, a Colonial Judgeship."

Yet there are many who will affirm that our autobiographer reaped some of the highest rewards which fate can give a man. Poet, civil servant, and university lecturer, he achieved competence, universal respect and esteem, and a serene old age free from carking cares. His name will not go down to posterity as one of the great men of his age. But few men have been accorded more of the conditions of intellectual and social felicity, and he may have the joy of believing in his own secret heart (no small consolation) that he might have been one of the *Dii majores* of his time had he so willed. Born of an excellent, not to say distinguished, family, he was educated at Eton and Oxford, at the latter of which universities he was with Mr. Gladstone, Lord Elgin, Lord Canning, etc. He took a "first-class," got a fellowship, and studied law in London, though he received but few briefs in his law practice. The wig and gown he did not wear long. He received very soon the highly lucrative post in the civil service of Receiver-General of the Customs, which he held for a very long incumbency. He deplores the mechanical and humdrum duties of a post which brought him a handsome income, but forgets that that position enabled him to keep himself *au courant* with all that was best in the passing age, and to cultivate that literary leisure which fitted him for so great a position as the Oxford Professorship of Poetry.

He has something interesting to say of his early association with Gladstone. The relation which once subsisted between the two men may be gathered from the fact that Sir Francis was Mr. Gladstone's "best man" on the occasion of the latter's marriage. Their acquaintance was formed at Eton, where Sir Francis heard the maiden speech of the future Prime Minister. We are not surprised to hear that it began with the words, "Sir, in this age of increased and still increasing civilization," for they betoken and foreshadow the foible for expanding phrases and the receptive sensitiveness to the jargon of the hour, which are the most marked and enduring characteristics of Mr. Gladstone's oratory and temperament. But he also showed, even then, that "force of character," that "untiring energy," and that "pertinacity," which would have carried a person of even a smaller stock of ability a long way along the road of success and distinction. "I used often to walk with him in the afternoon"—this refers to when they had both

passed from Eton to Oxford—"but I never recollect riding or boating in his company, and I believe that he was *seldom diverted from his normal constitutional, between two and five, along one of the Oxford roads.*" The italics are ours. But a far more suggestive trait still is to be found in the description of a ride the two young fellows did take together from Duntottar Castle. Mr. Gladstone was riding a skittish chestnut mare, who would not let him open a gate. "Let me do that for you," said his companion. But no! the young rider would not be baffled, and he stuck to his purpose for forty minutes, while his nag plunged and reared and sidled away from the gate. It is unnecessary to say he at length succeeded. In the same way, when the two were practising archery, Doyle was all for letting the arrows lost in the long grass "find themselves," some other time. But Gladstone insisted in their all being searched for till they were recovered.

Some insight into the character and career of the great Premier may be had, too, from the following comments on a later passage in the life of his friend:

"From another point of view, though perhaps the Caucasians may consider me impertinent, if not blasphemous, for saying so, I doubt whether Mr. Gladstone's present position is not in some degree an accidental one. We may all of us recollect the Irish soldiers who marched up to, and then passed a standard erected by William III. Some regiments moved to the right hand, others to the left, the right hand division taking service under Louis XIV., the other divisions submitting to the English Government. On their first separation they were but an inch or two apart, but the distance gradually widened between them till they, or their representatives, met face to face at Fontenoy. So, after the death of Sir Robert Peel, Lord Beaconsfield's presence established, like that standard, a line of demarcation between the two portions of the Tory party. Had it not been for his being fixed across their path, I think Mr. Gladstone, Herbert, and the other Peelites would have joined Lord Derby instead of becoming Whigs. And if so, as Mr. Gladstone must always be moving on in one direction or another, he would have "kept to the left," and then the gulf must have yawned, not between Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury, but between Mr. Gladstone and the Caucus leaders, Schnadhorst, Illingworth, and Co. Nor would Mr. Gladstone's logic have been in fault (when is it?) or failed to justify abundantly the course he had chosen."

The reader, among so much that is interesting, will be disappointed in not finding more literary reminiscence. In fifty years of a literature so great as that of England, say from 1830 to 1880, Sir Francis, one would think, would have found much more to say about the splendid personalities which so enriched the records of genius. But we must take what we can get. And as the author has given us so much that is good, it is hardly worth while to

deplore that he has not been able to contribute more.

THE HUGUENOTS OF HENRY OF NAVARRE. In Two Volumes. By Henry M. Baird, Professor in the University of the City of New York, Author of "The History of the Rise of the Huguenots of France." New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

In that book, which was the first outcome of his studies of French history in the sixteenth century, "The Rise of the Huguenots," Professor Baird gave agreeable evidence of his thoroughness and enthusiasm as a collector and sifter of facts, as also of his impartial judgment and literary balance of style and method. The present work, which relates the fascinating drama of French politics and religion, from the accession of Henry the Third, 1574, to the death of Henri Quatre, 1610, is a worthy successor of the other work, and displays the same commendable qualities. It need hardly be said that the most popular and beloved of French kings is the hero of the narrative, for he, in his earlier attitude of the quasi-rebellious King of Navarre, in camp at Pau, and holding himself in equal readiness for war or peace, was no less the centre-figure of the great movements of the time than when he invited the knife of Ravallac. The remarkable series of events which gradually led to the coronation of Henry IV. drew within its circle the interests of nearly every nation of Europe. On this chess-board England, Spain, Germany, and Italy played as well as France. The eyes of the world were fixed on the vicissitudes of the triangular fight between the Huguenots, the Leaguers, and the Royal party of Henri Trois. The battles fought were, for the most part, insignificant; there was hardly one which was much more than a considerable skirmish, if we except the fields of Coutras and Ivry. Yet it was generally felt that the events occurring in France were of the utmost importance to civilization. The great issue involved was the right of individual choice—of liberty of conscience. It was for this that the Huguenots, under their brave leader, fought, it was this that Henry, after he consented to become Catholic that he might be unquestioned King of all France, crystallized into law by the passage of the Edict of Nantes. It is but fair to suppose that Henry, in recanting, had some worthier motive than that expressed in the cynical avowal, "Paris is worth more than a mass." As nominally a Catholic king, such a concession had twice the value it would have possessed.

ed from the leader of the Protestant faction. While Henry the Fourth is the hero of the history, the author is by no means blind to his faults. There were few men more fallible than this amorous, pleasure-loving monarch; yet there have been few men more sternly alive to their public duties, and with larger conceptions of governmental policy. Had he lived, it is possible that he might have changed the face of Europe. His great dream was a confederation of European powers, whose chiefs and representatives should meet periodically in an international parliament or congress, and thus settle, by arbitration or other peaceful methods, those disputes of which the sword had been hitherto made the arbiter. Henry was devoting all his energies to this end when the assassin's knife cut short his great career.

Beside Henry other heroic figures appear prominently in Professor Baird's history. His cousin, the Prince of Condé, even more devoted to Huguenot interests than himself; François de Chatillon, Count of Coligny, the worthy son of the great admiral who was butchered on St. Bartholomew's day; the gallant, able, but thoroughly unscrupulous, Duke of Guise—these and many others give life and movement to the historian's pages. Professor Baird's style, as a writer of history, is vivacious and animated, while it also possesses that candid and dignified quality which we instinctively regard as inseparable from a fair and judicial standpoint. The book, with its predecessor, may be safely regarded by the critic as a valuable contribution to historic literature. The list of authorities and references given by the author is proof of the care with which he has searched out and verified his facts.

THE SENTIMENTAL CALENDAR. Being Twelve Funny Stories by J. S. of Dale. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Until within a recent period it was regarded by publishers, at least in America, as a risky adventure to print collections of short stories. The fact that during the last five years this kind of publication has been justified by results shows a change in popular taste. The significance of this is found in the fact that these successful collections have been by American writers. This is one of many proofs showing the growing love of our people for their own native literature firstly, and the superiority of our short-story literature in the second place. The author of the present collection, principally known by his novel of

"Guerndale," has won for himself a valuable place among the short story-writers of the time. His way of looking at life has in it something unusually quaint and fresh, and the rich vein of humor underlying his methods gives his work a flavor and quality of its own. Some of the stories reprinted here now appear for the first time, others were printed in the *Century*, *Harper's*, *Lippincott's*, etc. It is pleasant to have such good things put in a form where they will not be lost.

SKETCHES FROM MY LIFE. By the late Admiral Hobart Pasha. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Hobart Pasha, a younger son of the late Earl of Buckinghamshire, who recently died, had a life of remarkable vicissitudes; and he seems to have embodied, as nearly as such a thing is possible in these modern times, the ideal of one of the free-lovers or knights-errant common to the early mediæval period. A brave, daring, warm-hearted sailor, of eminent ability in his profession, his varied career was full of romance. At the time of his death, Admiral Hobart Pasha was in command of the Turkish navy, though just then on furlough. His friends had suggested a few months before his death that he should write out some detailed account of his adventurous life. Had it not been for this suggestion—accepted, probably, mainly to relieve the tedium of his mind during illness—we should not have had this little book. Written in a careless, dashing way, characteristic of the man, and without pretence of literary form, it gives us an epitome of many of the more salient features of the author's eventful life. Of course, the most interesting to the American reader will be the section devoted to blockade-running during our late war, and that describing his experiences as admiral in the Turkish navy. The whole of the book, however, is highly entertaining, and the reader will find his interest as much stimulated as it would be by a highly-spiced novel of adventure, with the additional advantage that we know that Admiral Hobart's book is a true story.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE friends of Jean Ingelow—and countless numbers of her readers on both sides of the Atlantic would in some sense claim that title—will extend their sympathy to her in the loss she has sustained by the death of her brother,

Mr. William Ingelow, with whom she had lived for many years past.

Two interesting MSS. have lately been presented to the British Museum by Mr. Bourne, H.B.M.'s Consul at Chungking, in China. The larger of the two, which fills seventy-three folios, is in the Lolo character, and is written in poetry of five characters to a line. The smaller one (thirteen folios) is in the writing of the Shui-kia, a Shan tribe living in the southern portion of the province of Kweichow. This is the first specimen of the writing of this tribe which has reached Europe. The characters are plainly adaptations of contracted forms of an early kind of Chinese writing with an admixture of pictorial signs. The work is one on divination, each sentence ending with words of good or evil augury.

Mr. BROWNING has finished his new poem, and has only to put the final touches to it. It is again a new departure, quite different from anything he has written before. The poem is from four thousand to five thousand lines in length, and all in rhyme. It consists of a Prologue and Epilogue—each a poem of some extent—and seven intermediate sets of verses. It can well be out by Christmas; and we hope it will be, if only for the comfort it will be to Christmas present-givers, who will feel that they cannot go wrong in asking any one's acceptance of "the new poem by Browning."

MISS JANE MARGARET STRICKLAND, the only survivor of the clever family of sisters of that name, has written a memoir of Agnes Strickland, whose historical biographies, poems, and novels secured her a literary reputation which still preserves interest in her name. The book will contain a great many of Agnes Strickland's letters. It is not generally known that Elizabeth Strickland was a fellow-worker with her younger sister, and the parts taken by each in writing the "Lives of the Queens of England" are indicated in the volume. The book will be published by Messrs. Blackwood & Sons.

It is rumored that a new halfpenny daily London morning paper is to appear on the 1st of January, and that it is to be owned by Mr. Ingram, published at the *Illustrated London News* office, and edited and managed by Mr. Haslam, belonging to a Lancashire cotton-spinning family.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER has recovered from the long illness which has given so much anxiety to his friends, and is now able to work a little each day.

THE library of the late Henry Bradshaw was sold at Cambridge on Tuesday, November 16, and the three following days. It includes the publications of the Chaucer and Early English Text Societies, the facsimiles of the Palaeographical Society, numerous seventeenth-century pamphlets, a special collection relating to the Society of Friends, besides first editions of Tennyson, Browning, and Matthew Arnold.

THE English Dialect Society's publications for 1886, some of which are already in the printer's hands, will be selected from the following: "Glossary of Words in Use in West Somerset," by F. I. Elworthy. "Glossary of Words in Use in the County of Chester," by Robert Holland, Part III., completing the work. "Glossary of Words in Use in the Wapentakes of Manley and Corringham, Lincolnshire," by Edward Peacock; second edition, revised and enlarged. "Glossary of the Cleveland Dialect," by the Rev. J. C. Atkinson; second edition, revised and enlarged, and incorporating the E. D. S. Supplement. "Sea Words and Phrases of the Suffolk Coast," by the late Edward Fitzgerald; superintended through the press, with introduction, by J. H. Nodal. The two remaining works for 1885—*Bird Names*, by the Rev. C. Swainson, and *Four Dialect Words*, by Thomas Hallam—will be issued to the members as soon as ready.

SOME time before his death the late Mr. H. Stevens arranged for the publication of the first volume of the Court Minutes of the East India Company. It interested him on other accounts, but especially from the mention of the "Mayflowre," which he believed to be the ship of the Pilgrim Fathers, for the description of Waymouth's voyage, etc. Mr. Stevens intended to compose an introduction, but failing health prevented him; and Sir George Birdwood has kindly written one. The book will be issued by Mr. Stevens's son under the title of "The Dawn of British Trade to the East Indies."

THE Athenæum Club was opened recently, after having been closed during five weeks for the installation of the electric light, which has been carried out by the Edison-Swan Company in a very complete manner. The library and every room in the house are now fitted with the new light.

CAMBRIDGE has been fortunate in the number and the quality of the benefactions it has received recently. Among others, Sir Thomas Wade, who has taken up his residence there, has announced his intention of presenting to

the university his valuable collection of Chinese literature, as a free gift, subject to the condition that it shall remain, during his life, under his own guardianship. Though certain departments are comparatively weak, and will require to be subsidized gradually, yet as regards the collection as a whole—to use Sir T. Wade's words:—

"There will be found in the departments of Confucian philosophy, both of the earlier and later schools; of archæology; of history, and remains of public men; of geography, topographical and political; of law and administration; of poetry and belles-lettres—enough to satisfy the needs of an advanced student of the language."

"We understand," says the *Athenæum*, "that an important addition will shortly be made to the list of our monthly periodicals. The readers of Lord Byron know well how much interest the poet took, when abroad, in literary matters, especially in anything connected with his old friend and publisher in Albemarle Street, and will remember the well-known lines:

'Upon thy table's baize so green
The last new Quarterly is seen;
But where is thy new Magazine,
My Murray?'

We hear that the present Mr. Murray is going to carry out his father's project, and that in January next will be published the first number of *Murray's Magazine*, to be issued monthly, and edited by Mr. Edward A. Arnold, a nephew of Mr. Matthew Arnold."

DR. H. C. KOERTING, of Leipsic, has undertaken to edit the French original of Chaucer's Tale of Melilla and Prudence for the Chaucer Society.

THE first number of *Murray's Magazine* will contain one or more unpublished poetical fragments by Lord Byron. This reminds us that some years ago Mr. Murray announced the publication of "*Byroniana*," a work which was to contain a goodly store of reminiscences and correspondence of the poet and his contemporaries. As the book never made its appearance, the present occasion may seem appropriate for drawing upon the materials collected for it. Mr. Matthew Arnold will, we believe, contribute an article to the first number of the magazine.

At the recent Orientalist Congress in Vienna, Mr. C. G. Leland read a paper on "The Original Gypsies and their Language," not the least interesting part of which was a digression treating of an ancient tongue yet surviving as

a spoken language in Great Britain. The facts, as stated by Mr. Leland, are so curious that they deserve to be quoted *in extenso*:

"Three or four years ago there was probably not an educated man in all Great Britain who was aware of the existence in that country of the very singular Celtic language known as 'Shelta,' which is peculiar to tinkers, but which is extensively understood and spoken by most of the confirmed tramps and vagabonds. It is not mentioned in the Slang Dictionary; the English Dialect Society has ignored it; and thus far I believe that I am the only man who has collected or published a word or a vocabulary of it. . . . I doubt if I ever took a walk in London, especially in the slums, without meeting men and women who spoke 'Shelta;' and I know at this instant of two—I really cannot say promising—little boys who sell groundsel at the Marlborough Road Station who chatter in it fluently. . . . It has been very ingeniously suggested that as the tinkers of Great Britain may be the descendants of the old bronze-workers, so their tongue may have come down to us from prehistoric times. Discoveries have shown that the early bronze-smiths were nomadic, that they went about from village to village, making and selling new objects and buying up old and broken ware to melt and re-mould. The bronze-worker's craft was closely connected with that of the jeweler, in most cases both were exercised by the same person. His wares were immensely valuable in those days, out of all proportion to the present worth of such objects. Therefore, the bronze-smiths must have travelled in large bands for mutual protection. Nothing is more likely than that they formed, in time, a community with distinct laws and language. Nor is it improbable that this was transmitted to the tinkers. It takes a long time for men to form a distinct class with a separate tongue. The Celtic tinkers of England are unanimous in claiming for their class or clan a very great antiquity. Now when we find in the same country two nomadic classes of men, pursuing the same calling of working in metal, though separated by a long historical interregnum, we may rationally surmise that they had a common origin and a common language."

MISCELLANY.

THE JESUITS IN SOUTHERN ITALY.—A correspondent writes from Naples, Sept. 21:—"The recent indulgence shown by Leo XIII. to the Jesuits is bearing its natural fruit. From

north to south the Press is full of indignation and is taking up arms against this unexpected display of Papal retrogression. Yesterday was the anniversary of the day on which the Italian troops entered Rome by the Porta Pia, and restored to it its character of the capital of Italy. The grand festivities were necessarily local, but from all directions we hear that the occasion would be used for making a strong anti-clerical demonstration. It is to be regretted that this should be so—the lion and the lamb appeared to have lain down peaceably together, but this imprudent act of the Pope has awakened a *furor*. I am old enough to remember the scenes which were witnessed in Naples when the Jesuits were expelled by Ferdinand II. in 1845 or 1846. I forget the precise year, but the *animus* shown by the crowds, cowardly and indecent as I thought and think, ought to have been a warning to the Supreme Head of the Church not to venture on such a dangerous measure as that which has created so much effervescence. 'By the brief of the Pope dated July 13, the Jesuits have acquired the privilege of being responsible to no one, not even to the Bishops or other ecclesiastical authorities. The Bishops cannot subject them to their jurisdiction, and for this reason there is much ill-feeling among the clergy'—so says the *Roma*. On the part of the many-headed people, every one knows that the feeling is most hostile. So that Leo XIII. has managed to change blessings into something very different toward himself. Garibaldi, when Dictator of Naples, again suppressed the obnoxious order, which had begun to raise its head in this stronghold, and confiscated their property. A considerable portion has already been sold, the Director-General of the Domains having informed Signor Magliani, Minister of Finance, that the sale of the property of the Liguorini and the Jesuits in Sicily had produced 217,000 lire since 1885. Altogether the sales had placed at the disposal of the Treasury nearly 5,000,000 lire."

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH ON OUR MODERN ART AND LITERATURE.—In looking at the pictures in the Academy I felt, not for the first time, that there was a lack of interest in the subjects. The technical power of expression, I doubt not, is there in the highest degree, but there seems to be a want of something to be expressed. Some of the subjects had been laboriously sought in the most out-of-the-way places; and as to some of the others, I would almost as soon that the artist had shown his

technical skill in painting my hat. Of the vast improvement in architecture, public and domestic, there can, I suppose, be no doubt, though the new styles are revivals, and the style of the future is still in the womb of time. Some of the great commercial cities, such as Bradford and Birmingham, are embodying their wealth in public buildings not less magnificent or monumental than those of Florence or Ghent. The private palace of the merchant prince cannot rise again, any more than the soul of civic life can be revived, since the merchant prince dwells not in the city but in a suburban villa. London has now in it the elements of magnificence; but all is marred by smoke; and into every group of fine buildings intrudes some hideous railway shed or some Hankey Tower of Babel. It strikes me that the mansions of the new aristocracy, though ample and sumptuous enough, are wanting in stateliness compared with those of the Tudor or even of the Hanoverian era. Eton itself, though most ample and most sumptuous, is not stately; it is an aggregate of parts, each, no doubt, excellent in itself, but not imposing as a whole; it has no grand front. Gothic, in domestic architecture, seems not to lend itself to a façade. In literature there appears to be a pause. Fiction has come down to sensational stories, such as "Solomon's Mines," "The Treasure Island," or "Called Back," and no new poet appears. The drama, too, seems to languish. I went to the two pieces of the day, and found the acting excellent, but the plays themselves naught; there was scarcely a stroke of art, scarcely a touch of wit or pathos, and the plots were tissues of improbabilities the most crude and revolting. Is this falling off in art and literary production which everybody notes merely a temporary accident, or is the world about to pass definitively from its æsthetic, poetic, and literary youth to a maturity of science? If it is, we are lucky in having at all events enjoyed the last of the youth. It is not easy to conceive poetry co-existing with a strictly scientific view of all things, including the character, actions, and emotions of men. However, the experiment has yet to be tried, and human progress is like the path in the Gemmi Pass, always coming to some apparently insurmountable barrier and always opening out anew. The growing ascendancy of science and scientific men is not an English but a universal fact; it is the great fact of the age; only in politics it is not yet seen. Strangely enough the Radical Agnostics, who elsewhere dance before the triumphal car of science, in

politics are the least scientific and the most inclined to settle all questions, especially those relating to the franchise, by reference to absolute principles and the natural rights of man. In English journalism assuredly there is no falling off. Its ability and power have been steadily on the increase; more and more it draws away the real debate from Parliament to itself. The increase of force is especially remarkable in the great provincial journals. To a great extent the future of England will be in the keeping of its Press, and who are the masters of the Press becomes a question every day of greater importance. It is true that the number of great journals, all of which people see in reading-rooms, though a man may take only his party paper, insures a balance of power. What newspapers the agricultural laborer reads is a momentous question since he has got a vote, and stands between the two parties almost the arbiter of the destinies of the State. In some districts, I was told, half-penny local papers of a very unsatisfactory kind; in others, sporting papers which are not likely to be much more wholesome. Labor papers also there are, and they are too apt to be full not only of industrial fallacies, but of social bitterness. Coitage journalism, not propagandist but wholesome, is a field for capital which alone can float anything that is to depend on a very large circulation. About English politics I will say no more. The sum of what I have long been saying is this—The old Constitution, with the Crown as the executive and the Houses of Lords and Commons as co-equal branches of the Legislature, has ceased to exist, though the illusory forms of it remain. It has not been in any way replaced, while the franchise has been blindly extended; and England is now without a Constitution or a Government. She must provide herself with both or in the end confusion will ensue.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

AMERICAN WOMEN IN ENGLISH SOCIETY.—

A lady correspondent of the *Toronto Week* writes:—"There is in England a growing disposition, in view of the American woman's really remarkable success with the very elect of English society, to put the fair democrat under an editorial magnifying-glass with a view to discovering her powers of attraction. And with this instrument to aid his discernment, the average English editor almost invariably concludes that it is 'her money.' My pronoun is exclusively and advisedly feminine. One

might write a volume upon Americans in London and use no other. Who ever hears of an American social favorite of the other sex, except, perhaps, the late United States Plenipo. the delightful Mr. Lowell, his successor, Mr. Phelps, Mr. Allen Thorndyke Rice, or an occasional novelist or so? Who would know, for instance, but for the explanatory prefix and the evident impossibility that any woman should make so much money by herself, that Mrs. Mackay had any matrimonial adjunct whatever? And of those who count the conquests of the accomplished Mrs. James Brown Potter, who would suspect the existence of Mr. James Brown Potter, except as a dim menacing figure that appears upon the background whenever that lady is urged to give her amateur histrionic talents a professional setting? Who hath seen or known him? We mean clearly American women when we talk of Americans in London society, and it seems to me that those of us who know them need hardly marvel much over their success in English upper circles. They have, to begin with, the advantage of being judged by no fixed standard. Traits which would be inexcusable in an Englishwoman pass as mere oddities in the fair product of the democratic new world. Miss Jeannette Gilder, the brilliant editor of the *New York Critic*, came home the other day somewhat dissatisfied with English opinion of her country-folk. 'They seem,' she said, 'to take the place of the court jester.' This is, no doubt, a hypersensitive view; but the Americans certainly owe a great deal of their popularity to their power to amuse. A young lady, fresh from her native Illinois, need not be a Daisy Miller, however, to inspire curiosity, interest, admiration, even affection in the insular breast. She is wholly a novel being—in her unconscious criticism, in her untrammelled ways of looking at things, in the width of her intellectual range, in her quick appreciation and adaptability. Her reading has been wide, and she has learned to discriminate. Contact with the democratic forces of her native land has taught her more discrimination, and her independence is just pronounced enough to be pleasant. Then she talks well, and dresses well, and looks well, and the average Englishman adds up the list of her virtues and pronounces their sum-total 'quaint.' Different from his sisters, 'brought up differently, you know,' but so charming in her difference that quite frequently she merges her American patronymic in the peerage now."

